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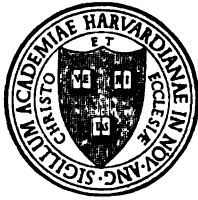
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FROM

James Byrne
of New York

THE
IRISH MONTHLY

A Magazine of General Literature

TENTH YEARLY VOLUME

1882

DUBLIN

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P R E F A C E .

ONE of the little outside testimonies to the benign power wielded by the Blessed Virgin over the hearts of her Creator's creatures, is the poetry that clings to her very name, and to everything connected with her. For instance, how often her Rosary turns up in unlikely quarters! When the most poetical of poets wished to describe some transaction as happening in the forenoon, his phrase is:—"Ere the hot sun count his dewy rosary on the eglantine,"—that is, touching bead after bead of dew, and drying it up, as he fingers his beads, as he counts his rosary. In like manner, we have more than once spoken of our lengthening chain of volumes as our rosary; and now we have completed our first decade, our first ten years. The full Rosary consists of fifteen decades; but even our ordinary chaplet of five decades—how many editors will have handed the beads on from one to another before that point can be reached, if it is to be reached at all?

Rochefoucauld says that some people are so fond of making themselves the subject of conversation that they will even speak ill of themselves rather than be altogether silent on that attractive theme. On the other hand Dr. Johnson warns us against letting out things to our own discredit, for our hearers are sure to repeat the disparaging facts while suppressing all allusion to our candour in telling them against ourselves. Acting on this principle, we refrain from advertising to certain shortcomings in the volume now completed, which we are confident of being able to remedy in the new volume beginning with our next month's Number.

No greater piece of good fortune has happened to our Magazine than its being made, during the past year, the vehicle of giving for the first time to the world documents which reviews of the highest pretensions would be proud to publish—the Diary of the great O'Connell's early manhood, and many letters of his maturer years. Mr. Morgan O'Connell's great kindness is not yet exhausted; and we have received additional "O'Connell Papers" from Mr. J. T. Devitt, Mr. Maurice Lenihan, and others, to whom we give our sincere thanks.

No item has excited greater interest than the very remarkable auto-

biographical fragment by the poet James Clarence Mangan. When chance and the kindness of a friend placed it in our hands, we procured an attestation of its authenticity, and a licence for its publication, from the Rev. C. P. Meehan, for whom it had been originally written. We afterwards learned that Father Meehan gave the manuscript many years ago to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who has been good enough to ratify its fate, and who even allows us to hope for other interesting documents. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to help us to trace the course of the Mangan fragment from the custody of Mr. Cashel Hoey to the kind hands from which we ourselves first received it.

One of the uses to which each year we devote this otherwise blank leaf is to ask the prayers of our readers for those who have wielded their pens for us, and who in the course of the year have laid their pens aside for ever. At page 662 we pay this tribute of gratitude to the late Dillon O'Brien. "A Lost Picture," at page 245 of our ninth volume, was the solitary contribution of Charles Kickham, who died this year; and "The Prodigals," at page 22 of our seventh volume, seems to us to be a remarkable relic of Mr. Arthur O'Keeffe, a very young man of talent from Kerry, who died a few months ago, at the beginning of his career. In this Memento of the Dead we will include a name to which we are unable to offer elsewhere the homage of our gratitude, affection, and admiration—the Rev. Dr. Murray of Maynooth, who did not tarry long behind his friends and colleagues, Dr. Crolly and Dr. Russell. May they and all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace, and may we in our turn, when we depart, be found among the faithful souls to whom that prayer, breathed by others when we are gone, will be applicable.

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DEAD BROKE:

A TALE OF THE WESTERN STATES.

BY DILLON O'BRIEN.

AUTHOR OF "FRANK BLAKE," "WIDOW MELVILLE'S BOARDING-HOUSE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

TWO DEAR FRIENDS.

BEFORE Michigan was yet a State, Doctor Robert McGregor emigrated from Scotland and settled in the Territory. He was a widower, and brought with him his only child, a boy bearing his own name.

Whether or not the doctor bore any relationship to [the famous Rob Roy McGregor, whom the genius of Scott has raised from a Highland cattle-lifter into a hero of romance, he certainly in no way resembled him in character, for the doctor was a quiet, honest gentleman somewhat reserved in manner, and withal a most excellent physician.

Doctor Robert McGregor's settling in this out-of-the-way Western little village was for some time quite a mystery to his pioneer neighbours; for he seemed a man amply provided with means, was past the period when men are often led by the love of adventure to seek frontier life, and neither in his actions or conversation was there evidence to denote that there was any portion of his past he wished to forget or conceal.

The greatest mystery Mrs. Grundy—and she lives in the wilderness as well as the city—can meet with, is, no mystery at all.

The doctor evidently should have had a mystery connected with him, a skeleton that Mrs. Grundy would unearth, and he had not one.

But when curiosity and conjecture died away, a better and more lasting feeling took their place; namely, respect.

In truth, his residence among them was a substantial benefit to the settlers scattered over a wide section of country. His practice soon became extensive in breadth of territory at least, if not very remunerative, for fully two-thirds of his patients were always on the free list. Indeed, it was said that the doctor was frequently imposed upon; but I do not think so, for in his quiet way he was a keen observer, but not being a saint by any means himself, he did not look for perfection in others, and I am inclined to believe that he often lent himself and became, as it were, a party to what people, who had no earthly business to interfere, called imposition.

For instance, a poor settler in the neighbourhood lost his cow, his only one; and his wife, heretofore as healthy a wench as one could

find in a week's journey, was very suddenly taken ill, and sent for the doctor. He went, listened to a recital of the symptoms, during which the loss of the cow was more than once alluded to, and then spoke to her kindly and encouragingly. He left without having ordered any medicine; "but sure," as the patient remarked afterwards to a neighbour, "his kind voice was worth all the physic in a drug store," and the next morning a cow from his own yard stood at the poor settler's door, and the patient was so far recovered, that on the evening of the same day she milked the cow.

There was a little man named Solomon Weasel living in the village, who, during the week, sold quantities of tea, sugar, soap, and candles to the villagers—and made the quantities still smaller by giving light weight—and on Sunday sang psalms through a long nose that started from its base towards the left, and then suddenly diverged and pointed to the right. I am thus minute in describing this nose, because I believe that its peculiar formation was a beautiful design of nature to assist holy shakes. Keeping also a stock of simple medicines, he regarded himself, as by right, a kind of coadjutor of the doctor's—a claim not at all allowed by the latter, who always avoided intimacy with him—and hearing of this case, and of the sudden recovery of the woman, he called on the doctor for the purpose of disclosing to him the "gross imposition" that had been practised upon him, and giving him some friendly warnings for the future, deeming this an excellent opportunity to ingratiate himself into the doctor's favour. But the latter's reception of him was too chilling to make him ever wish to repeat his visit.

"As a physician, sir," said the doctor, "I must be the best judge as to the reality of the poor woman's sickness, and as the owner of the cow, best judge as to how to dispose of my property. 'Cast your bread upon the waters,' sir; at all events you will allow me to cast my crumbs as I please."

There were three things Dr. McGregor was passionately fond of—his books, his garden, and hunting—the wild turkey and deer abounding at that time in Michigan, gave him plenty of opportunity to indulge in the latter amusement to his heart's content.

As soon as the winter snow fell, the doctor set off on a tour that was half-professional and half-hunting; so while one side of his ample saddle-bags contained, with a change of clothing, bullets and powder, the other side was well-stocked with medicines and surgical instruments. He used to say that all the old women of the country waited for this time to get sick, and the men to give themselves ugly cuts, bruises, and broken bones, and as it was the chopping season in the woods, accidents no doubt were more likely to happen at this period than at any other.

Whether his medical skill was required or not, the doctor's visits to

the settlements in the woods were always hailed with universal pleasure; indeed, not a little jealousy was evinced as to who should have the honour of entertaining him, and those most favoured in this respect were objects of more or less envy. Of course there were favoured ones, mostly old hunters, that were in the habit of joining him in his hunting excursions, when he came into their neighbourhood. Anyone of those would be willing to swear that he could recognise the crack of the doctor's rifle, and indeed it frequently happened that, guided by the report and the knowledge of the locality, some one of the doctor's rough friends would hurry off into the woods to meet him, and assist to carry home the game; while the good women would tidy up the log cabin for this honoured guest. Then, mayhap, when the shades of evening were closing around, the doctor would be seen emerging from the forest, his rifle slung on his shoulder, while a few paces behind came the settler leading the doctor's stout Canadian pony, across whose back would be flung the body of a deer, while perchance a turkey gobbler ornamented its wide antlers.

On an occasion of this kind, the doctor's arrival would be known in the settlement within a few hours, and during his stay in the neighbourhood, all his time within doors was occupied in receiving visits from the well and sick, and prescribing for the latter.

Shortly after his arrival in Michigan, Doctor McGregor built on the outskirts of the village, a substantial cottage, which he called *Inverness Cottage*, and to it attached an extensive garden.

This aristocratic weakness, most innocently committed, hurt the republican feelings of his neighbours very much, and militated against his popularity; but this feeling was only temporary, and in time the inhabitants of the village of P—— took quite a pride in showing to strangers visiting them, *Inverness Cottage*, and its well-kept garden: for the owner was a well-skilled botanist, and kept a hired man, whose principal business it was to attend to this garden, his only other domestic being a middle-aged, respectable woman, who acted as house-keeper, and took care of his child while the latter was of an age requiring such attention.

Besides the purchase of the ground on which the cottage was built, Doctor McGregor from time to time had bought several lots in the village, and a tract of wild Government land in the immediate neighbourhood, justly surmising that in time the property secured now at almost nominal prices would become valuable, if not to himself, at least to his child.

This boy, when he arrived with his father in the village of P——, was a warm-hearted, imaginative little fellow, quick to make friends, and to believe in them implicitly, and this trust, common to childhood, he carried with him into maturer years.

There were many circumstances in his bringing up which tended to

develop all that was romantic in his nature, and to let that shrewdness and common-sense—for which the Scotch character is proverbial—lie dormant.

He attended the village school and learned rapidly; and when of a proper age, his father instructed him at home.

Doctor McGregor had brought with him from Scotland a supply of books quite sufficient to fill one side of his study in the cottage, leaving room, however, between the top of the bookcase and the ceiling for the antlered heads of deer, trophies of the chase; while on the opposite side were ranged rifles and shot-guns; on this side, too, was a large bay-window looking out upon the garden. This room was the favourite resort of father and son, both in winter and summer. Here the doctor, reclining in his large arm-chair—after a morning's work among his flowers in the garden—would read some favourite author, or in the evening hear his son recite his lessons; and here, during the winter evenings, when his father was off on one of his hunting expeditions, or attending a professional call, young Robert might be often seen sitting opposite the wide fire-place—whose huge back log and crackling faggots gave out a warm blaze—quite absorbed in one of Sir Walter Scott's historical romances, Burns' ballads, or one of Cowper's bewitching stories of the sea or forest.

Such hours were, perhaps, the happiest in the boy's life, but the most dangerous for his future success in this matter-of-fact Yankee land; nor as he sat there was there an uninteresting picture to look in upon: the large fireplace, the ruddy blaze throwing out its flickering light and shadow, to dance in grotesque forms along the walls and curtains, now glancing along the polished gun barrels, or lighting up with a mockery of life, the glass eyes of the stag's heads, and the slight form in the ample, old-fashioned chair with intense interest resting on every feature of the young face.

Left a good deal to himself, and allowed to spend his hours of recreation as his fancy might dictate, with an imaginative mind and affectionate disposition, there was much in this boy's surroundings to develop a romantic nature, that loved to fashion out of the realities around an ideal world of its own.

For him the primeval forest surrounding his home was at his pleasure peopled with brave knights and fair "ladies;" along the blazed path through the wood, he saw the tall form of "Le Longue Carabine" advancing, his unerring rifle slung over his shoulder; or watched "Le Gros Serpent" stretched beneath a giant tree, while "Uncas," his dark, sad eyes looking into space, listened to his father's recital of the departed greatness of the Mohicans.

In truth, young Robert McGregor was in a fair way to become the veriest dreamer that ever was, but for one healthy influence, the friendship of a boy about his own age, and the very opposite to him in many traits of character.

If Robert McGregor gave promise of being one of life's dreamers, James Allen, or Jim, as he was known by his friends, was evidently cut out for one of its workers; there was energy in every nerve of his little body, as he scampered home after school to do his chores.

His father, John Allen, was the village blacksmith, an honest son of Vulcan, liked by his neighbours, and earning at his trade a sufficiency to keep his family respectable and above want. He had lost several children, and when Doctor McGregor came to reside in the village, the blacksmith's home contained but himself, his wife, and this, his only child.

Allen had a great respect for the doctor, and their intercourse was always of the most friendly nature, a state of feeling which may have had its origin in the fact that the blacksmith was of Scotch descent, but which required no such auxiliary to make it lasting.

Frequently in the fall, returning from a day's partridge shooting in the woods, the doctor, late in the afternoon, would drop into the blacksmith's shop to have a friendly chat, and there remain sometimes until the shades of evening fell, carelessly leaning against the wall, his dog lying at his feet, and his hands resting on his gun, while the sturdy blacksmith drew the glowing bar of iron from the fire, and with lusty strokes sent the red sparks flying around the forge, the cheerful ring of the hammer making a fitting accompaniment to his loud voice and merry laugh.

On certain Scotch festivals, too, the doctor always gave him a formal invitation to take a glass of Scotch toddy with him in his study, but notwithstanding the exhilarating influence which the toddy might be expected to exercise, the honest fellow's laugh was never half so hearty on these occasions as when the doctor visited him in his own smithy or his own house. Having a general and warm invitation to do so, Allen in the summer months—when the doctor's garden was clothed in all its glory—would bring his wife on Sunday afternoons to visit it, Jim in his best clothes, walking with restrained steps by the side of his mother, while health and half an hour's application of a coarse towel made his father's face glow like one of his own heated irons. If the doctor was at home, he very likely joined them in the garden, when after a little Mrs. Allen would go into the house to pay a visit to the housekeeper, and the two men would continue their walk up and down the garden, discussing the news of the day, the growth of the village, and the prospect of the crops, now and then stopping to look at a shrub or flower, while the doctor imparted scraps of botanical knowledge to his friend, which was received by the latter with great respect, albeit the knowledge thus conveyed passed from his mind as quickly as water through a sieve.

But there was one who was always on the watch for such visits, doubtless having previous intimation of them.

No sooner had the blacksmith opened the side gate and entered the garden with his family, than Robert McGregor would issue from the house, and go bounding down the walk, when he would be met halfway by Jim, in an equally impetuous manner, making a collision—sometimes resulting in the shortest possible sojourn in a prickly gooseberry bush—of frequent occurrence; then when damages were repaired, both boys were off to the woods, the garden being altogether too small for a display of their youthful energies, and would not again make their appearance till hunger drove them home.

On occasions of this kind they were met sometimes on the outskirts of the forest, by Solomon Weasel, who went there, as he said, "for sweet meditation," never, however, venturing beyond the clearings, for he was a timid little creature, and though his faith was strong, his fear of bears and catamounts was stronger.

As the boys approached him, leaping over logs, beating the brush with branches, striking at a snake as he crossed their path, and then fling his dead body far off into the brush, the little man's face would grow several shades more sour, and in a harsh, whining voice, he would reprove them for "their wilful levity on the Lord's day," as if He who makes the flowers to give forth their fragrance, and the birds their songs on the Sabbath, did not intend that on this day, above all others, man, resting from his labours, should rejoice amid the beauties of the earthly inheritance his Creator has given him. But Jim, with a hardened levity, unpardonable in one so young, would interrupt the pious reproof with a loud Indian war-hoop, and then in several somersaults and complicated evolutions, disappear from the good man's eyes, followed by Robert.

I have said that in many traits of character these boys were essentially different; however, they had excellent points in common, which helped to cement their friendship, both were manly, truthful, and affectionate, but in appearance there was not the slightest resemblance. Robert McGregor was tall for his age, with a slight elastic figure. In fact, he bore a striking likeness to the portrait of his mother, which hung in his father's library, a calm face that might grow very sad, yet whose smooth surface denoted that care had not written on it roughly, with dark full eyes, an expressive mouth, and an exquisitely chiseled chin. This was the portrait of a delicate refined woman; and her son, grown up in the woods, habituated to the roughness of western life, his face browned by the summer's sun, his features made coarse by continual and healthful exposure in the open air, bore still a striking resemblance to it.

James Allen, on the other hand, was short and thick, with the shoulders and arms of a young Hercules; his complexion was what is called red and white, and although the sun waged a successful war against his turned-up nose, peeling the skin off several times during

the summer, it never succeeded in making his complexion one shade darker; his eyes were light grey, and he had the most obstinate, perverse, unmanageable red hair that ever bristled on a boy's head! Like Banquo's ghost, "it would not down."

These two boys, so different in nature and appearance, were fast friends from the time they first met as children, and each exercised an improving influence upon the other. The practical energy and shrewd common sense of Jim—qualities which become so much earlier developed in the children of poor people than in those of the rich—had a salutary effect in checking his friend's excursions into dreamland, and dispelling his romantic visions, while the more refined organisation of Robert McGregor, together with that ease of manner which he had acquired from close intercourse with his father, had a certain elevating effect on the mind of the blacksmith's son, a polishing of the rough diamond without injuring its value. At school they sat on the same bench, and fought side by side in the playground. Robert would never strike his adversary while down, it was unknighly; but Jim had no such refined feelings, and pommelled away with his little sledge hammer fists, whether the enemy was on his feet or his back.

Even Cupid failed to divide these two friends.

Both were warm admirers of Lucy Evans, a little orphan maiden, who lived with her aunt, a poor woman who had a house full of younger children of her own to care for, but nevertheless contrived, her husband being a sober, hard working man, to keep Lucy neatly dressed. Lucy, indeed, was naturally so tidy a little body that any kind of dress would look well upon her.

Both boys were her champions at school, Robert assisted her with her lessons, lent her books to read; Jim carried off her sleigh to his father's shop, and with some assistance from the latter, shod it. But, alas! when did cold gratitude compete with warm fancy, without being obliged to succumb? The very next day when Lucy appeared on the school-house hill with the newly-shod sleigh, it was Robert she invited to accompany her, and guide the sleigh.

Down they went, swiftly coasting to the foot of the long, high hill, then slowly back, dragging the sleigh after them, slipping and laughing at every step, then down and up again, until the cheeks of the little maiden shamed the red lining of her hood, and her eyes sparkled brighter than the diamond hoar frost hanging from the boughs—so she appeared to Jim who stood watching them.

As they ascended the hill for the fourth or fifth time, Robert looking up, saw Jim standing all alone, and in a moment he remembered that it was Jim who had shod this very sleigh for Lucy, and that she had not yet asked him to take a ride on it; so he said: "Lucy, it is Jim's turn next, he has not got a ride yet;" she gave a half shrug to her pretty little shoulders, just as any other spoiled belle, much older,

might have done, at which Robert looked cross, and said: "Why, you know, Lucy, the trouble he took to iron your sleigh."

"Oh, yes," said Lucy; "but I think you steer better."

"No I don't," said Robert; "halloo, Jim, come and steer Lucy," and away he went, to join another party, and away went Jim and Lucy down the hill.

That same evening, as Jim was preparing for supper, and looking in a cracked glass, endeavoured to get the unmanageable red hair to lie down, he said to himself: "She likes Robert twice as well, and she's right."

When Robert was thirteen years of age, although he still continued to attend the public school, his father commenced to superintend his education at home. At the earnest request of his son, the doctor proposed to Allen that James should study with the former, but the blacksmith, resting his hands on his ponderous sledge, shook his head as he replied: "Thank you, doctor, but no Latin or Greek for Jim; what good would they do the boy? He must work at the anvil, like his father and grandfather before him, and too much learning would make him upsettish-like. In two years or so, I will take him into the shop to help me; he is handy in it already."

"He is a very good, manly, little fellow," said the doctor, "and I am very glad he and Robert are such good friends."

"Well, but aren't they, doctor?" replied the blacksmith. "I never saw the beat of it. I wonder how it will be when Robert is a fine gentleman, and Jim hammering away at the anvil. What are you going to make of Robert, doctor?"

"I will allow him to make his own choice; but first I shall try to give him as good an education as I can. Perhaps you are right about the Latin and Greek, but I have a pretty good stock of books, histories, and works on practical science, and Jim is as welcome to their use as my own son, so I advise you to give him as much time for reading with Robert as you can."

"Well, it wouldn't be very easy to keep them asunder," replied the blacksmith, with a jolly laugh. And so it turned out that, while Robert was engaged in study, according to the system his father had marked out for him, James was frequently reading some book, selected by himself, generally a work treating on some branch of practical science. As for Robert's highly prized romances, he utterly ignored them, either from want of taste for such reading, or because Robert, by oral instruction, and continually spouting passages from his favourite authors, during their rambles in the woods, had given him a surfeit of this kind of literature.

This reading in the cosy study on winter evenings was pleasant work. When the doctor was present, absorbed in his book, the boys would pass from reading to converse in low tones with one another;

sometimes plans for the future were discussed, without any very definite conclusions being arrived at, at least as far as Robert was concerned. One scrap of conversation will illustrate many similar ones.

"What will you be, Robert, when you are a man?" asked James one evening, while the doctor dozed in his chair, and the boys whispered in a corner in under tones not to disturb him.

"I don't know. I'll tell you what, I would like to have been one of those splendid knights of old, with belted sword and lance, and pennon gaily flying, riding forth on my fiery steed. But those days are all past."

"Small loss," said Jim.

"What would you like to be, Jim?"

"A machinest, and I will be one. Father will soon take me into the shop, but I'm bound to know something more than blacksmith's work. Did you read about the 'fly wheel,' Robert?"

"No; what fly wheel?"

"What fly-wheel?" repeated James, indignantly. "Why, the fly-wheel which regulates all the machinery in one of those big factories down East. I was reading an account of it when you called me over. It's more useful in the world than your crack-brained knights ever were."

"But, Jim, if you are a machinest, your face will be always black."

"Soap is cheap," answered Jim, "and I can wash it. I'm not like you, Robert; my father is a workman, and I'm going to be one. Your father is a big bug, and I suppose he can make one of you if he likes."

"I wish, Jim," said Robert, "that you would not call my father 'a big bug.'"

"Why not?"

"Because he is a gentleman."

"What is the difference?"

"Why, any fellow with money can be 'a big bug,' but it takes a gentleman to be a gentleman."

This very lucid explanation seemed to bother Jim for a moment, then he asked: "Can a machinest be a gentleman, Robert?"

"Yes, he can," said his friend.

"Then see, Mr. Robert, if I won't be a gentleman as well as the best of you."

The latter part of this conversation was held considerably above a whisper, and reached the doctor's ears. He called Jim over to him, and the boy, with a flushed face at being overheard by the doctor, stood before him and looked full into his eyes.

The old gentleman laid his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder.

"Be a true man in everything, James," he said, "and you will be a gentleman."

And in all his after-life, amid rough companions and wild scenes, these words were never forgotten by him to whom they were addressed.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAYOR OF P——.

Time sped on, making changes in the village of P—— as elsewhere. Indeed change, growth, and development is the normal state of the West. No settling down for any length of time out West in a quiet little village, and being on familiar terms with its one constable, whose public duties are so light as to allow him to unbend from the dignity of official position, and bring to you your weekly or tri-weekly mail on the arrival of the stage; a condescension which weakens the authority of this public functionary with the urchins who crowd around the stage on its arrival, deeming it to have come from some very distant country, and looking upon its driver as a very wonderful traveller indeed, whose unbroken vocabulary of oaths excites their admiration and emulation. No sooner do you settle in your out-of-the-way Western little village, escaped, as you foolishly imagine, from politicians, lawyers, editors, and all the other ills of civilisation, and hug yourself with the idea that the world may wag on without you, than it comes wagging right into your retreat. Engineers, without as much as by your leave, plant their instruments in your flower-beds, and an unsightly brown three-story elevator goes up in front of your cottage, shutting out all view.

A railway director, in your very presence, pointing his finger towards your house, says, quite coolly, to an engineer: "We must get that out of the way, Thompson." The swift-flowing, pure river that you called, after Bryant's beautiful poem, "The Green River," becomes the dirtiest, noisiest place in the whole neighbourhood, from the mills built along its banks. Lawyers and insurance agents flock in; law-suits and fires prevail. Two newspapers continually proclaim to the world that the human intellect is altogether too limited to comprehend in the remotest degree the future greatness of Frogtown. And where you fished for trout speculators fish for gudgeons.

A few years after Doctor McGregor had settled in Michigan it became a State, and the village of P—— began to grow into the proportions of quite a respectable-sized town. So that after a while his cottage was no longer in the suburbs but surrounded with brick houses of far greater pretensions. However, it still had its beautiful garden, which, despite its red brick neighbours, retained for it its rural appearance.

By the time that P—— had fifteen hundred inhabitants—and claimed three thousand—it had a fire brigade, a bank, several societies—the latter of great benefit to numerous saloons, and of great detriment to domestic happiness—and two newspapers, *The Banner of Freedom*, and *The Trumpet of Liberty*.

Then the ambition of P—— rose in its majesty, and through its member it applied to the Legislature for a city charter.

It was a mere matter of form to obtain such, for I have known a Western city with but one tumble-down shanty in it, nevertheless, on this occasion, the honourable member representing the district in which P—— was, deemed it due “to the glorious state, whose citizen he was, to the republic—the home of freedom, the dread of tyrants—which has lately added this beauteous gem to its diadem, to the influential and intelligent constituents who had so honoured him as to elect him as their representative, an honour altogether unsought by him” (he had spent a considerable sum in forty-rod whisky, and six months in electioneering for the nomination) to depict in a speech of an hour and a half, and replete with bombast, slang, and bad grammar, the future greatness of P——, as the “emporium of commerce, the seat of learning, and the stronghold of republican liberty,” and concluded with a glowing panegyric on the “American Eagle,” as the noble bird disappeared in the lofty clouds of the honourable gentleman’s eloquence.

This speech was received in P—— with conflicting opinions, according to the political feeling of its critics.

The editor of the *Banner of Freedom* (Republican) pronounced it “the best effort of our gifted member, the Hon. Columbus Stubbles, and deemed that without doubt the occasion did much to inspire his eloquent tongue;” while the editor of *The Trumpet of Liberty* (Democrat) “thought that old Stubbles must have been drunk when he talked such downright balderdash.”

“As an orator and debater, the Hon. Columbus Stubbles has by this speech made his mark,” said the *Banner of Freedom*.

“He has made a downright ass of himself,” said the *Trumpet of Liberty*.

However, P—— got its charter, and set about electing its mayor and city council.

The names of the two editors in P—— were whimsically appropriate. Dumpling, the editor of the *Banner*, was exceedingly short and fat, while Crane, the editor of the *Trumpet*, was in an equal degree tall and thin. These personal characteristics were the objective points that they generally selected in their perpetual wordy war with each other; sometimes one or other of them would be able to make an accusation against his brother editor, more damaging than anything connected with personal appearance, and such opportunities were eagerly sought

for, but the leanness or fatness of the party attacked generally supplied the adjectives of the damaging articles. Crane did not believe that he would be performing his duty to society by simply proving to the world that Dumpling was a ruffian, he must prove him to be a "fat ruffian;" while in an article of two columns' length, in the *Banner*, in which Dumpling conclusively convicted Crane of arson, murder, bigamy, and petty larceny, he closed by saying: "We don't believe that we have left the lean rascal a hole small enough for him to crawl through." In their more playful sallies, Crane feared that if Dumpling put so much of his nature (lard) into his articles, they would disagree with his few readers, and Dumpling announced in the *Banner*, under the head of "singular accident," that the editor of the *Trumpet*, in rushing down stairs to meet his only cash contributor, came in contact with the latter, and nearly cut him in two.

At this time, in the West, country editors were mostly paid by their subscribers in produce, a cord of wood being deemed an equivalent for a year's subscription, butter and vegetables rating according to the market; subscribers were artfully enticed into adding to the regular tariff by presents, which were duly acknowledged by the editor, the value of the present regulating the length of the notice and the praise bestowed on the donor. A good-sized crock of butter was deemed worthy of a leader containing a short biography of "the upright citizen and valued friend" who presented it, while a dozen or two of eggs would elicit something like the following: "Our jolly friend, Farmer Grubs, *laid* on our table last week a dozen of beautiful turkey eggs; thanks, friend Grubs, call again." Of course, the wonderful Grubs, quite proud at seeing his name in print, called and *laid* again.

Dumpling, being of a more genial humour than his rival editor, presents came into the sanctum of the *Banner* far oftener than into that of the *Trumpet*. What a pleasant way Dumpling had, to be sure, of receiving such presents; anything eatable he would smack his lips over, rub his hands, smile all over, and punch his patron softly in the ribs. Then, when the latter had withdrawn, Dumpling would wink, with one of his fat eyes, over at his solitary compositor, and say: "I'm the fellow that can tickle them." But such undignified conduct was altogether beneath the editor of the *Trumpet of Liberty*. "I advocate principles, sir," he would say. "The *Trumpet* is the organ of great principles; principles, sir, which you cannot eradicate from the *Trumpet*, without tearing down the pillars of the Republic; principles which the *Trumpet* cannot abandon for a cord of wood or a fat turkey," and he laughed bitterly, thinking of the plump bird he saw carried into the office of the *Banner* the day before.

The first election for city officers was a great event in P——, and during the local canvass that preceded it, Crane and all the young

Cranes literally fed on the fat of the land; for the Democratic candidate for mayor, was a butcher of the name of Thompson, and the editor of *The Trumpet of Liberty* had for the time being unlimited credit at his shop.

Solomon Weasel had secured the Whig nomination, and in the words of Dumpling, "The country, with bated breath, awaited the issue."

Had the management of the contest been left between the two candidates, Thompson would undoubtedly have beaten Solomon Weasel out of sight, for the former was a free-hearted fellow, and treated liberally; but the politicians of P—— sided with the latter, and having denounced Thompson for attempting to corrupt the people with drink, they went to work and saved a good many of the voters from such degradation, by buying them over to vote for their candidate. Solomon Weasel was elected mayor of the city of P——, and three others, among whom was John Allen, the blacksmith, aldermen.

The great contest was over, the world moved on, the country again drew its breath in a natural way, the editor of the *Banner* was jubilant, and the editor of the *Trumpet* returned to vegetable diet.

Mean, little souls never forget a supposed insult or slight, and his honour, the Mayor of P——, was no exception to this. He had never forgotten the cold reception he met with when he called upon Doctor McGregor, or how the latter always avoided any familiarity with him, and he had scarcely been installed in office when he began debating in his own mind if it was not possible, in his official capacity, to "get even" with the man he so thoroughly hated. It was not long until a plan occurred to him, one which he firmly believed would annoy the doctor so much, that the very contemplation of it brought a warm glow to his pinched face. It was nothing more or less than getting the council to pass an ordinance for the opening of a new street, which would run through the doctor's garden, cutting it right in two.

"Inverness Cottage, to be sure," he said; "see if I don't come even with you, you old Scotch aristocrat." He waited for about a month to mature his plan, in the meantime discussing with the citizens the necessity of opening new streets; and then, not without some wholesome dread of John Allen, submitted it to the three aldermen in council, having previously secured the support of the other two.

The mayor was right in fearing John Allen's opposition. When the honest blacksmith had studied the diagram prepared by Solomon he exclaimed in tones of surprise and indignation; "Why, Mr. Mayor, this new street would go right through Dr. McGregor's garden." "Well, what of that?" replied one of the aldermen; "I guess public improvements can't be stopped by any man's garden."

"That's what I say," said Sims, the other alderman.

"That's the very view to take, gentlemen," said the mayor, mov-

ing away until he placed one of the aldermen between himself and Allen, for the latter, as he perceived how matters stood, was beginning to look dangerous; "I shall leave the whole matter in your hands; public duty, and the interests of our growing city, were my only motives for bringing it before you."

"You lie, Solomon Weasel," said the blacksmith, jumping up, and totally forgetful in his rage of the respect due to the august body of which he was a member, and to the mayor. "You lie; you are doing this through spite, because Dr. McGregor always knew you to be a sneaking hypocrite and thief, and treated you as you deserved."

"Order, order," said one of the aldermen, vainly looking around to see if assistance was at hand.

"Oh, Mr. Allen, Mr. Allen," exclaimed Sims, pale with fright.

Weak as his honour, the mayor's limbs were with fear, he would have made for the door, but that the burly form of the smith was between him and it, and the windows were too high to leap from.

"Order be —," continued the smith. "Why, this garden is the pride of P——, and the old man loves it; have you spoken to him about this new street?"

"No," replied the mayor.

"Ah, that's like you, and shows your motive," said Allen.

"I think we had better adjourn," said Sims. "I will call on Dr. McGregor myself about the matter, before we take any further steps."

While the motion to adjourn was being put and carried, Solomon Weasel effected his escape from the council-room. "I'll be even with him yet," said he, as he hastened home; then, when he was under the protection of his own roof, his courage returned, and he fairly swelled with rage as he thought of the indignity with which the blacksmith had treated the Mayor of P——. "I will have the rascal arrested," he said. "I will take an action against him for libel; I will have him prosecuted for assault and battery; I will have him expelled the council; I will have him bound over to keep the peace; I will be even with him and that old stuck-up doctor yet; I'll have two constables in the room the next time the question of opening the new street comes up; see if I don't get even with them all yet." But

"The best laid schemes of mice and men,
Gang aft a'glee."

Doctor McGregor attended the next meeting of the council, and not alone consented to the opening of the street, but actually advocated it as a necessary improvement. "I have perceived for some time back," he said, "as our town grew, that my cottage was no longer in the suburbs, and that it would be necessary to curtail the size of my garden. That portion of it which will be taken for the new street, I cheerfully donate to the city, and" (taking up his hat and bowing

politely to the aldermen), "you shall have the deed of it, gentlemen, any time you please."

"Well," said Alderman Sims, when the doctor had withdrawn, "the doctor is a gentleman, and a good citizen, every inch of him."

"Yes," replied John Allen, looking over to where Weasel sat, flanked by two constables, and looking quite dumbfounded at the turn events had taken. "Yes, you won't find many like him; but it's a thousand pities to cut up that beautiful garden. Many a pleasant hour I spent in it with the doctor;" and the scowl with which he had regarded the mayor a moment before, passed away from his face, and gave place to a soft, thoughtful look.

The new street was opened, and the lower portion of Doctor McGregor's garden which it cut off from his cottage, he had divided into building lots; these were quickly disposed of, and the doctor realised a considerable sum out of the sales, while the shrunk garden looked, if possible, tidier and more blooming than ever, and certainly more in conformity with the size of the cottage.

Thus Solomon Weasel, his honour! the Mayor of P——, got even with the doctor; and it would be well if every malicious rascal could get even with others the same way.

Somehow the whole story got abroad, with many additions. Solomon Weasel's threats to get even with the doctor had been frequently heard by his cronies, who, of course, retailed them, and as American boys neither fear God nor the devil, much less a mayor, Solomon's dignity was often sorely hurt by urchins, bawling from the corners of streets: "Say, Weasel, how did you get even with Doctor McGregor?"

Indeed, after a few years, it became the popular belief of P——, that Weasel had made Doctor McGregor's fortune; until hearing it said so often, the ex-mayor came to believe it himself, which so worried him, that he took to drink and died, not in the odour of sanctity, but of bad whiskey.

QUIS COGNOVIT?

BY SISTER MARY AGNES.

"Thy knowledge is become too wonderful for me. It is strong and high, and I cannot attain to it."—Pa. cxxxviii.

THOU knowest all things, Lord, and we
The wisest of us but a part
Of all the deep, mysterious things
Laid up within thy Sacred Heart.
We grasp so little at a time,
Earth-light blinds even saintly eyes;
But all things are by Thee beheld
Without dissemblance or disguise.

As, when we climb earth's loftiest point,
To gaze upon the scene below,
'Tis but a fraction of the whole
O'er which our feeble sight can go:
So when we look on thy decrees
Ev'n from the heights of sanctity,
Their confines are beyond our reach
Stretching into infinity.

As when at noon the summer sun
Bathes half the world with golden light,
The other half remaineth hid
Within the sombre clouds of night:
So we, though lighted by the rays
Of thy great Revelation's sun,
See but a few and scattered threads
From which thy vast designs are spun.

The eagle, borne on pinions strong,
Highest of feathered creatures flies,
Yet judged by measurements of space
Seems hardly from the earth to rise;
And e'en those souls that nearest soar
Unto thy dread Divinity,
Adore thy counsels' mysteries
But search not their sublimity.

Thus with thy workings in our hearts,
And thy designs upon each soul,
Thou knewest all ere we were born
And holdest all in thy control:

But we, although we dimly see
Thy guidings as each day is done,
Reading thy writing on our souls,
Spell out the letters one by one.

Then, since we feel our weakness, Lord,
Make us upon thy strength to rest,
Confiding blindly in thy care,
Knowing thy ways are ever best.
And, since a creature's bliss is found
Fulfilling all thy Will commands,
Make us in absolute content
Leave past and future in thy hands.

AN OLD STONE.

BY F. S. D. AMES,

AUTHOR OF "MARION HOWARD," &c.

ALTHOUGH the English people have been taught to abhor relics, they have been permitted to cultivate a taste for lions, and day after day groups of persons gather round a certain old stone, that stands in St. Edward's chapel in Westminster Abbey, and regard it as a very great lion indeed. Not that its leonine qualities appear by any means on the surface. It is only a very ordinary looking stone, twenty-six inches long, sixteen broad, and ten and a half deep, somewhat worn away, yet bearing marks, in the opinion of many, of having at some time been chiselled. Even when described at the fullest it is only "of a dull reddish or purplish sandstone, with a few embedded pebbles, one of which is quartz, and two others of a dark material, which may be Lydian stone. The rock is calcareous, and is of the kind masons would call freestone." So that, including what it positively is—pebbles and all—and something of what it possibly may be, the man of science sums it up in three or four lines.

Yet, all unpretending as our old stone is, the crowd gazes at it with reverential awe, as well as at the wooden chair, to which it forms a clumsy, uncomfortable seat. "In this chair and on this stone," has just said the conducting vergier, "every English sovereign, from Edward I. to Victoria, has been crowned." And so the crowd wears

an admiring look, for the English public dearly loves a king. It will stand in the rain for half a day at a time to see the royal carriages go by, and will consent to hustling and stifling for an hour to obtain a passing glance at the crown jewels. Hardly a man so lowly but he has seen the state apartments at Windsor, rarely a man so poor but he has paid his shilling to see Madame Tussaud's waxen dynasty. Poor John Bull! Alas! for the heresy that has left his really reverential heart little else to reverence but such things as these!

And so that ugly old chair is the Coronation Chair of England, and, what is far more interesting to us, that still uglier stone beneath it is the Coronation Stone. Far more interesting, too, we opine, to the man of science and the antiquary, as well as to the Irishman, the Scot, or the Israelite, should any such chance to be standing in the crowd. To that geologist, for instance, to whom pillar, arch, and sculptured stone are only so many good specimens spoiled, and who has hitherto gazed around him with an indifferent eye. In this stone, however, he is personally interested, since his science has been invoked to aid in silencing the contention of ages concerning its origin. So he stands, and with folded arms, scans it with a professional eye, until thousands and tens of thousands of years are annihilated, and he flashes back to that old Devonian period to which he traces its birth. The abbey, the chapel, the chair all disappear, and he finds himself in imagination amid the magnificent but dreary scenery of that era when the waters had just been "gathered together," and the "dry land" appeared. Instead of the marble floor of the abbey, he sees an island just redeemed from the sea, the moist soil of which is decked with a carpet of richest verdure, while forests of tree-mosses rear their weird-looking forms around him, spreading their wiry air-roots far and wide. The angry ocean, boiling and roaring beneath a tempest such as has never been witnessed since those primeval days, seems to rejoice over the monsters beginning to teem in its bosom; while the sun pours down on the steaming earth, with a fervour that would scorch any mass less saturated. Such is the world to which our geologist wanders in his reveries, and from which the chatter of the verger fails to arouse him. What are the Plantagenets and Tudors to a man, for whom the kings of Nineveh and Babylon are only things of to-day, "animals of the alluvium?"

If again, as we have just said, there should chance to be a son of Israel among the bystanders, he, too, will have his associations with our stone, and those of no common order. For one of the old legends concerning it relates (and the name of such legends is legion), that it was the identical stone that formed the pillow of the patriarch Jacob, at Bethel, and which he afterwards set up as a pillar, and anointed with oil. A Jewish tradition relates that it was afterwards placed in the sacred temple of Jerusalem, and used as a pedestal to

support the Ark of the Covenant. Singular as this legend is, there are, nevertheless, a goodly number of a new sect who profess to see in the presence of Jacob's pillar in Westminster Abbey, a proof that the English nation is composed of the lost ten tribes of Israel. What their reason is for such an hypothesis we do not know, nor are we likely to find out, since it is contained in certain hieroglyphics on the great pyramid, which these wiseacres read in their own fashion, and which they have recently discovered to be a key to the history of the world, past, present, and future. Whatever benefits, however, they anticipate from the discovery—and one is that the English are to migrate to Jerusalem—the Irishman is rigorously to be excluded from all participation in them. On inquiring of an enthusiastic believer, a short time since, what part or lot was to fall to the Irishman in the general rush eastward, the writer was curtly informed, "nothing at all, the Irish having been proved to be descended from the Canaanites." Surely of all the vagaries of this nineteenth century this new doctrine is not the least absurd.

But, strange to say, the Irishman is the very man whom the old legend next proceeds to introduce; for, according to the late Dean of Westminster, one version of the story (that disclaims the Jewish legend concerning the sacred temple), continues: "The stony pillar on which Jacob slept at Bethel, was by his countrymen transported to Egypt. Thither came Gathelus, son of Cecrops, King of Athens, and married Scota, daughter of Pharoah. Gathelus and his Egyptian wife, alarmed at the fame of Moses, fled with the stone to Sicily or Spain. From Brigantia, in Spain, it was carried off by Simon Breck, the favourite son of Milo the Scot, to Ireland. It was thrown on the sea-shore as an anchor, or (for the legend varies at this point), an anchor, which was cast out in consequence of a rising storm, pulled up the stone from the bottom of the sea. On the sacred hill of Tara it became '*Lia Fail*,' the Stone of Destiny. On it the kings of Ireland were placed. If the chief were a true successor, the stone was silent; if a pretender, it groaned aloud with thunder." At this point when the legend begins to pass into history, the voice of national discord begins to make itself heard. The Irish antiquarians maintain that the true stone long remained on the Hill of Tara. Others, however, consider that although the Coronation stone was probably at one time on the sacred hill, it was not the same as the stone of destiny. The true *Lia Fail*, they contend,* remains there still, in the rude pillar that surmounts the green mound, known as the "coronation chair," and which has been made a monument to the memory of those heroic "United Irishmen" who fell in the battle of Tara, on the 26th of May, 1798.

Another legend, disclaiming Milo, Tara, and everything else of the

* See Note at the end of this paper.

sort, gives a much more pious and proper origin to our stone, by asserting it to be the altar-stone of Bonifacius or Curitan, a missionary bishop, supposed to have been sent from the Irish Church to certain wilful Picts, who persisted in preferring their own will in various matters of discipline, to that of the Pope. He is said to have been related to St. Peter himself, and a native of Bethlehem—how he came to be made an Irish bishop is not very clear, and we must let the question pass. With regard to his altar, "we find," says Mr. Skene, "that the principal Irish missionaries frequently carried about with them a slab or block of stone, which they used as an altar for the celebration of the Eucharist, and which was termed a stone-altar. In places where it had been used by any celebrated saint, and remained there, it was the object of much veneration among the people, and is the subject of many of the miracles recorded in the acts of the saint. St. Patrick's stone altar is frequently mentioned in his acts, and in the only strictly analogous case to the Coronation Stone of the Scottish kings—that of the kings of Munster, who were crowned sitting upon a similar stone—the belief was that this Coronation Stone had been the stone altar of St. Patrick, on which he had first celebrated the Eucharist, after the conversion and baptism of the King of Cashel. It is therefore, not impossible that the Coronation stone of Scone may have had the same origin, and been the stone altar on which Bonifacius first celebrated the Eucharist, after he had first brought over the king of the Picts and his people from the usages of the Columban church to conformity with those of the Roman church."

But while certain learned Irish antiquarians come to a stand on the hill of Tara, and others get lost in the wilds of Pictavia, the generality of them agree that our old stone was the original Coronation Stone of Ireland. That it was brought over to Scotland about the end of the fifth century, when the three sons of Erc, went thither with their followers to found the little kingdom, which in honour of their native country they called Dalriada. Some say that Fergus Mac Erc placed it in Dunstaffnage, the capital of the new realm; others maintain that he carried it to Iona, perhaps with a sort of presentiment of the future sacredness of that island. With reference to Iona, legends are not wanting in which our old stone figures in the life of St. Columba himself.

The authentic history of the Coronation Stone only commences at Scone, whither it was carried by Kenneth M'Alpin, when he made that beautiful city the capital of his new kingdom. Upon it, as in Dalriada, every monarch was crowned. As, however, the successors of Kenneth gathered into their hands the reins of the four old kingdoms, after a while the men crowned upon it were no longer the kinglets of a province, but the sovereign lords of all Scotland. It remained at Scone until 1291, when Edward I. of England, whose cruelty and in-

justice his admirers have vainly tried to cloak under his domestic virtues and crusading fame, tore it from its resting-place; and amid the tears and execration of the Scottish nation, carried it to London.

That Kenneth Mac Alpin regarded his Coronation Stone as the authentic *Lia Fail*, is evidenced by the fact that he caused these two Latin verses to be inscribed on it:—

“*Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocumque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.*”

No trace of them now remains, though on the lower side of the stone a grove still exists, which Dean Stanley thought might have contained them.

And, doubtless, even in these days, many a Scotchman may be found who still believes the Coronation Stone of Scone to be connected in some mysterious way with the fate and fortune of his native land. If to the Englishman the Coronation Stone be a lion, to him it is something nearer and dearer far. One of his own penates, in fact, ravished from his home and heart by a fortunate spoiler, centuries ago, but none the less his own peculiar property, representing to him all that was grand and independent in his native history ere it stood incorporated with that of the southern kingdom. And it is, to say the least of it, very wonderful how the old prophecy was fulfilled, when James, the direct heir of M'Alpine the Scot, was crowned on that very stone in 1603.

Fordun, the old chronicler, has left us an account of the coronation of the boy-king, Alexander III., the last legitimate sovereign crowned upon the Stone of Destiny before its removal. We say legitimate, since the unfortunate Scots were compelled to witness that of the pitiful sub-king, John Baliol, whom Edward I. forced upon them. “Fordun’s description is so graphic,” remarks Mr. Skene, “that we can almost picture the scene. A Scottish July day, the cross in the cimeterium; before it the fatal stone, covered with gold-embroidered cloths; at his side the two bishops and the Abbot of Scone; before him the great barons of Scotland, kneeling before the ancient symbol of Scottish sovereignty; the aged Highland sennachy pressing forward to utter his barbarous Celtic gutturals; in the background the Mount of Belief covered with a crowd of people gazing on the solemn scene, and in the distance the blue range of the Grampians broken only by the pass through which the Tay emerges to pass before them on the west.” If any of the actors of this scene were still surviving when, forty-three years afterwards, Baliol, after his coronation, knelt in subjection at the feet of the English king, with what bitter feelings they must have recalled it!

Edward I., having brought his treasure home in safety, caused it to be encased in the wooden chair with which we are all familiar, after

which he placed it in the chapel of St. Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey. "It would seem," remarks the late Dean, "as if Edward's chief intention had been to present it as a trophy of his conquest to the Confessor's shrine. On it the priest was to sit while celebrating Mass at the altar of St. Edward"—meaning, we presume, that it was to serve as a sedile during High Mass—"the chair doubtless standing where it now stands, but facing, as it naturally would, westward, was then visible down the whole church, like the metropolitan See at Canterbury, in its original position. When the Abbot sat there on high festivals, it was for him a seat grander than any episcopal throne. The abbey thus acquired the one feature needed to make it equal to a cathedral—a sacred chair or cathedra." How far such an offering was acceptable to the soul of England's great law-maker we shall never know in this world.

Only once since Edward Plantagenet placed it there has the chair ever been moved out of the abbey. The occasion was a remarkable one, for it was carried into Westminster Hall, in order that in it Oliver Cromwell might be installed Lord Protector of the kingdom. Did the old stone beneath remain silent? or was it that the thunder of its groans was unheard amid the clamorous rejoicings of the Round-heads? The fact of its being used on this occasion proves, perhaps, more than any other single event since its capture, the importance attached to it by the rulers and people of England. So at least says Dean Stanley, and we quite agree with him.

We must bid adieu to our old stone. The afternoon service is about to commence, and all loiterers in the aisles and chapels and around "the poets' corner" are warned that they must either attend it, or depart. So we turn away, wearily asking ourselves in our dissatisfaction, what Catholics ask every day, will things be always as they are now? For beautiful as the abbey is, glorious as are the associations that cling around its every stone, all there is cheerless, cold, dead. Will it be always so? May not, perhaps, our children see a day when the *Sanctus* bell shall again re-echo through those noble arches, and the *Angelus* peal from those grand old towers; and when all that now is dimmed and dreary shall be revived by the rays of a Glorious Presence that shall flood it from east to west? Patience! Time, the great revealer, alone can show.

[The view referred to at page 19 is supported in a learned article contributed by Canon O'Rourke, P.P. of Maynooth, to the September Number (1880) of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, page 441 of Volume I. of the New Series.—Ed. I. M.]

MARY STUART'S LAST PRAYER.

IN his newest tragedy, "Mary Stuart," Mr. Algernon Swinburne begins the Fifth Act, by introducing the hapless queen singing the following little hymn in her chamber in Fotheringay Castle:—

"O Lord, my God,
 I have trusted in Thee;
 O Jesu, my dearest one,
 Now set me free.
 In prison's oppressor,
 In sorrow's obsession,
 I weary for Thee.
 With sighing and crying
 Bowed down in dying,
 I adore Thee, I implore Thee, set me free."

To understand one of the poet's substantives, some will recur to the distinction between being "*possessed* by the devil" and that more external influence which is called "obsession." Mr. Swinburne takes for granted that his readers will know that he is merely translating some Latin rhymes written by Mary, in her prayer-book a few hours before her execution, 8th of February, 1587. "It is not improbable," says Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy, "that she herself was the author of this exquisite lyrical prayer."

"O Domine Deus,
 Speravi in te,
 O cære mi Jesu,
 Nunc libera me!
 In dura catena
 In misera pœna
 Desidero te;
 Languendo, gemitendo,
 Et genuflectendo,
 Adoro, imploro,
 O libera me!"

In the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for July, 1870, a version was given without any name. In pitting it against the version now published by Mr. Swinburne ten years later, we venture to assign it to the Irish poet whom we have just quoted. Both the translators use the archaic form of the Holy Name which in Greek and Latin drops the final *s* in the vocative:—

"Lord God, all my hope is
 In Thee, only Thee!
 O Jesu, my Saviour,
 Now liberate me!"

The Monk's Prophecy.

In chains that have bound me,
 In pains that surround me,
 Still longing for Thee :
 Here kneeling, appealing,
 My misery feeling,
 Adoring, imploring,
 Oh, liberate me!"

"To set free" is better than "to liberate;" yet if the Editor of the *Weekly Freeman* had made the poor queen's tiny lyric the "bone of contention" among his poets and if he had made me his assessor in the perilous task of adjudication, I should allot the prize to Mr. MacCarthy, leaving the author of "*Atalanta in Calydon*" out in the cold.

M. R.

THE MONK'S PROPHECY.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER I.

AN INDIAN TELEGRAM.

ON the second of June, at Ely-place, the wife of Captain Ormsby of a daughter.

"Does it not sound pretty, nurse?" said the mother, with a low laugh. "Look, baby, we are going to send that to papa."

"He will be proud to get it, ma'am. Will I tie it up for you?" said the nurse, as she stood by the bed of a fair woman, about thirty years old, who held in her arms her first living baby, aged two days.

"Baby will send it to papa." The mother put the folded paper into the pink, wrinkled, little hand. "Papa's little treasure! ah, you small mite, you do not know how much love is in store for you. Give me the pen, nurse." With a trembling hand she directed the paper to a station in the Bombay Presidency, and then lay back again. "The doctor says she is very strong, nurse," she continued; "I can hardly believe she will be left to me."

"There is no fear of her, ma'am, please God; I never saw a finer child, God bless her. Wait until you see her in a week's time what a size she will be."

"Ah, nurse, it used to be so dreadful every other time: all born dead; five mute little things. I used to weep my heart away about them. Then when this little blossom was coming he said he would bring me home. It was miserable having him go back without me; still I felt so different in the bracing air here, that I tried to be content; and how happy I am now, thank God, and how happy he was to get the telegram."

"No doubt of that, ma'am. Quick enough he sent one back."

"And I shall get a letter soon; perhaps I would be able to write to him to-morrow. We must have her baptised quickly, nurse. I won't be entirely comfortable until then."

"What name will you call her, ma'am?"

"I'll call her Sydney Mary," said the mother. "His name is Herbert Sydney; 'tis a family name."

"And a very pretty one," said the nurse.

The next day baby Sydney was presented at the baptismal font, and the nurse brought back minute descriptions of the manner in which she conducted herself: how she opened her eyes; and how the priest remarked the power of her lungs—a fact she had made fully evident by vigorous and prolonged screaming when the sacred waters were poured on her head. She appeared warm and healthy when she was unwound out of an old Indian shawl, and nestled to her mother's breast with a little note of content, while the mother bent over her with unspeakable love, watching the flitting likeness to various members of her family that passed shadow-like over her face, those evanescent traits that stamp the undeveloped creature as belonging to a certain race. "I think she has a look of you, aunty, when she smiles," the mother wrote to her only relation, Mrs. MacMahon of Castleishen.

Mrs. MacMahon was not her aunt, but her cousin; and one that had been a mother to her in her youth; for the wife of Captain Ormsby was an orphan, and had no near kindred. She had been educated in a convent, where she remained until she was nineteen years old, simply because she had no home in the outside world. The nuns made theirs so happy a one for her, that possibly in some time she might have decided on remaining with them always, and become a postulant, but Mrs. MacMahon wrote to her, on her return from Paris, where she and her family had been residing for some years, asking her to come to Castleishen for a few months. The nuns advised her to accept the invitation, and see a little of that world she was thinking of renouncing; it was wiser to test her vocation, they said, and if she returned like the wandering dove, they were ready to receive her with open arms.

So it was decided: Helen Lindsay went to Castleishen. She was very lovely, very gentle, and in a short time became of such indispensable necessity in the household, that the wonder was it did so long

without her. She was beloved by the children, two boys and two girls. There were barracks in the village of Lisduff, usually occupied by a company of soldiers, their captain, and a couple of subalterns. Lieutenant Ormsby thought wooing a wife in the green lanes of the country the best and most agreeable way of utilising his time. The course of true love, in this instance, ran smooth: there was nothing to prevent their union. Helen had a few hundred pounds which enabled him to purchase his step, and provided them with an Indian outfit when they were ordered abroad. They were both very popular, and all things went well with them; but they, too, had their hidden griefs. One after another their babies were born dead. She made dainty little robes, lingering with maternal love and longing over each article in the tiny wardrobe, only to weep afterwards with unutterable sorrow over the dead joy that required but a little winding-sheet, and was laid away in the brown earth beneath some tropical flower. At length the regimental doctor said the strain was too great on the childless mother, and that her strength might not bear another disappointment. He ordered her back to her native air, and four months after she parted from her husband who had to return to his regiment, Mrs. Ormsby gave birth to the little lady whose acquaintance we have made.

"I must go out as soon as possible, nurse," said Mrs. Ormsby. "I may be able to travel in October; there is a part of the regiment going out then. Sergeant Dillon's wife would mind baby;—she is a nice little woman, and has no children of her own. The sergeant was to see me just before I got ill."

"There will be nothing to prevent you, ma'am, please God. Miss Baby will let you do as you like. Look how she curls her little toes."

It was evening; the fire was lighted, and baby lay on the nurse's lap, enjoying the heat, stretching out her small feet, curling and uncurling her tiny toes; opening and shutting her big blue eyes, that stared at something beyond mortal view and smiling at the angels. They had just come in from a drive, and the lovely colour of renewed health was on the mother's cheeks as she took the baby in her arms.

"Watch the postman, nurse," she said; "the mail is in. I'll surely get a letter. Ah, baby, when will you be getting a love-letter? Papa will write to us to-night, and we shall soon go to him;—shan't we, baby?"

The postman's rat-tat echoed through the house, and in a moment the servant entered with a few letters. She knew Captain Ormsby's handwriting, and had placed his uppermost. The mother tore it open, and her eyes filled with happy tears as she read the warm words of affection with which he greeted the birth of his little daughter, and his loving eagerness to have them out with him; but warning her at the same time to run no risk, and to remain at home until she and baby were quite equal for foreign campaigns.

"And we shall be strong enough for anything in October, shan't we, nurse? Here is an official document. I wonder what it is about." She opened it, and as she read it she became ghastly pale. She read it again, and then perused the enclosure. "O God," she cried, "O God!"

"My dear lady, what is it?" said the frightened nurse, catching the baby which was falling out of the mother's arms.

"He is dead, dead—my husband!"—and she fell back insensible.

It was too true; he was lying at that moment in the grave where their last baby was buried. The tropical sun heated the white stone above him, but would never again meet the living eyes of Captain Ormsby. Strangers would read the inscription on the headstone, and pass thoughtlessly on, unconscious of the desolation, the wreck of human happiness, connected with those recording words.

Pale and cold Mrs. Ormsby lay in her bed; she turned her face to the wall and remained so still and passive that the nurse tried to waken her into more demonstrative grief. She gave her the baby.

"Poor little orphan," said the mother, quietly; "poor unfortunate! what will become of her? It would be well for her to die, nurse," she moaned; "it would be better for her to follow him."

"She will live to comfort you, dear lady."

"There is no more comfort for me; no more comfort in this world. I was too happy with my darling. It could not last."

The priest came to her when he heard from the nurse of her bereavement, and at last the apathy of despair gave way before his words of holy consolation. Was she to shrink from carrying the cross which her dear Lord carried before her, and died on for her sake? Did she want to leave Him all the suffering, and keep joy for her own portion? Would she go to Thabor willingly, and leave Him alone on Calvary? He took her husband from her; but whither did He take him? was it not to Himself? and was she in the selfishness of earthly love to mourn as one without hope, because God saw fit to consummate his happiness and lessen hers. For the short time she had to live here she should be patient.

The tears rolled slowly down the widow's cheeks. "The will of God be done," she said. "Pray for me, Father, that I may always say it."

Day succeeded day in the blank monotony of grief. What she had to do she did mechanically. Letters came from his brother officers and their wives, expressing deepest regret and truest friendship. She smiled sadly as she read them; what was the use of it now? She was severed for ever from them; and the best friendship dies out without association. She realised all the minor losses her one great loss included. No more for her was the pleasant barrack-life, the light-hearted chat in the verandahs, when the crimson sun was setting, the

bugle call to mark their hours, and the boom of the cannon that heralded a day full of happy duties and pleasures.

What was she to do? That was the thought that worked uppermost in her mind. How would she manage to live? She would have the pension of a captain's widow; Sydney would have ten pounds a year, until she was twenty-one; and that was all. She had been accustomed to luxury all her life—attendants, rich dresses, choice food. She had exchanged the exquisite refinement of the convent in which she was educated, for the luxurious home of a country magnate, and left Castleishen for the love of Herbert Ormsby, and a beautiful wild free life in Asia. She was paying for her servant and lodgings in Dublin more than she had now to live on. What was she to do?

CHAPTER II.

THE MAC MAHONS OF CASTLEISHEN.

"At Indula, a station in the Himalaya, of jungle fever, Herbert Sydney Ormsby, Captain in the ——th regiment; deeply regretted."

"Good heavens, William! Helen Lindsay's husband is dead!" said Mrs. Mac Mahon, as she sat at the breakfast-table at Castleishen.

"Nonsense, my dear. Had you not a letter from her a few days ago?"

"Yes, but it must be true. Oh, isn't it awful?—and her baby but a few days old;—and she was so happy. The poor thing, how will she bear it?"

"I can't believe it at all," said Mr. Mac Mahon, taking up the paper. "It seems impossible there should be such a break-up."

"She would be the more likely to lose him because they were so happy," said a girl with a beautiful colour and fair hair. "Disagreeable people never die. How I used to envy her such a gay life! Won't she be badly off now?"

"You ought to ask her down for a few months, mother," said another girl. "Nellie would mind the baby."

"Right you are, Minnie," said her father;—"the very thing. Ask her down, the poor thing; she ought not to be alone in such trouble."

"Oh, babies are so cross," said the fair girl; "and if Helen be crying, as I suppose she will, the place will be more melancholy than ever."

"Don't be selfish, Carrie, my dear," said her mother; "we should all try to lighten her sorrow; she must be desolate in Dublin. Poor thing! even in her last letter she said I should let one of you up to her very soon. I'll write to her to-day."

There had been perceptible changes in the MacMahon family since Helen Lindsay had left them. Mr. MacMahon was greatly crippled by that plague of moist places—rheumatism. Mrs. MacMahon, who was considerably his junior, had not lost her comely appearance: there were some silver threads in her smooth, brown hair, but the face was soft and fair. The eldest girl, Winifred, was slight and tall, with gentle dark eyes and nut-brown hair; she was about twenty-two years old. The second girl had a lovely, fair face, in which the roses went and came. There was a shade of discontent about the red mouth, and occasionally the whole expression was unpleasant. In so young and pretty a face one might call the expression a petulant, or wilful one; an observer would say she was pettish or pouting; but in an elderly and plainer one more likely the judgment would be, that she had a temper not altogether agreeable. A handsome young person can be, and do, many things unpardonable in advanced and unlovely womanhood. Youth covers a multitude of sins.

The room in which the MacMahons sat bore unmistakable signs that money was a consideration. The costly carpet was worn nearly threadbare, showing bright colours where the chairs and tables saved it; everything was old, but in good preservation; the walls were hung with family portraits; a large bow-window looked out over a silver bay glittering in the sunlight. Great oaks, mingled with copper beeches and lime-trees, stood in the lawn; and here and there bare stumps bore significant witness to the fact that the axe had been in requisition.

There was a leak in the family in the person of the eldest son, who had a happy facility for spending money. He was in a dragoon regiment; his father allowed him a few hundreds a year, and he contrived to live at the rate of a few thousands. For some time it was hoped that his handsome face and gallant bearing would subjugate the heart of some tender English heiress, whose fortune would clear away the accumulating mortgages and restore Castleishen to its olden glory; but the young heir was more inclined to follow the counsels of his heart than his head; he married a portionless girl, to whom sealskin jackets, jewels, and laces were items rendered necessary by custom.

Mr. MacMahon was bitterly disappointed by his son's early and imprudent marriage. In answer to his request for an increased allowance, he wrote him a plain statement of their circumstances, which the young man might have easily known if he only took the trouble of thinking. He was somewhat startled when he saw in plain figures the amount of his father's rent-roll and the numerous claims upon it—a good many of them caused by his own extravagance. There was an insurance of three thousand pounds for the younger children, and as Mr. MacMahon had effected it late in life, the policy was a heavy one. It is not a good time to put economic laws in force when

young girls are grown up. There is something suspicious in their necessity, and to worldly men, men of substance and wisdom, embarrassments sound slightly disreputable. Wealth has an influence even on the least mercenary of mortals. A young man may not have the least inclination to marry the young lady with ten thousand pounds; yet having her as a partner is quite stimulating, and unconsciously he is on his best behaviour. He is rarely *distrain* in his conversation, he is quick to offer attentions, and is usually more deferential, and desirous to please, than when he is dancing with a girl whose father is on the verge of bankruptcy. A young man may fall in love with a girl, and marry her without a penny, when he meets her in a refined, comfortable house, where there is no lack of means; yet he might not do so if her surroundings were different; if she were not placed in the pleasant atmosphere of easy circumstances; if the ugly signs of poverty had left their mark on clothes and furniture; if the dinner were bad, the wine cheap, and the general effect were shabbiness. There is a certain antagonism between people who have no money troubles and people who have, and a mutual inclination to make little of each other.

However, at Castleishen there was quite sufficient means for living comfortably, and for making a respectable appearance at social gatherings. Winifred, when she returned from school, had been very gay, and fond of amusement, the first in every pleasant plan for party or picnic. Lisduff continued to be a military station for some years after she came home, and the officers, naturally enough, took advantage of the permission accorded them, and spent many agreeable hours at Castleishen. The front entrance opened on the road just near the barracks, and it was quite refreshing to turn in from the dusty highway and wander under the great trees by the avenue on the sunny summer days, or lounge in the drawingroom for five o'clock tea. Captain White seemed to enjoy it all very thoroughly, lingering by Winifred's side, singing duets at the piano, reading poetry under the spreading oak, sketching, walking, riding. Caroline had come home lately, and enjoyed it also, until the higher powers put an end to such summer idyls. The station was broken up in Lisduff, the soldiers were removed, and the barracks were deserted. Carry bemoaned her bereavement bitterly and openly. Winifred gave expression to no particular regret, but she grew strangely quiet.

"Perhaps it is better they left before you grew older, Carry," she said, in reply to a piteous lament of her sister's.

"Lest I should fall in love with one of them?" said Carry. "I suppose I'm as susceptible now as ever I'll be; and I'm not very soft. But I hate this horrible dullness. Whatever you say, I don't believe but you miss Captain White. Why, he used to be always here before he went; don't pretend that you did not miss him."

"I suppose I did," answered Winifred, quietly; "but it seems he did not miss us."

"That is true; he never wrote," said Carry, yawning. "But 'tis well for you you don't care who comes or goes. You have no heart, and are always content. 'Tisn't the people I care about, either. I shouldn't mind who went, suppose someone as nice came."

Soon after Winifred became delicate, and had to be taken away for change of air—a happy circumstance over which Carry rejoiced. They returned again after a few months, and fell into the old quiet routine. The next year Captain Ormsby died,—and our story begins.

Mrs. MacMahon's kind letter asking her to the home of her happy girlhood was balm to the widow's bruised heart, and she gladly accepted the invitation. It would give her time to think, for as yet she had not recovered from the crushing blow that had fallen on her, and thoughts of the uncertain future only waked more vividly recollections of all she had lost. It would be blessed to rest for a few months, without having to calculate about money matters. Every day she spent in her expensive lodgings was a positive terror to her, now that her income had become so limited.

One warm July evening she and her baby got out of the train at Killford, the railway station nearest to Castleishen, and getting into the trap waiting for her, drove along the old familiar road that wound for a few miles along the brink of the silver Shannon. She looked curiously at all the landmarks she so well remembered: the wide, deep waters, so quiet and empty, save for an occasional yacht floating by with sunlit sails; the salmon weir; the wooded hills of Limerick; the gray old ruins; the noisy water-courses, bringing their tribute to swell the current of the river flowing onward to the sea. How much happiness had been crowded into the seven years in which she had been away; how different a person she seemed to be now, returning a widow to the place she had left a bride, her husband who had remained her lover, her means, her bright cheerful life, all passed away like a dream, and nothing left her but a wee blue-eyed baby! She pressed it closer to her heart, and thanked God for her one ewe lamb. Yes, Father Charles was right; she should be patient. Perhaps such happiness as hers had been was not best fitted for her soul. Had she not thought more of earth than heaven?—had she been working out her salvation with fear and trembling?—was not eternity an abstraction that lay away in remote ages, and death but a vague possibility? Were not all her affections, her desires, her earnest thoughts given to her husband and the things of this world? Had not life become the end, and not the means, to the end? God gave her great happiness for thirty years. After all, were there many equally fortunate? Some lives seemed full of care, from the cradle to the grave. Did she not know women herself whose married career was one long martyrdom

without a hope of peace at this side of the grave? Was she to murmur because the cup of bliss was not held for ever to her lips? No; she would be patient, and take the bitter with the sweet. She would carry her cross after her Master; she would devote the remainder of her days to Herbert's little girl, and put her trust in God.

The tears gathered slowly in her eyes when she came to the barrack; she was glad she would hear no more the bugle-call that thrilled her heart in the days of her young love. The gates were open; she drove up the broad avenue. The years had given fuller foliage to its overhanging trees, and the drooping ash, beneath whose shade Herbert had once constructed a rustic seat, had stretched upwards to the heavens, and swept the velvet sward with its tender green boughs.

Her friends waited for her on the steps, and gave her a cordial greeting. She found the little girls she had left, grown into lovely womanhood, and Eustace, born while she was abroad, a bright little fellow, most anxious to see the baby. Mrs. MacMahon took her at once to her own room and told Winifred to call Nellie, and to bring up some refreshment. "No tears, Helen, my darling," said she; "we won't talk of the past yet. I am so glad to have you here with me; I love to have a baby in the house; and the country will be so good for her. You see I have put you in the room next the nursery; I knew you would like it best; Eustace sleeps in a little bed in my own room; so Nellie and baby will have undisputed possession of their domain."

Nellie Clancy, having a very kind heart, and a large supply of the maternal instinct, was only too glad to get baby Sydney into her charge. She was slightly disabled by an accident, which occurred while she was working at a flax-mill: her arm had caught in the machinery, and been so badly broken that fears were entertained of the necessity of amputation. However, it was somehow pierced together, and after spending many months in the hospital, she was discharged quite cured. The arm was a little shorter and weaker than the other one, but fortunately it was the left one; so she managed to make it very useful. She said herself the only thing it incapacitated her from doing was milking a second cow, and as she did a great many other works, and did them well, she succeeded in earning her livelihood. She was a tall, good-looking woman, about forty years old, she had never married, as she would be useless as a poor farmer's wife. One year, after various disappointments in obtaining employment, she applied to Mrs. MacMahon who engaged her to mind fowl. Her worth was soon discovered: she was a good needlewoman, she could wash and make up muslins and laces skilfully, she was willing and obliging, and henceforth became a most useful member of the Castleishen establishment.

Mrs. Ormsby fell quietly into the ways of the house; if she wept

no one saw her tears; she bore her losses gently and unrepiningly, and the baby grew fat and rosy in the bracing country air. Captain Ormsby's effects had been sold, and the money sent home. It was not very much—an officer's wardrobe and camp furniture are not productive of money—but to poor people even a little is a consideration.

The present absence of care could not banish thoughts of the future from the widow's mind. Sixty pounds a year was a meagre sum to pay for lodgings, food, and clothes; she had no savings, no valuables. The future seemed gloomy, indeed.

CHAPTER III.

"THE HUT."

Among the most frequent visitors at Castleishen was Father Moran, the parish priest. He had been educated for the priesthood in France, and in his early days spoke French like a native. He took a great interest in the MacMahons; nothing of importance was done in the family without consulting him, and he was very fond of putting the young people through their French exercises. He it was who had married Helen Lindsay; she had been a great favourite of his in her girlhood, and it gave him sincere and earnest trouble to see her again thrown upon the world, poor and widowed. He thought so much, and spoke so much about it, that at length his ideas began to take tangible shape.

"She never could live in Dublin," he said, emphatically; "she would starve there; wouldn't lodgings run away with half of what she has to live on? Better for her get some place down here, where we could all help her. Why, all the old women in the parish bring me more chickens and eggs than I can use, and with vegetables from your garden, and so on, she would be somehow comfortable."

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. MacMahon; "but where would she get lodgings? They are wretched in Lisduff."

"Pooh, my dear sir, poor people must have poor weddings; better to have a small place, and be able to pay for it; a narrow house is better than an empty stomach. I have no fancy for the village myself, if she could do better."

"I wonder could the little cottage Boyle left be made habitable?" said Mrs. MacMahon, thoughtfully.

"Is it the house by the waterfall?" asked the priest.

"Yes; it is out of repair I know, but it was very pretty."

"The very thing, my dear lady," said the priest, decisively, "the very thing. I wonder I didn't think of it myself. Why, that can be made fit for a queen; a couple of pounds will put it in order. A bit of paint and paper,—and she will be near us all."

"Quite right," said Mr. MacMahon ; "there is a nice little garden at the back ; and she could have the grass of a little Kerry that would give her milk."

"It would be a great change for her," said Mrs. MacMahon ; "but she is so good and gentle she puts up with anything, and I feel sure she would be happier there than anywhere else at present."

"My dear lady, there is nowhere else would suit her as well," said Father Moran, "she will be twice as happy as if she stayed on even here. Independence is very sweet."

"She has spoken already of leaving," said Mrs. MacMahon, "but I insisted on her remaining for another month."

"Ah, poor thing," said the priest ; "she, that never had the spirit of pride in her, is become proud now because she is poor. A rich person thinks she is doing you a favour by paying you a few months' visit ; a poor one will fear she is a burden, though 'tis likely you will lose more by the first than the last if you tot up your accounts."

"If we could arrange this plan, it would be a great relief to my mind," said Mrs. MacMahon. "It was a real trouble to me to think of her going away, not knowing how she would manage."

"We will arrange it, see if we don't," replied the priest ; "you and I will have that house in apple-pie order before one fortnight, or my name is not Moran."

"No doubt," said Mr. MacMahon, smiling ; "when you and she work in concert it would be hard to stop you. And, indeed, I should be very pleased if the poor thing were settled comfortably."

"Comfortable she will be," answered the priest. "You'll have the happiness of seeing that you brightened the lives of the widow and orphan. And that's a sweet little spot ; that cracked photographer took a picture of it last summer. A very sweet little spot."

"Let you speak of it to her, Father Moran," said Mrs. MacMahon ; "you are the best to explain everything."

After some time, Father Moran joined Mrs. Ormsby, who sat under a spreading oak, nursing the baby. She was looking out towards the quiet waters, with a vague, hopeless expression on her pale face. "Won't you make room for me, Helen," he said, "till we have a comfortable chat, as we used to have in the old times. In those days it used to be arguments," he continued, taking a place on the seat beside her—"arguments about novels, and dancing, and ball-going, and so forth."

"I was a foolish girl then, Father," she said, with a sad smile ; "you had great patience with me."

"Anyone that loves gardening, my dear, is satisfied to wait until the bud breaks into blossom," answered the priest ; "he is patient as long as it looks healthy, and he won't force it. You were not a very disobedient child in those days ; you always were guided by my advice ; and I'm not done advising you yet, remember."

"And I require it as much as ever, Father," she said; "I am a helpless kind of woman; there isn't a bit of good in me."

"Tut, nonsense, my dear. What do you want to do but mind your child? is not that good work for you?—and you are comfortable here, and among your best friends."

"I know all that," she replied; "but, dear Father, I can't stay here much longer. I'm ashamed of being here so long. George and his wife are coming, and though I know they are as sorry as I am, 'tis not right I should remain."

"Oh, as for that, child, there's room for as many more in Castleisheen; still I know a person, who has had her own house for so many years, naturally wishes to have a corner for herself again. 'Tis quite right, and we have just been talking about it."

"Talking about me?"

"Yes; the mistress was saying that she had to insist on your remaining another month. I said I wished you could get a place near us, and it suddenly occurred to her that if Boyle's cottage, near the waterfall, were done up, you might be content in it, and stay in the middle of us all. Mr. MacMahon said you might have the grass of a little Kerry cow. We'll paper and paint up the little house, and help you in every way, and you'll get along as nicely as possible, and give us our tea of an evening," and the priest laughed jovially.

The widow was silent a moment, and then burst out crying. "Oh, Father," she said, "I did not know on earth what to do with myself and my child, and I am not a bit of good to live."

"Nonsense, woman, you'll have lots to do, housekeeping. You'll have the nicest little house in the parish, and be as comfortable as possible; so if you take my advice you'll put every other scheme out of your head; 'tis just the thing that suits you at present."

"Suits me!" she said; "the very idea has taken a load off my heart. And you know I can pay for the cottage," she added, quickly.

"Of course, of course, my dear. A couple of pounds is as much as it is worth; a few pounds more will buy you a little Kerry; and there you are, the head of a house again, making a nest cosy for the little one."

It was a new hope infused into the widow's desolate heart. With deep thankfulness she received the key from Mr. MacMahon, and, accompanied by the whole family, including Father Moran, went to inspect the premises.

The little house was separated from the road by a garden, sheltered by a low hedge of hawthorn-trees. The windows looked out on the Shannon, shining in the distance. There was a hill on one side, down the side of which a beautiful waterfall dashed musically, then fell into a stream, which flowing under a bridge about fifty yards off, went on to the great river. The woods of Castleisheen lay at the back, and fine

horsechestnut trees stood about the entrance. The house was but the usual simple cottage—two rooms at the end, a large kitchen, and another inner room of good size, which had been floored and ceiled; a step-ladder led up to a loft, which was lighted by an end window opening on hinges. There was a back door to the kitchen, leading into a small yard, containing a cow-house and pig-stye. Mrs. MacMahon had sent a couple of workmen in the morning, who were clearing away rubbish, and gave a pleasant look of life and labour to the place.

The improvements were soon planned: a hall was to be boarded off the kitchen, the two rooms at one side boarded and papered, and the one at the other converted into the sitting-room. "I must have an end window here, to give us a view of the waterfall," said Father Moran. "I couldn't take my tea anywhere else, and as it is an æsthetic fancy of mine, I must be permitted to put it in myself. I'll send Micky Joyce and Pat Mere to-morrow; they owe me dues, I may as well take work from them as money, and they'll like it the better of the two."

In a few days "The Hut," as they agreed to call it, was in possession of the carpenters, who worked steadily under the superintendence of the priest and the Castleishen folk. In a wonderfully short time the whole place was changed. The end window satisfied Father Moran's wildest desires. The walls were papered, the wood-work painted, the garden in front cleared up, and a tiny pleasure-ground arranged. Father Moran and Mr. MacMahon would not listen to Mrs. Ormsby's petitions to be allowed to pay for the improvements. She got a lease of the cottage for her own and the baby's life at a yearly rent of a few pounds—the priest said this would make her feel more independent—and on the first of November the widow moved into her little home. The sittingroom looked very pretty; she bought a few articles of furniture, and the store rooms of Castleishen supplied her with many odds and ends, which, covered with pretty chintz, looked very well indeed. Father Moran sent a comfortable arm-chair for himself, and a little tea-table for the end window. Everyone wished to help her. Her larder was quite full with the amount of butter and eggs the countrywomen had placed there. One brought her a cinnamon turkey, another a goose of the best breed; there was a duck and drake quacking in the yard; and a fine robust cock made his presence evident by many a prolonged crow. A cattle-jobber had bought a handsome Kerry cow for her at the most moderate price, and a nice little pig was sleeping luxuriously in its tidy sty.

Tears of joy and gratitude were in Mrs. Ormsby's eyes as she lay down to rest that night beneath her own roof. No more thinking of the future; no more terrified pondering over ways and means: only endless peace and rest, away from the hurrying world, near to the few who loved her, and pleasant daily occupations, and tender duties

minding her baby-treasure, who looked at her with the clear blue eyes of her father.

Nellie had come with her, and was perfectly radiant with satisfaction. She loved her nurseling as dearly as if it were her own, and parting with it had been contemplated with the bitterest regret. Now all was changed, and not alone was baby still under her sway, but she was constituted mistress of a kitchen, where she was to reign supreme. She had her dairy, her pig, her fowl, a whole establishment to manage; in fact, she was in the position for which she was just fitted, and as a natural consequence was never so happy in all her life.

Mrs. Ormsby's luggage came from Dublin, and a box containing her husband's swords, a few tin cases filled with papers—old letters, his commission, &c. &c. Amongst them was a small case, battered from much knocking about. A card was pasted on the top on which was written: "Papers given me by Lieutenant ——" the remaining word was obliterated. She showed it to her friends, who advised her to put it by carefully. If it contained anything of importance it would be claimed by the owner, who knew, of course, where to look for it. She therefore corded it, Father Moran affixed a seal, and she put it on the loft, which she had converted into her store-room.

S T . A G N E S .

(21st January.)

CHILD in thy years and in guileless air,
 Yet more than woman in thy dauntless heart!
 Spouse of the Lamb, and lamb in name—thou art
 The saint of saints, to those bright few who wear
 The mystic robe unstain'd. Thou couldst not bear
 In thy young soul—and live—the glowing dart
 Of Love Divine, but longedst for the smart
 Of steel, to waft thee to His palace fair.

Oh! hadst thou faltered when the voice of home
 And mortal love had fain allured thee,
 Where now had been thy living world-wide fame?
 One matron more the high-born ranks of Rome
 Had swell'd; but Heaven's virgin galaxy,
 Agnes, had never known thy winning name.

C. M. O'H.

JOTTINGS IN LANCASHIRE.*

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

I.

IT may be said that no part of England is so closely connected with Ireland as Lancashire; that there is no place where so many of our countrymen have found employment, encouragement, not to say fortune and fame. A great deal of the hard work done in its big cities is done by Irish hands, and many of our poor people who were starving at home have sat down thankfully at a comfortable fireside in Lancashire. When one walks the streets of Liverpool, Irish faces and Irish voices are all around us, and we are forced to feel a friendly warmth towards the English people, who have received us so freely amongst them, and given us so liberally to eat of their bread. And another reason for indulging a kindly feeling towards Lancashire cannot but arise in our minds; for here the old religion has been more boldly fought for, more steadfastly adhered to, and more affectionately cherished than in any other county of all England.

For the Catholic who loves to hear tales of the storms weathered by the Church in by-gone days, for the antiquarian or lover of the picturesque, who delights in old halls, with quaint gables and rare windows, with a resident ghost, a weird legend, and a secret hiding-place; or, again, for the busy mind that has a keen relish for stories of commercial enterprise and success: for all these Lancashire has fascinations of its own; as it is most true that the romance of history and the romance of trade walk ever arm-in-arm in good fellowship along its flat and sandy shores, and over the footpaths of its great fields and morasses.

In ancient days, when knights and squires got grants of so many "bovates," or "carucates," of land for services rendered by greater men, and thus founded important families, it is possible that Lancashire was not looked on as one of the richest counties in the kingdom. It hardly ranked, as it does now, first in point of population. The nature of the soil is so inferior, that it never could take more than a secondary place as an agricultural county, and no one could have imagined that it was to become one of the greatest centres of wealth and commercial power in the world. It cannot be called a beautiful country, though it is fine in parts. Lonsdale, north of the Sands,

* "Illustrated Itinerary of the County of Lancaster." "Harland's Legends, Traditions, Sports, &c. of the County of Lancashire." "Lydiat Hall and its Association." By the Rev. T. Ellison Gibson.

reminds one of Westmoreland or Cumberland, with its steep mountains hollow glens, narrow lakes, and lonesome wilds. On the eastern border there is some fine scenery, and about Blackburne and Rochdale the wayfarer is surprised by lovely landscapes; but the western parts of Lancashire are flat and uninteresting; even the sea having created no beauty of its own, for neither rocks nor cliffs are to be seen. Savage moors, wastes unsheltered by a tree, and sterile, monotonous stretches of sand seem almost all that has been here provided by Nature for the sustenance of man. Above its great beds of rocksalt, above the sandstone formation which shows redly in all directions, vast mosses spread far and wide, notably Chat Moss (over which Stephenson successfully and wonderfully carried the railway from Manchester to Liverpool), and tracts of clay and marle. The mosses have been to a great extent cultivated, and huge timber trees, black as ink, are constantly dug up out of the great beds, relics, like our own bog-oak, of the great forests that covered these countries in primeval days; and, as if to make up by one surprising gift for barrenness and lack of beauty, Nature has stored up under the ungenerous sandstone surface the illimitable treasures of the coal mines, that mysterious hoard of imprisoned sunshine, of condensed and portable light and heat, which is the princely inheritance of the county of Lancashire.

The Duchy of Lancaster was given at the Conquest to Roger de Poitou, but was afterwards forfeited to the Crown. Henry III. appointed his youngest son Earl of Lancaster, and later the Duchy, with its estates, was vested in Edward IV. as Duke of Lancaster, being settled by Act of Parliament on him and his heirs for ever. Large additions were made to it by Henry VIII., out of estates seized at the dissolution of monasteries; but succeeding kings, on the contrary, deteriorated the property by the granting of leases, &c. The Duchy is a county palatine, with royal privileges, and has a court of chancery, founded by Edward IV., with an equity jurisdiction within the palatinate.

In the early days, when Roger de Poitou got possession, his first care was to make grants of land to other men who became his feudatories, enabling him to fulfil the conditions of suit and service under which he held his own grant from the Conqueror; and thus sprang up the founders of the great old families in the county, the builders of those fine old halls, with their walls of timber hard as iron, their peaked gables and fantastic escutcheons, and the beautiful old windows, with their mullions and lattices, which require no vast sheets of staring glass to fill in their apertures of quaint and varied shape.

At that time there were great woods all over the country, roads were few and bad; it was probably difficult to carry stones from a distance, and the builders wisely hewed down the giant oaks, and made them the guardians of their hearths.

How much more beautiful are these old timbered, or half-timbered, mansions than the ponderous stone edifices of modern days one need only ramble a little through Lancashire to discover. Of these old halls, standing for many hundreds of years, some have been deserted by the descendants of those who planned and raised them for more convenient, perhaps, but less beautiful dwellings, and are now used as farm-houses, their painted scutcheons defaced, their quaint inscriptions and carven legends almost obliterated, their ornamental devices disfigured and destroyed. Perhaps the oldest and most interesting wing of the mansion has been pulled down, and stables and out-houses built for the farmer out of the materials its ruin has supplied. One cannot help wondering that it should be so; that such interesting relics of a by-gone day are not lovingly preserved and even restored by their owners; or, if all who had a special claim on them should by chance have passed away, then why does the State not step in to take care of them?

When many of these old halls were enjoying their palmy days, no one dreamed of the Manchester or Liverpool of to-day. It is true that the people of Lancashire early applied themselves to manufactures; probably because of the poorness of the land, which drove their industry to seek for other materials to work upon. In Elizabeth's reign woollen goods, called "coatings," or cottons, and fustians were produced in the neighbourhood of Manchester; even then Lancashire was celebrated for its weavers; and linen yarn was imported from Ireland, and sent back woven into cloth. It is thought that cotton wool may have been brought into England by the Flemings who took refuge there from the tyranny of the Duke of Alva, and many of whom settled in and about Manchester.

The story of the development of the cotton trade is highly interesting. For a long time no cotton goods were made without linen warps, and great quantities of yarn were brought to England from Ireland, Scotland, and Northern Germany, while the cotton weft was generally spun in Lancashire by the family and neighbours of the weavers. This state of things was found to be satisfactory enough, till about the year 1760, up to which date nothing but coarse materials, such as fustians and dimities had been produced; but after this the demand for these things began to exceed the supply, and the weaver chafed at finding himself so inconveniently dependent on the spinner, who could not furnish him quickly enough with weft for his work.

At this time weavers or factors were wont to travel about from cottage to cottage with pack-horses to collect yarn from the spinsters, and often the yarn was at so high a premium as to rob the weaver of the profit of his work. It was just then that the terrible system of infant labour sprang up—a system which achieved its worst results before such a thing as a factory was heard of. So profitable was spinning, that every cottage child was obliged to take its part in the

general toil. The little creatures picked the cotton, wound the yarn, and arranged the card-ends. It frequently happened that the father was a weaver and the mother a spinster, and then, indeed, were the children's tasks severe. An old Lancashire man, alive in 1842, was often heard to declare that he could never think of the days of his infancy without a shudder.

The era of great changes and improvements in manufactures was begun when John Kay of Bury invented the fly-shuttle; and when, later, his son, Robert Kay, produced his invention of the "drop-box," enabling a weaver to use either of three shuttles, each containing a weft of a different colour, a great impulse was given to the weaving trade, and the spinsters with their one-thread wheels utterly failed to supply the clamour for weft. Inventive brains went to work, and the machinists of England pondered the knotty problem of how to facilitate the production of yarn. In 1738, John Wyatt of Birmingham had taken out a patent for an invention for lengthening out the carded rolls of wool and cotton, but it was not of any use in regulating the evenness of the "roving" (or thread), merely elongating the thread without improving the regularity of the fibres. The arranging of spindles and bobbins in a frame, and turning of the same by distinct wheels, had already been invented by the Italian "silk-throwsters," and had been introduced by Sir T. Lombe into his great mill at Derby; but the difficulty to be overcome in mechanical cotton-spinning was not the twisting of the yarn, but was to get a "roving" evenly attenuated, ready to receive the twist that converted it into yarn. In 1767, Thomas Higs, a reed-maker of Leigh, invented an improved machine, and got John Kay, a clock-maker, of Glasgow, to construct for him a more delicate model of the same. Kay confided the secret of Higs to the famous Arkwright, who saw at a glance the importance of the invention, and immediately set to work to develop and complete it.

A question as to the rival claims of Higs and Arkwright as benefactors of the cotton-trade has been eagerly disputed. Higs, it is said, only set on foot a project which could have come to nothing in his hands, as he was in possession of more available means for bringing it to perfection than was Arkwright. He had some reputation as a machinist, and was a reed-maker, already known to the manufacturers. In 1772, he had won two hundred guineas from the manufacturers of Manchester for the invention of a spinning machine; and had he been fully aware of all that was capable of being developed out of his new project, he had every facility for making the most of his knowledge. Arkwright, on the contrary, was a barber at Bolton, who, in following the lead of his mechanical genius, had neglected his business and injured his fortunes. He undoubtedly gained from Kay the idea of spinning by rollers, but it is equally certain that the conception of the entire process of giving effect to that principle is solely his own.

Persevering against every obstacle, he set up his first spinning-machine in the parlour of the Free Grammar School at Preston. Ultimately he left Lancashire, where he had suffered much persecution, and took his spinning to Nottingham, applying his mind to every process used in the preparation of cotton, and introducing improvements into all. He may be said to be the founder of the factory system, for he so multiplied processes and established continuous action among them as to render it necessary to have all in one building.

A terrible war against the promoters of machinery raged in Lancashire—a result of the panic of the people, who thought to be deprived of their bread by the new and extraordinary state of things; and a story is told of Arkwright at this period, which, if true, shows that even his domestic happiness was sacrificed to his genius for invention. He had just finished and perfected one of his most valuable pieces of machinery, and a mob surrounded his house, threatening his life, and the lives of his wife and children. His wife, driven wild by fear, was seized with a horror of the infernal machine which was the cause of all their danger and misery, and going behind her husband's back smashed with her own hands the perfected result of all his genius and toil. The sequel is sad, for Arkwright, finding his idol broken, and by the one person from whom he had a right to expect sympathy, walked out of his home and never would see the woman who had so wronged him again.

James Hargreaves, a weaver of Blackburn, also invented a spinning machine (in 1764), which had no connection in principle with that of Arkwright, but has been united with it in the most successful manner. He had a wife and seven young children, and felt very keenly the difficulty of obtaining weft, with enough of which the toils of his entire family were quite unable to supply him. It happened that a one-thread spinning-wheel was overturned by accident on his cottage-floor, and as the wheel and spindle went on revolving, the idea occurred to him that it would be an excellent plan to place spindles perpendicularly instead of horizontally, leading him to conclude that he might make several spindles, thus placed in a row, revolve by the turning of a single wheel. And thus he got at the principle of spinning several threads at once.

Hargreaves' machine was called the spinning-jenny, perhaps, because "jenny" was the familiar name among the spinners for their old hand-wheel, and the spinning-jenny was merely a multiple of the hand-machine, not establishing, like Arkwright's or Wyatt's inventions, any new principle, but solely applying itself to facilitating the last stage of the process—the turning of the "roving" into yarn. For some time Hargreaves kept his own secret, using his "jenny" to supply his own loom; but he, too, was betrayed by his wife, whose vanity could not endure that the neighbours should be kept in ignorance

of her husband's achievement. An alarm spread at once, and a mob assembled, his machinery was broken, and he was threatened with death. Escaping to Nottingham, he took out a patent; but too late for the success of his own fortunes. Having sold some of his machines, to procure clothing for his children, his patent was useless to him, and he lost the profit of his useful discovery. He had, however, the satisfaction of seeing his "jenny," which was a domestic implement, soon introduced into every cottage in Lancashire: the fact having been proved to the satisfaction of all poor toilers that, by the aid of the new machine, one woman could spin as much yarn as sixteen or twenty persons formerly produced with the old familiar hand-wheel; and thus had been remedied, at one stroke, the old-standing grievance of the deficiency of weft. Hargreaves does not appear to have been as unrelenting as Arkwright towards the woman who had played him false, for we are told that, though deprived of his patent, he was able by his industry to earn a sufficient competence, and left a decent provision for his wife and children.

One mile from Bolton stands a curious old house, one of those ancient mansions we have spoken of, called "*Hall-in-the-Wood*," formerly the seat of the Starkie family, and at present used as a farmhouse and cottages. It is a good specimen of the Elizabethan style of architecture, and has often been taken as a model for buildings of that school. In a note on this old Hall, which we have met with lately, we are shown a picturesque glimpse of another hard-working inventor, Crompton, who lived and toiled in part of the noble old dwelling in its decadence. The passage is worth quoting; and the Hall is thus described:

"Standing on a bold piece of rocky ground, the position is admirable, and the approach to it very picturesque. After following a green, shady lane for about a mile, we descended a steep hill, at the bottom of which is an avenue of trees, on the right a wide stream of water, and on the left broken ground, covered with trees and fern. The stream is crossed by a long wooden bridge, just wide enough for a horse to pass. The principal feature in the house, from this point, is a large bow-window, with mouldings, balls, and other ornaments, of a later date than the house itself. The Hall is a superior specimen of the half-timbered style. The road up to the house appears to have been cut from the solid rock, and is very steep and circuitous; but we were rewarded for our trouble. The oldest part of the edifice seems to have never suffered by improvements of any kind; no square sash windows in apertures which should contain leaded lights, although the square entrance, with its stone-mullioned windows, has evidently been built since the original erection of the house itself. There is here a shaft of chimneys, consisting of three square shafts placed lozenge-ways, with a bold moulding at the top. A very wide window, with twenty-

four lights, is called Crompton's window, where his bench stood. In that room one of the greatest improvements was devised and effected in the spinning of cotton. Samuel Crompton, residing in this old part of Hall-in-the-Wood, there invented the mule, a machine so called from its combining the principles of the spinning-jenny and the water-frame. That window and that room cannot be regarded without a deep interest. Of how many human beings did the lives and fortunes hang in suspense as the thoughts and expedients of Crompton's mind there came, went, trembled, and grew firm, and finally were carried into effect. We regard the spot as one far more interesting than the sanguinary battle-field on which our fellow-creatures have been so immolated, wives widowed, children orphaned, the resources of nations destroyed, to gratify the caprice of demented rulers, or serve the purposes of individual ambition."*

Notwithstanding the persevering efforts of devoted men who strained their talents to the utmost and risked their all to advance the manufactures of their country, it is curious to hear of the bitter opposition with which they were met, not only by the hungry millions of the poor, who feared to see the bread snatched from their children's mouths, but by people in high places, and notably by merchants and members of Parliament. Ireland is not the only land where the State did, in the past, set its irresistible machinery to work to crush the home industries which brought bread to the multitude. In the reign of George I. an act was passed prohibiting the use of printed and dyed calicoes, then imported from India, and this was done with a view to protecting the silk and woollen trades at home. When Arkwright, therefore, sent forth his plain calicoes the excise refused to let them pass unless the same rate of duty was paid for them as that charged for Indian goods. He was forbidden under the heaviest penalties to produce printed calicos at all; and when an appeal was made to Parliament asking to have English calico placed on a legislative equality with other domestic manufactures the appeal was opposed by all the cotton manufactures of Lancashire.

Hostility to machinery was manifested not alone by the operatives who dreaded that it would lessen the demand for labour, but by people of every class. Even in 1799, when wages were high and work plenty furious mobs scoured the country round Blackburn, destroyed every "jenny" that worked more than twenty spindles, demolished carding-machines, water-frames, and every machine worked by horses or other power. How completely time and experience have shown the fallacy of such fears it is useless to tell; for everyone knows how machinery has increased the demand for labour, and how in Lancashire the heightened value of land, required for building, has swelled

* "Illustrated Itinerary of the County of Lancaster"

the rental of the landholders. Gradually the opposition disappeared, the educated became ashamed of their shortsightedness, and the operatives acknowledged that good times had come, for their labour was at a premium. In some instances the great manufacturers became the liberal benefactors of numbers of poor people, and the "cotton lords" had often as much power over, and as much influence with, their dependents as ever had those other lords of by-gone feudal days. That they often made the best use of their power, while amassing riches for themselves, is undoubted, as in the case of the Messrs. Grant, of Ramsbottom, whom Dickens has immortalised as the Cheeryble Brothers. In a flat valley for which Halcombe Hill makes a bold background, stood Grant's Cotton Mills, Grant's church, and a great quadrangular building which is the printing establishment. Many stories are told, not only of the benevolence of these good men, but of the delicate and thoughtful manner in which their benefits were conferred on their less fortunate fellow-creatures. One anecdote will suffice as an illustration.

Mr. Grant became interested in a poor young man, who was a student, but who, being threatened with consumption, was unable to proceed with his work. A warm climate was recommended by the doctors, but the youth was quite too poor to be able to follow such advice. Mr. Grant contrived to make his acquaintance, and said to him: "We have a vessel about to sail, which is to touch at M——. It will be a kindness to the captain if you give him your company so far; and when you arrive our correspondent will see about getting you a lodging at a moderate cost."

The youth was overjoyed, and a few days before he sailed Mr. Grant informed him that he was sending a messenger out to his agent, by the same ship, adding: "I hope you will be able to pay him some attention on the voyage." The fellow-traveller thus recommended to him, was in reality despatched with him to act as his nurse! On his arrival he was invited to the house of Mr. Grant's agent, till such time as a lodging could be procured for him.

Day followed day, and no lodging could be found. Many apologies were made to the student, and at last the agent said: "Will you do me a particular favour, and remain with me? It is such a pleasure to have an Englishman to talk to."

Of course all this was done by Mr. Grant's directions; and though the consumptive student's life could not be saved, yet his last days were made tranquil by the kindness of his generous benefactor, who was heard to say, while regretting his untimely fate, "*Thank God, the poor fellow never found out how we managed for him!*"

(To be continued.)

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.*

BY F. PENTRILL.

THE Lord and King stands at the door,
And knocks, and says, "Friend, let me in,
For I am weary and footsore."—

Alas! the gate is barred by sin.

His royal head is pierced with thorns.

And stained with blood his kingly hands.

Ah! canst thou sleep while thus He mourns?

And canst thou rest while thus He stands?

He bears no weapon—only light,

Wherewith to flood thy darkened heart;

Then open quick—and all the night

Of sin and sorrow will depart.

But if, hearing, thou wilt not rise,

Perchance his voice may sound no more:

He'll turn away with saddened eyes,

And ne'er again knock at thy door.

Yet locks and bars at last must yield

When Death's cold hands upon them lie:

Then there will be nor hope nor shield

For him whose Saviour hath passed by.

ANOTHER SONNET TO ST. AGNES.

BY HELENA CALLANAN.

WITH modest courage, eyes undimmed by tears,
She stood before the tyrant in his might,
Her martyr's soul prepared for that high flight
Which soars above all earthy craven fears;
A fair child crown'd with thirteen golden years—
Her rapt gaze fixed, as on the vision bright
Of her Love's glory breaking on her sight.
She heard above the Roman's savage jeers
The Bridegroom's tender mystic whisperings,
So sad though sweet, as if from Calvary's height
The shadow of the Cross touched her soul's wings,
And in her virgin-wreath she longed to twine
The crimson passion-flower with lilies white
And shining roses for her Spouse Divine.

* Suggested by Holman Hunt's famous picture, which now hangs in the Library of Keble College, Oxford.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS ON THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

YOU have asked me, dear friend, to give you some ideas upon the management and government of the frail little creatures who look up in your face and call you "Mother."

We hear very much about the duties of children towards their parents, and, alas! so very little upon the other side of the question.

Accept it as a truth that no woman can govern others, unless she can first control herself, unless she has learned the hard lesson of self-restraint.

Of course there are plenty of women who have children, and their responsibility seems to end with bringing them into the world; the little ones know no training, and no real motherly care. But we aim higher than this merely animal existence. We want our children to rise up, and "call us blessed."

Think for one moment what it *means* to be a mother. It means to call into existence a new soul, to bear the burdens and cares of this world; and yet we, rashly, ignorantly, take upon ourselves the prerogative of the Creator, and summon forth the little being from chaos into life.

The first part of our children's lives should be spent like that of other young animals, principally in eating and sleeping. Go to that grand old nurse, Mother Nature, and learn a lesson from the way she cares for her babies. Given plenty of good air and sunshine, slowly but surely you will see the tiny being develop, and seem to become conscious of its existence. Now, the little mind, hitherto lying dormant, awakens, and at last, to your surprise, you find that, instead of having a plaything—a *live one*, in place of your dead dolls—you are confronted by a human being, small, I grant you, but the *personality* is distinct: there, in miniature, you have all the passions, as love, hate, and remorse, flit in rapid succession through the baby mind.

I consider this time the most important in your child's life. You can now mould and form the plastic material into what shape you will. Given the right bias, the pliant twig will grow into a glorious tree, the pride of the forest, a shelter for the weary traveller from the scorching noonday heat, a refuge from the storm; but cramp and cripple the tender shoot, and you produce a stunted, dwarfed monstrosity, good for nothing, cumbering the earth.

Break your child's will, simply because your will is to have it develop in another way, and you are employing brute force, exciting in the little heart evil feeling of revenge, a thirst for power, and longing

to be big enough to strike back. In a word, you are preventing the *natural growth*, the privilege of everything on God's earth.

Let your children understand that you represent the *highest law*, and that when they are old enough, and wise enough, they can govern themselves; but until then they must obey you, as you obey God.

When you punish let it be with great pity and tenderness, because it is your duty, and you dare not neglect it. Do this, and after the punishment, keep your child beside you, with your loving arm around it, and you have wrought a never-to-be-forgotten lesson of the justice and kindness of God. Strike your child *once* in anger, and the effect upon the sensitive organisation and the damage done to the shrinking nerves may never be repaired; but wise, judicious control you must have. Hold the reins firmly, but gently. Never be teased into giving up what you have once decided *must* be done. Such yielding is destructive of all authority.

Now, another point. You want to have your children modest, truthful, and pure. As Emerson says "if you want your neighbour to love Jesus Christ, let him see how much you love Him." So, I say, let your children see the "beauty of holiness" in your life, show them that you are modest, and scorn a pretence even as a lie. The little critics have sharp eyes, and understand very clearly the difference between *preaching* and *practising*. "But," perhaps you will exclaim, "you expect me to revolutionise my whole life because I have children to bring up?" So I do; for real motherhood (and we don't care for the imitation), means *just this*, an utter self-abnegation, and a concentration of every thought and feeling on the work before you, of training souls for the kingdom of heaven.

You cannot over-estimate the importance of surroundings upon the physical and mental condition of your children. So I urge you to choose for them a large, sunny room, well lighted, and in winter well warmed; here collect the treasures that delight children, and hang your walls with pictures, scenes from the good old fairy stories, that go down from generation to generation. Try to get games that mean something; animals to take to pieces, and put together again, horses to be harnessed into carts, &c. &c. Have it laid down as a nursery axiom that broken things do not mend themselves, and that wilful destruction of property is followed by going without. In this way you can check recklessness. Have *men* and *time* respected. The small inhabitants of your "earthly paradise" may borrow courteously from each other, but must never violate the laws of property.

Make your children pick up their toys, and wait on themselves when possible; and absolutely forbid their making their nurse a slave, in this way they will learn to be self-helpful and self-reliant.

Win your children's confidence, by proving yourself a sympathiser in every joy and sorrow. So few of us, older ones, realise how all

absorbing the affairs of the *present* are to our little ones, and how easily the tender feelings are wounded by even the implied suggestion that you don't care.

Answer all questions truthfully, and spare no pains to make your meaning understood.

As to the great stumbling-block in so many parents' way, namely, physiological questions, there is but one rule to be given. What you don't tell will be found out in some way; so, simply say: "Wait until you are old enough, and I will explain everything that I can, but until then promise that you will not question anyone else." Ten to one, the promise will be loyally kept, and you will have the satisfaction of instructing your children in a proper way, instead of them getting all sorts of ideas on those matters, from servants and their companions. Remember that *ignorance* does not necessarily imply *purity*, but that purity means a knowledge of good and evil acquired under such auspices, that the whole bent of the child's nature is directed towards the higher and not lower aspirations. The days have gone by "when the lions would turn and flee from a maid in the strength of her purity." No; the lions of the present time must be met and vanquished by a purity based on a sound, practical knowledge of things as they are, not as we fancy them. Never stoop to be untruthful on these matters, for falsehoods serve merely as a stimulus to improper curiosity: and, have your children detect you in a lie, and their confidence in your statements ceases to exist.

As to education, I think far more of what is learned at home than at school. For all children do not want to be run into the same mould, like tallow candles. Your dreamy, sentimental child wants a different training from the robust, practical sister. Cultivate any special tastes, but beware of exciting the emotional nature, for that develops rapidly enough if left alone. Train the muscles to endure fatigue.

If you must send your children to school, let it not be before they are ten years old. School life is intended to teach habits of industry, application, and observation; not to cram the little brains, but to train the children to use their faculties, to educate themselves after the allotted period devoted to study has passed.

Do not subject your children, especially your girls, to an atmosphere of flattery and praise. Let them accept their beauty, if they have any, simply as an additional gift from God, for which a strict account must be rendered at the great Judgment Day. Do not feel afraid to have your children know that they are pretty; if it is a *fact*, and accepted as such, it will do the possessor no more harm than the statement that he or she has a pair of legs.

I have said very little about direct religious teaching, because I take it for granted that you are actuated by principle, and not caprice, in your life's work. Let your children see you kneel night and morning

to beg a blessing on yourself, and on those you hold most dear. Set the example, it is sure to be followed by the little imitators. Earnestness and sincerity will stamp an abiding impression on the tender souls that no time nor circumstance can efface. In olden times, even sacred manuscripts were sometimes taken, the writing erased, and the faithful, patient work of years covered with infamous stories; but the first text was never really eradicated, only buried. So on your children's minds, as they advance in age, and pass from under your immediate control, the world may scribble, we know not what strange records on the fair, white pages; but, believe me, *underneath*, ready to start out some day in legible characters, will remain the everlasting impression of the lessons learned beside your knee.

What more, dear friend, can I say to you? Nothing, except that you strive in every way to have your children healthy and strong. And, as a logical sequence, they will be cheerful and happy.

Study the great fundamental laws of hygiene, and impress on your children the solemn truth, that every broken law, whether of our spiritual or physical nature, brings its own certain punishment, from which there can be no escape.

Educate your children in the highest sense of the word, and you have put into their hands a lever, far more powerful than that of Archimedes; one powerful enough to raise the dense mass of ignorance and sin. There is wickedness and misery enough in the world, but endeavour to make your corner of it brighter and better, and your far-reaching influence will tell on generations yet unborn. Understand that on the wise, skilful training of the souls committed to your charge hangs a momentous issue, a tremendous power for good or ill.

H. D. T.

NEW BOOKS.

I. *Bracton*. A Tale of 1812. By the REV. W. H. ANDERDON, S.J. (London: Burns & Oates. 1882.)

Among our Catholic writers who seek to provide edification and amusement for some classes of readers in this novel-reading age, Father Anderdon is one of the most successful, if we go by that very practical test—the number of editions that his books run to. In the closely-printed page at the end of this volume, which gives a list of works

"By the Rev. W. H. Anderdon," we notice that his "Adventures of Owen Evans" has reached a seventh edition; so has his "Tales of St. Bernard," otherwise called "In the Snow;" while his "Afternoons with the Saints" is in the Ninth Edition. His new book, "Bracton," is in many respects his best. He has taken a broader canvas and laid on his colours with a bolder yet more careful hand. His descriptions of scenery, both home and foreign, although very wisely given only in mere incidental snatches, are very good indeed. A good part of the story is told in letters passing to and fro between the various "persons of the drama." Many of these letters are admirable as letters; but we question if this new experiment will upset the general verdict against correspondence as a vehicle for story-telling. However, in book-form the letters tell their story in a very clear and sprightly way; and our objection lies chiefly against the effectiveness of the original arrangement as carried out through many monthly issues of a certain periodical. The readers of that periodical will find "Bracton" as an independent volume to be very pleasant and wholesome reading, fit to gratify the insatiable appetite which too often falls on food not quite so safe as is here served up for the story-reading public. We expect that the Christmas season, which will be raging when this notice appears, will drive "Bracton" very far towards a second edition, and that it will in time overtake the most popular in that long list of Father Anderdon's works to which we made allusion at the beginning. Almost nothing of all Cardinal Wiseman's writings is now read except his one beautiful story, "Fabiola." We perceive with pleasure that the *Athenæum* of December 10 describes "Bracton" as "a thoroughly moral story, yet a story full of exciting and sensational chapters," and says that "the plot is well sustained to the last."

II. *Twenty Essays of Elia*. Edited by J. J. DOHERTY, LL.B. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1881.)

WE trust the "Intermediate" lads will study this book with as much care and as much delight as the present reviewer. Of course almost every one of these "Selections from Charles Lamb" was familiar to us already; but the schoolboy notes of this edition enhance our pleasure considerably in reading poor Elia's quaint and beautiful conceits. Mr. Doherty prefixes a brief, tasteful sketch of Lamb's life and works; and seventy pages at the end are devoted to very minute and satisfactory notes on the many hard allusions in the essays. The reader ought to be helped more in finding out the expressions which are cleared up in the notes, and also to be referred from the notes back to the essay which they illustrate. Ought not Mr. Doherty obey the prophecy of the *Magnificat* and call the singer thereof the *Blessed Virgin Mary*? He has done his editorial task remarkably well.

III. *Music of Ireland*. Collected, Edited, and Harmonized for the Pianoforte. By the late GEORGE PETRIE, LL.D., M.R.I.A. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.)

WITH the help of Dr. Stokes' full and sympathetic biography we must soon make our readers acquainted with this warm-hearted Irishman who is already almost forgotten by his countrymen. One exercise of his patriotic zeal was the preservation of old Irish music. At the very moderate price of eighteenpence Messrs. Gill furnishes us with a collection of thirty-four Irish tunes, with the history of each air, and the Irish words, with a literal translation. The paper used is of the largest music size.

IV. *Instructions for Particular States and Conditions of Life*. By the REV. JOHN GOTHER. Edited by the REV. M. COMERFORD. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.)

THE zealous pastor of Monasterevan ought to have made his very brief introduction a little longer by giving any particulars that can be ascertained about his venerable author, whose pious instructions would impress us more if we knew the circumstances in which they must have been written in the worst times of the English penal laws. No ordinary courage and zeal were needed to compose and publish works of calm and solid spirituality in the midst of such surroundings. God grant that our better opportunities may in due proportion be turned to as good account as amongst the priests and Catholic people of those days in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Τοιοῦτων ἐστε πρόγονων, says some one in Xenophon's *Anabasis*. "Of such fathers are ye!"

V. *Principles of Catholic Education*. A Sermon. By the REV. WILLIAM HAYDEN, S.J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1882.)

THE principle of St. Ignatius's method of the Particular Examen is applied by the world to a great many things. "One thing at a time." *Pluribus intentus minor fit ad singula sensus*. At present the public is concentrating all its attention on the single question of "Land! Land!" But "not in bread alone doth man live." This word of our Divine Lord is the text and keynote of Father Hayden's discourse on education, the greater part of which would be more accurately described by some such title as "The Dignity of a Soul." But indeed it is the soul's dignity and eternal destinies which give to the Church her right to watch zealously over the training of her children, and it is on these that the "principles of Catholic education" are based.

VI. *Credo; or, Justin's Martyrdom*. A Story for Children. By the REV. FRANCIS DREW. (London: R. Washbourne. 1882.)

FATHER DREW is quite too humble in calling this "a story for children." It is much more than that. Children could not understand the cleverness of the nomenclature under which the Oxford Colleges are dis-

guised. It is a story for young men like the students who lunch and talk together so pleasantly in the first two chapters. It was there—at page 14—that we laid aside the little book to take up our pen. And now we lay aside our pen to make ourselves further acquainted with the book—which is more than every reviewer would do. * * * After finishing the story (it is very short and the type is very readable) we pronounce it a very well-written “tale of conscience.” Father Drew evidently knows what he is talking about: else we should accuse him of outrageous exaggeration in making the Anglican Abbess not only say her Rosary but finish the five decades before leaving the chapel which she was showing to some visitors!

VII. *Eason's Almanac for Ireland for the Year 1882.* (Dublin: W. H. Smith & Son.)

THE ninth yearly issue of this most laboriously and carefully-compiled summary of Irish social facts. Amongst the additions to the matter contained in previous issues the most important is the very full and exact information furnished about the working of the new Land Commission, the judicial rent in every case yet decided being given side by side with the former rent, &c. A supplement of later decisions will be given hereafter for a halfpenny stamp by the publishers of *Eason's Almanac*.

VIII. *Mary Aikenhead: her Life, her Work, and her Friends. Giving a History of the Foundation of the Congregation of the Irish Sisters of Charity.* By S. A. Second Edition, revised. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1882.)

MANY will prefer the form, and all will prefer the price, of this new edition of the admirable Life of the Foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity. A year sufficed to exhaust a large impression of the original magnificent library edition of the Work, one of the finest volumes ever issued from the Irish Press. This popular issue forms still a portly tome with thick binding and ample octavo page. Some notes have been added, and nothing has been taken away except a few errors and one or two photographs. We are glad that the frontispiece, the portrait of Mrs. Aikenhead, has been retained with the fac-simile of her handwriting, which many ladies and gentlemen would do well to imitate. Our renewed study of this model biography has increased our admiration of the amazing industry which has gathered together so much information of all kinds that could illustrate the subject. Its great merit has been acknowledged not only by Irish, but by English journals so impartial as the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*. Indeed we wish that space had been secured in this second edition for extracts from the reviews of the first edition, such as will be found on one of the first of our own advertisement pages. No portion of the work seems to have given greater satisfaction than

the introductory essay on the penal days in Ireland. We can refer to no abler sketch of a sadly interesting period of Irish history. It is not easy to move a vote of thanks to a pair of initials; and we trust that on the title page of the third edition "S. A." will give her name in full. We need not change the construction of this last sentence so as to avoid the feminine pronoun, for to our readers, at least, those two capitals form no meaningless symbol.

On second thoughts we have decided to make the "Opinions of the Press," just referred to, not merely an adjunct but an integral portion of our present Number. Like many advertisements, they will interest several readers more than what sometimes goes by the name of original matter. Here is what the Reviewers say of the "Life of Mrs. Aikenhead":—

"To those who have the grace to appreciate the story of a life dedicated with heroic courage and holy zeal to the cause of philanthropy this book will prove delightfully interesting. . . . The grace, spirit, and facility of the author's style give additional fascination to matter intrinsically attractive. The book is no dry record of dates and facts, but a bright and animated narrative, abounding in striking portraits, picturesque descriptions of scenery, and vivid delineations of life and manners in an age which, though not very distant, was strangely unlike our own."—*The Morning Post*, August 25, 1879.

"The bright, firm, and genial character of Mary Aikenhead has been admirably drawn. . . . The book tells us a great deal more than the simple life of Mary Aikenhead. It gives a lively and most interesting picture of Cork and Dublin in the days to which it refers; and very few of the celebrities of the time do not find in it some mention. But the fault is on the right side, and we cannot quarrel with a volume, every page of which has its own interest. . . . Her letters are certainly among the most valuable of its multifarious contents."—*The Month*, September, 1879.

"It describes an interesting and important experiment in the treatment of Irish human nature. English administrators of Ireland might learn perhaps even more from it than the admirers of the benevolent ladies for whose edification we may presume it to have been compiled."—*The Saturday Review*, September 6, 1879.

"This really enthralling biography hardly requires a recommendation. The story of Mary Aikenhead is one that cannot but appeal to the best sympathies of every reader. . . . To understand in some faint degree the vast importance of the work undertaken and gloriously accomplished by the fragile hands of Mary Aikenhead, it is necessary to know something of the period in which her lot was cast, and this information is very bountifully supplied by the biographer. . . . a truly charming and effective style, a keen appreciation of character, great care and discrimination in the collecting and dealing with facts, and a happy facility in placing before the reader a life-like representation of the scenes and personages."—*The Weekly Register*, September 27, 1879.

"This large book—for it is a royal octavo of 512 pp. of thick paper—bespeaks our interest on first opening it, by the exceeding beauty of the portrait on the frontispiece, which is full of sweetness and piety; yet beneath the hood and veil there is a certain archness that shows us that while becoming a reverend mother, the owner of that face had not ceased to be an Irishwoman. 'Did you think we lost our heart when we took the habit?' said Mary Aikenhead to a person who wondered to see

her giving way to natural grief, and she certainly never lost her strong characteristic whether of heart, humour, or, what is more rare, of strong common sense. . . . The book is lengthy and thoroughly Irish; but we have read it with much enjoyment, and recommend it to all interested in the like work in our own Church."—*The Guardian*, December 10, 1879.

"This memoir, although too voluminous for most readers, is interesting from more than one point of view. It gives not merely a graphic portraiture of a character which deserves to be studied, but also many lively sketches of Irish society in the closing days of the last and the early part of the present century, presented in an aspect which differs from that which we generally meet with. . . . A great many telling anecdotes are given of Mrs. Aikenhead in her out-door as well as in her convent life, and much that is interesting is also told of her friends and her supporters, as well as of the works carried on in the twenty foundations of the nobly self-sacrificing Irish Order. It would take too long to indicate a tithe of the points of interest in the volume, but we must draw the reader's attention to the charming passages which describe the life of the little girl, first on Eason's Hill, where, under the care of her foster-parents, John and Mary Rorke, she passed her six earliest years; and afterwards in the house of her father, to which she was accompanied by the faithful nurse and her husband. . . . Whoever may be the 'S. A.' to whom we are indebted for the biography of Mary Aikenhead, she has presented us with a work of considerable interest, although at the same time, as we hinted at starting, it would have been none the worse, or rather we may say, considerably the better, for a little judicious condensation."—*The Spectator*, February 21, 1880.

"Those who wish to see convents inspected and are curious to know what goes on within their walls ought to read it, for minute particulars are given as to many things not generally known, and a broad light is thrown on the daily life, trials, difficulties, and successes of a hard-working community of women. . . . Where history is touched upon, so far from finding the subject tiresome, as some of us are wont to find the history of our sister island, we turn back and re-read the passage to try and discover wherein the charm may lie. Nothing is stated rashly; copious notes and references bear witness to the writer's industry and conscientiousness, and it is worth observing that all historical statements made here agree very remarkably with those of Mr. Lecky, though S. A. has sought information from rare memoirs, books of travel now not easily found, antiquated 'tours' made by English men, Frenchmen, and Italians, who visited Ireland in the days of her trouble and gave their impressions to the world; while the author of the 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century' has gone for his facts to the state papers and public records lately made accessible to the world. For all who enjoy a brilliant and picturesque bit of historical writing where much that is interesting is condensed into small space, we recommend the perusal of the Introductory sketch which, with a backward glance over times just gone by, leads up to the moving cause of Mary Aikenhead's charitable work."—*The Pen*, May 29, 1880.

"This is decidedly a remarkable book, one which must attract a good deal of attention, at least in Ireland. . . . From the nature of the subject it obviously does not come immediately within our scope; but a meritorious effort in Irish literature is really so scarce a thing amongst us, that we willingly go a little out of our way to notice the present publication. . . . It is the style, in fact, which the general reader cannot fail to admire. Light, graceful, simple, familiar, often picturesque, always natural and free from affectation, the language is really charming, and the book reads like a novel but for the realities which it constantly places before us. . . ."—*The Dublin Evening Mail*, July 4, 1879.

"The great mass of materials to which the author has had access have been

arranged in a clear and masterly manner; the work is elegantly written throughout, and illustrated by every literary adjunct consistent with the subject in a style which renders the pages extremely interesting to general readers; while by the Catholic community, to whom it is specially addressed, it will henceforth undoubtedly be treasured among the classic compositions of Irish religious Literature. . . . The Introductory Essay treats of the Penal Days in Ireland, and presents a retrospective survey of our history from the earliest days, but derives its prominent and particular importance from the account it gives of the progress of the Catholic faith in this island, of the successive foundations of the numerous religious establishments originated by the sacred heroism of its ministers during a long series of ages, and of the benefits thus conferred on our population. We have never met with an essay on this subject which, within the limits of some sixty pages, is so copious in the variety of interesting information it affords, and presents that information to the reader in a manner and style so succinct and elegant."—*The Irishman*, July 19, 1879.

"Few will expect to find in the large volume, with its broad page and clear type, not only the record of the life of a noble woman, but also a masterly sketch of the history of our own country in and after the penal days; . . . a most interesting gallery of speaking portraits of remarkable men and women now passed away; and a mirror-like reflection of events succeeding each other in our country, between the years 1787 and 1858. . . . Yet on such wide lines has the work before us been constructed, furnishing such pleasant, amusing, instructive, and edifying reading as is seldom met with, even in this age of biographies. . . . The pictures of Cork society, Catholic and Protestant, as it was at the time when Mary was grown up, will be read with the utmost interest. Great names are linked together, and the outlines of famous characters and faces traced, as many brilliant or interesting forms cross the stage. . . . We feel that we have given no adequate idea of the sterling value of this work, neither of the deep interest evoked by the subject nor of the charm of the style of the book, which is vigorous and impressive, simple and clear, and brightened by a humour which sparkles delightfully on every page."—*The Irish Monthly*, August, 1879.

"It would be hard to find a task better fulfilled than is this *Life of Mrs. Aikenhead*. . . . The book as it stands is a splendid evidence of the wealth of intellectual and mechanical care, skill, and attention lavished on its production by its author and by its publisher."—*The Freeman's Journal*, August 1, 1879.

"Without being diffuse and wordy, this biography is long, and enters into an unusual amount of particulars. The author has learned some lessons from the prince of biographers, and, like Boswell, relies on details as the best means of interesting the readers. The consequence is that the '*Life of Mary Aikenhead*' will find its place in many a family and religious house where the books are few; but the owners are anxious that these few should be good ones, books that may be read by old and young one and again, often referred to, and regarded as a treasure-house of information, edification, and amusement. It will not be long before every Sister of Charity in the world who is conversant with the English language will be more or less acquainted with this singularly valuable life. Quotations would be endless if we were to quote half that deserves to be quoted. Besides the acts and sayings of the central figures, we have numerous letters of men and women who have left behind them memories affectionately cherished by the more serious portion of Irish Catholic society. Thus numerous letters of Archbishop Murray are preserved, which, but for this memoir, would never have seen the light. The character and lives of minor actors in the piece are skillfully portrayed, and no evidence is wanting of careful composition."—*The Tablet*, July 26, 1879.

"Lives and labours like those of Mrs. Aikenhead not merely illustrate the character

and fortunes of the Irish people, but serve to mould them; they are influences which are in a beneficent operation every day and every hour, and some acquaintance with them is essential to a correct appreciation of the present condition and the probable future of this country. We heartily commend this elegant and interesting volume to readers of all ranks and classes."—*The Nation*, August 9, 1879.

"‘*Mary Aikenhead*’ is the life of a nun, the career of the woman who founded the Irish Order of Charity. In less masterly hands the undoubted interest of such a record would yet be somewhat dry, and attractive mainly to a section of the public. . . . We have not read anything more skilfully condensed and gracefully woven than the introductory essay. It ranges over the whole period of the national agony, displaying rather the happy freedom of the story-teller than the methodical treatment of the ordinary historian. . . . The book is full of scenes, incidents, and personal portraits, culled from history little known outside its pages. We find Lord Edward Fitzgerald dining, in the garb of a quaker, with Dr. Aikenhead, and having to fly from the house to escape the soldiers who were pursuing him. . . . We have views of post-Union Dublin, when the city was like a desert, bereft of trade, society, and hope—when gloom and despair had settled down upon it—as a consequence of the eternally infamous feat of corruption and robbery accomplished by Pitt and Castlereagh. We are introduced to Dr. Moylan, Bishop of Cork, a most lovable prelate; the Abbé Edgeworth, fresh from the horrors of the French Revolution; Dr. Murray, ever-to-be-lamented Archbishop of Dublin, and guide, philosopher, and friend,’ to Miss Aikenhead. Mrs. O’Brien, the still remembered Dublin beauty, has her memory fragrantly revived. . . . Poor Gerald Griffin flits in and out, and we are reminded of his poem on the Sisters of Charity, inspired by Rev. Mother Aikenhead and the holy sisters who laboured with her. . . . Williams and Mangan were not the only poets whom the sisters knew. . . . Immortal Moore paid them a visit. . . . We cannot exhaust the list; the reader must know that. The perusal of the volume has been to us, as it must prove to others, a perfect feast. It is fortunate for the memory of Mrs. Aikenhead that her historian should be one who knows so well how to render the biography of a religious as varied and entertaining as the finest romance."—*The Catholic Times*, August 8, 1879.

FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR.

BY F. PENTRILL.

IT has become almost common-place to say that Ireland stands, and has stood for centuries, a model to the rest of the Catholic world, showing what faith and piety really are; and how true this is, one never realises more forcibly than when, on Sunday mornings, one sees the crowds gathering at the doors of some country chapel. Labourers who have toiled all the week, old men and women bent with age, little children scarce able to walk—they all have come to Mass—many walking miles and miles in spite of summer sun and winter snow; and, when they enter the House of God, one feels at once that they have come to pray and worship, not to meet each other or to gossip.

One thing alone strikes the stranger painfully, and that is the want of ornament in the chapels, the lack of flowers on the altars. It will be said that this is a trifling fault when more important duties are

so well fulfilled; and, no doubt, that is true. Yet one cannot but regret that those who make such heroic sacrifices, and endure so many hardships for the Faith, should thus neglect the smaller tokens of their piety and zeal. We all know that the hard-worked priests of country parishes have no time to spare; but the young girls living near the church might easily form a kind of little guild, each in turn taking charge of the altars for a month or more, and all bringing their contributions of flowers and fresh leaves. This would be no arduous duty; for twenty minutes, once a week, would do all that is needed, and change the desolate, neglected look of many a country church.

In the north of France, where faith and piety still live, such an arrangement exists; and, as soon as a child has made her first Communion, her great ambition is to be given the care of the altar. The peasant women there work much harder than ours; yet they always find time for the adorning of the altars; and on Saturdays, or early Sunday mornings, you meet them hurrying to church, laden with flowers, and eager to begin their pious work.

It will be objected that Irish girls would not know how to set about it, and that foreigners have so much more skill in such matters; but the loving hearts of our women would soon teach them what to do. I think there is no greater mistake than to suppose that every Frenchwoman is born with a keen sense of the beautiful. On the contrary, Jeanne and Marie are often quite wanting in taste, have never dreamt of the harmony of tints, and see no difference between primary and tertiary colours; the decorations are always stiff, and often gaudy; but even so, there is in them a charm to which the highest art could never attain.

Then, again, it will be said that in the country parishes of Ireland there are no flowers, and no hands to cultivate them. But in the French peasant's gardens the flowers for the altar grow among the lettuces and cabbages. A few hardy blossoms once planted would require very little care. Besides, we may feel certain that the little children running about the farm-yards would enter heart and soul into the work, if they knew that their flowers would grace the altar of their dear Mother in heaven. In summer there would also be the poppies and wild lilies and ferns; while for the winter, are there not red-berries in the hedges, and fir branches, and ivy?

I cannot but think that such simple offerings would have a special fitness on the altars of the humble Jesus, who choose to spend his life among the holy and common things of this world; and they would be most acceptable in the eyes of Him whose triumphal road was not adorned with costly draperies and rare exotics, but with the worn and shabby garment of the people, with branches cut from wayside trees, and with flowers gathered by the children of the poor.

DEAD BROKE:

A TALE OF THE WESTERN STATES.

BY DILLON O'BRIEN.

AUTHOR OF "FRANK BLAKE," "WIDOW MELVILLE'S BOARDING-HOUSE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER III.

INDIAN DICK'S FURS.

WHILE these changes were taking place in P——, some of the characters in this sketch were becoming old, while others of them were advancing to that glorious period of life, when, with hearts and limbs fresh and strong, we long to enter life's battle, and never dream of defeat.

The sturdy blacksmith's step had become somewhat slow, although his lusty blows on the anvil still rang out as cheerfully as ever; and the doctor's hunting excursions were now less frequent, and generally confined to the near neighbourhood.

The two boys had left school—James Allen to work in his father's shop—while month after month Dr. McGregor put off sending Robert to college, and the longer he deferred it, the more difficult he found it to make up his mind to part with him.

Robert perceived the struggle in his father's mind, and said to him one day: "Why should it be necessary, father, for me to leave you? I am sure I can learn just as much here with you as in college."

"Very well, my boy," said his father, brightening up, "we will commence a regular course of reading to-morrow, and in a year or two hence you can choose some profession or business. I am not very uneasy about you, Robert, for we have a sufficiency to last both our lives, and more than this is a burden and a curse."

Lucy Evans, too, was now a beautiful, bewitching little fairy, entering her sixteenth year, who had already driven half a dozen dry goods clerks to the verge of distraction, their reason being only preserved by copious discharges of doggerel verses, which would have the very opposite effect on any unfortunate person compelled to read them.

In this country we are apt to think that interest, regardless of personal merit, can secure any appointment, from the lowest to the highest, and doubtless, in the main, this is true; but there is in the American character a generous sympathy, a manly wish to help the weak, not found, to the same extent, in any other nationality. A deserving young person is never without friends in America; a whole community will acknowledge the claims of such, cheerfully give a helping hand, and rejoice in his or her after-success. There are many

causes for the development of this disinterested sympathy. In this country, to which hundreds of thousands of poor strangers come every year, seeking homes, to give a helping hand has become habitual, and there is great satisfaction in giving a fellow a push ahead when we know that he is likely to keep going on. In Europe, where the crowds are so great, and the passages to success so narrow, people undertake the work more reluctantly, from a conviction that they may have to keep pushing all the time.

When a vacancy for a teacher occurred in the primary department of the public school of P——, Lucy Evans, at the suggestion of the principal teacher, of whom she was a great pet, applied for the place; and notwithstanding that there were many other applicants, some of whose parents were persons of influence, Lucy was unanimously appointed by the school-board.

"She is an orphan, a good little girl, and a great help to her poor aunt, I am told," said a good-natured member of the board, "we must give her a chance."

"Of course, of course," said the others. So the matter was settled, and Lucy duly installed in office.

It was a pleasant thing to drop into the schoolroom, and look at the little madam sitting at her raised desk and keeping order among her youthful subjects—the child-face calm and grave from the responsibility of authority; and then when some hardened reprobate of six years' old wilfully broke the rules, to mark the contrast between the natural mirth of the young eyes and the attempted stern look of the other features. At first she found it somewhat difficult to walk home demurely, when school was out, instead of racing away with the other girls, and swinging her bonnet by its long strings; but on the whole she adapted herself to her new position admirably. To the two boys, whose favourite she was at school, she appeared to have grown about five years older than either of them; she told Robert that she expected soon to hear of his going to college, and "knocked James all of a heap" by the matronly manner in which she expressed her pleasure at his commencing to assist his father in the shop, and "hoped to hear of his being a good boy."

When James Allen began to work in his father's smithy, he had some misgivings as to his friend, Robert McGregor; how would Robert, he thought, who was always well dressed, take to the leather apron and black face? There were plenty of well-dressed young fellows anxious enough to be on friendly terms with the doctor's son, and James clearly saw that from henceforth the difference in their positions might make the future relations of himself and Robert very different from what they had been when both were children.

In debating questions of this kind, we are very apt to be unjust, and to take a gloomy satisfaction in fully anticipating the supposed

alight or injury, and being prepared to resent it. James had wrought himself into this gloomy state of mind, as on the second day after he had commenced regular work, he stood at the door of the smithy and saw his friend coming down the opposite side of the street, with two young gentlemen who had been staying for some time at the hotel in P——, and were just come back with Robert from a fishing excursion.

"No, I'll not stir from the door," said James to himself; "if he wishes to pass with his fine friends; let him, the street is wide enough;" and he stuck his hands into his trousers pockets, under his leather apron, widened out his legs, and squared his shoulders, to meet with becoming independence the supposed coldness, that for a moment his morbid fancy led him to expect from his friend. But how thoroughly ashamed did the result make him feel! The moment Robert caught sight of James, standing at the door, his whole face lighted up with pleasure, and leaving his friends to follow more slowly after, he rushed across the street, and taking the young smith's hands in his, shook them warmly, then turning him round about, surveying him from head to foot, and laughing all the time, told him he never was so proud of him before, he looked so manly in his smith's dress.

By this time the two young fishermen had crossed over the street and joined them, whereupon Robert introduced them to his friend, "Mr. James Allen."

"Where is your father, James?" he continued; "these gentlemen are going to spend the rest of the day with me at the cottage, and I cannot do without you; ah!—here comes Mr. Allen, and I will ask him for the loan of his apprentice."

"Not to-day, Robert," said Jim, hurriedly.

"Why, what's the matter with the fellow?" queried Robert. "Perhaps, sir, you've grown too proud to know a 'ne'er-do-weal' idler like me?"

"Well, Robert, I will follow you up after a little; go, now, and don't keep your friends waiting."

"All right," said the other, passing on; then turning round, he called out: "mind, old boy, if you are not up soon I will come for you."

James turned into the shop, thoroughly ashamed of the wrong he had done his friend, in thought. "What a nice fellow I was, to be sure," he said to himself, "to doubt Robert."

Doctor McGregor was a philosopher in his way; he believed in the sentiment which the poet who wrote it did not:

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

He was not soured against the world, nor weary of it, but weary of its petty ambitions and ceaseless struggles for the beyond, which, when reached, lost all the charm that distance lent to it.

In his youth he had fought life's battle and won, and then without regret, retired from the field—without caring to gather the spoils—to spend the remainder of his life in comparative solitude, happy in his daily communings with nature, and in doing good to those amongst whom he had cast his lot. As his voluntary retirement from the busy world, before its toil had worn him out, and left him unfitted for tranquil enjoyment, had brought him happiness, it would not be easy to prove a want of wisdom on his part in the step he had taken. But in imparting his peculiar views of life to his son, he forgot that he was influencing the latter to begin where he himself had left off, and that the philosophy which taught him to lay aside his armour and retire from the fight might work very disastrously in the case of Robert, if it induced him to neglect proper preparation for the strife, that, though unbidden, or unsought, might come to him. Yet, such was the tendency of Doctor McGregor's influence and teaching on the mind of his son.

If his lot was cast in smooth waters, Robert thought, why should he seek the stormy sea beyond? Sometimes, indeed, he felt ashamed of this aimlessness when he conversed with his friend Jim, and listened to the busy plans of the latter; how, "he was to become a master mechanic, make inventions, take out patents, be presented to the President, receive the thanks of Congress," and then Jim would laugh his boisterous laugh, making Robert feel that work had its bright side too, and for the time he would resolve to be a worker among men.

A happier home than Dr. McGregor's could not be found in all this broad land. Peace, content, and love dwelt in it all the year round, with the exception of one short period during the summer, when a brother of the doctor's paid him an annual visit. Those visits became wholly discontinued from a cause to be hereafter stated.

Two beings could not be more dissimilar in disposition than Doctor McGregor and his brother William. The latter, who was some years the elder, resided in New York, where he amassed a large fortune by speculations, principally in real estate. By nature a miser, years and the acquisition of wealth had increased his ruling passion to a mania; how to make money, and how to save it, were his two absorbing ideas, and his annual visits to Michigan were not caused by any fraternal feeling, but for the sole reason that he would be at no expense while taking the one month's rest, out of twelve, which his doctor told him was necessary for him.

To be a whole month away from business had a very damaging effect on his crabbed temper, and from his arrival to his departure he visited his ill-humour on the head of his unoffending brother, and tried the latter's patience sorely. The good doctor had to be continually saying to himself, "Well, he is my brother, a guest in my house, and he will soon be leaving." This last thought always brought with it a

sigh of relief. "You were always a fool, Robert," he would remark. "Here you've buried yourself in this out-of-the-way place, when, if you had set up in New York, you could have made a fortune."

"What good would that do me?" asked the doctor, one day, after listening to this indictment for at least the hundredth time.

"What good would it do him? the fool asks; what good does it do anyone?"

"Not as much as people suppose; I think, William, you have been racing after money all your life, and caught it, too, yet you do not seem particularly happy." This was a home-thrust, and the miser writhed under it. His beloved money was assailed, and his barren, withered life did not afford one argument in its defence! He lost all self-control.

"What are you going to make of that cub of yours?" he savagely asked.

The doctor's face flushed. "This is a little too much, William," he said;—"do you speak of my son Robert?"

"Yes, of that young gentleman, if you like the term better."

"Well, then, I intend that he shall be a gentleman."

"A nice way you are setting about it, allowing him to have for a companion an ignorant blacksmith's son."

"Perhaps, William, your reading of the term gentleman and mine do not agree; I mean by it an honest, truthful, generous-hearted man; you would search for a long time among your dandified young gentlemen in New York, before you would find one among them possessing in a greater degree those qualities than this blacksmith's son. James is a fine fellow; I am glad he and Robert are such fast friends."

"So it would seem; he makes as free in this house as if it was his own; but I am mistaken if this young gentleman don't turn up some day in the penitentiary;—he has the regular gallows look."

This prophecy struck the doctor as being so ridiculous that he took a hearty fit of laughter, which restored him quite to a good humour, and taking up a book, he strolled out to the garden.

As the above conversation was carried on in rather high tones, the two boys, who were in an adjoining room, unintentionally overheard the most part of it.

"You must not mind what that crabbed old uncle of mine says," said Robert: Jim's face was flushed, Robert thought, with anger.

"Mind him," said Jim, "not I; but, Robert, did you hear what your father said? Oh, Robert, he is like one of those old knights you read about, only ever so much better."

"It is too bad that this old miser from New York should come here to torment him," said Robert.

"So it is," replied Jim. "Let's try and get even with the old fellow, Robert."

"How?"

"I don't know; but if I hit on a way, will you back me up?"

"You may bet I will," replied Robert.

By the next day Jim had a plan devised to get even with the old miser, for his favourable opinion of him, and imparted it to Robert at school, who entered into it with the greatest glee.

"He spent all last evening trying to make my father miserable," said Robert, "and I won't stand it. If we succeed, Jim, in fooling him, he will pack off to New York, and never return, I hope."

The plan was a very simple one, yet it had features which Jim shrewdly surmised would be attractive for Mr. William McGregor. The latter had frequently regretted that he had no opportunity, during his visits West, to buy any furs from Indians or trappers, all such sales taking place in the spring, before his arrival. "It would be so pleasant," he said, "to make a little money, and not be idle during a whole month."

Jim generously proposed to befriend him. He should have an opportunity to buy furs.

There was at this time, in the neighbourhood of P——, a vagrant Indian, who might be seen almost any day lounging round the streets, who, retaining all the instincts of the savage, had engrafted on the original stock the civilised habits of drinking and swearing. The boys of P—— had abbreviated his long Indian name into Indian Dick. Jim and Robert knew that, for a few plugs of tobacco, Indian Dick could be got to do anything except honest labour; so they informed Robert's uncle that they knew of an Indian from whom he could purchase a stock of furs. The miser caught at the bait, almost smiled at the boys, and told them that if he made a good purchase he might give them a York shilling.

The next move was to find Indian Dick, which they had no difficulty in doing; and on the presentation of some tobacco, and the promise of more, together with a silver dollar, the Indian agreed to play "Big Hunter." Accordingly, bright and early next morning the two boys had him in the woods, outside the town. Jim, with exquisite relish and taste, painted his dirty face, and stuck goose feathers all over his head, while Robert rolled up, in innumerable thick wrappers, half a dozen rabbit skins, until quite a large-sized pack was made, which Indian Dick, with artistic taste, tied with deer sinews. Telling him to remain where he was until their return, and that all he should have to do would be to grunt and unfold the pack when told to do so, the boys almost weak from excessive laughter, set off for the house.

Had Doctor McGregor been at home, perhaps his very presence would have warned them to give up their wild prank; but he had left in the morning, and was not to return till the following day.

Within an hour-and-a-half after they reached the house, Mr. William McGregor was anxiously watching Indian Dick as he leisurely

opened the big pack containing the valuable furs, and grunted in answer to the numerous questions the former put to him. At length the furs were reached, the boys moved to a little distance as Indian Dick, with stolid face and satisfied grunt, spread out the six rabbit skins before the eyes of the intending purchaser. A fearful change came to the face of the latter. A silent agony of rage, before which the boys quailed—making them wish undone that which they had done—transfixed him, and left him for a few moments powerless to move or withdraw his gaze from the pack; then he raised his eyes, and without regarding Jim or the Indian in the least, he gave Robert one long, concentrated, diabolical look of hatred, and walked silently away.

"Ugh," said Indian Dick, "him damn mad."

I regret that truth compels me to state the exact words of Indian Dick on this occasion; I know that there are a great many people who would expect this noble red man to say, "He is as fierce as the north wind rushing through the leafless forest," or something similar; but Dick was a civilised Indian. Many good people had taken great pains to civilise him, and this was the depressing result. He said: "Him damn mad."

The two boys looked blankly at each other; Jim was the first to partially recover from the actual terror which this exhibition of downright terrible anger, witnessed for the first time, had inspired him with.

"What shall we do, Robert?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied Robert; "I suppose there is nothing to be done now; we have done too much already; my father is not at home, either, and I am afraid to meet that man alone. Did you see how he looked at me?"

"Did I? I thought his eyes would burn through you."

"Ugh! Him damn mad," repeated Indian Dick; "give Indian the dollar."

Robert handed him a dollar, glad to get rid of him, and Dick hurried off to get satisfactorily drunk.

"My father will be terribly annoyed with us, Jim," said Robert.

"I'm afraid so," replied the other; "and that frets me more than anything else; who would have thought that the old fellow would get so mad at a joke? Well, he deserved what he got for the way he has been speaking of us, and tormenting your father all the time. If I was the doctor, I would have turned him out of the house long ago."

When the boys reached the cottage, which they did not do for several hours, they skirmished around it for a long time, and then cautiously entered at the rear. But William McGregor was not there; from the woods he had gone direct to the hotel, and sent a man for his baggage, giving him a letter for Doctor McGregor, to be handed

to the latter on his arrival home. Early the next morning the outwitted miser was on his way to New York.

It would have been an easy matter for Robert to have thrown this letter into the fire, and given his own version of the affair; but so mean a thought never entered his mind; on the contrary, he determined to hand it himself to his father, Jim insisting on being present to bear his part of the blame.

Doctor McGregor was greatly agitated when he read this letter, it was couched in such bitter, cutting, insulting language, that it lessened in a degree the fault of the boys (in his eyes. After all, what was it but a foolish boy's trick: for at the time neither Robert nor Jim was much more than thirteen years of age. Nevertheless, he was seriously angry with them, and reproved them severely, while he could not but admire the way each strove to take the greater portion of the blame upon himself.

"It was all my fault," said Jim, "I proposed it to Robert."

"Jim never would have gone on with it, only for me," said Robert; "and, father, neither of us saw the harm of it until it was done."

"I believe you, Robert," replied the doctor, "but, my son, yours has been by far the greatest fault, for you committed a breach of hospitality, and insulted a near relative. Now, go away, and let me consider this matter over."

The next day he called Robert into his study, and dictated an apology, which he enclosed to his brother, in a letter of his own; but the latter was returned unopened, and from that time all intercourse between those ill-matched brothers ceased, a fact which could not have fretted Doctor McGregor much, although he doubtless wished that the estrangement had taken place in some less objectionable way.

To Jim's great delight, he found himself as welcome a visitor to the cottage, and as great a favourite with its owner as ever; but he never met Indian Dick without calling up to mind the look which Robert's uncle had given his nephew in the woods, and the recollection of the incidents of that day, so funny in anticipation, never brought a smile to the faces of the principal actors, and all reference to the subject was studiously avoided.

In long years afterwards, when least expected, it was brought to Robert's mind with painful and vivid distinctness.

CHAPTER IV.

PARTINGS.

It was one of those delicious days in the American autumn, so bright and exhilarating, so fragrant with balmy air, so beautiful in the clear heavens above, and in the variegated foliage beneath, that

the mere consciousness of life seems happiness enough. It was the morning of such a day when James Allen entered the room where Dr. McGregor and his son were at breakfast. James was dressed in his holiday clothes, his face was all aglow with excitement, and the unmanageable hair showed that all that could be done to subdue it had been done.

"What's up, James?" said the doctor;—"going to be married?"

"No, sir; but my father is going to send me to New York, to learn the trade of a machinest."

"I am very glad to hear it," said the doctor; "sit down, James, and tell us all about it, while you take a cup of tea."

But Jim was too excited to eat or drink anything; however, he sat down and entered into the explanation the doctor asked for, while Robert listened, as the saying is, "with both eyes and ears."

"I never spoke of it to father, though I often told you, Robert, I would be a machinest one of these days," said James, laughing. "I had just completed a nice piece of work, and father said to me: 'Jim, I can't teach you any more; you must go where you can learn to be a better tradesman than your father;' so at home, last night, mother and he settled that I should go to New York. I'm so glad that I never teased father about going, though I longed to do so so much; and now it has all come from himself."

"You seem pretty glad to be leaving us, Jim?" said Robert in a somewhat reproachful tone.

"No," replied the other, in a cheerful voice. "Sorry enough for home; but it is about coming back a good tradesman that I am thinking. You see, sir," he continued, turning to the doctor, "there are so many improvements going on in machinery that there are branches now in the blacksmith's trade that were not known when my father learned it, and there would be no sense in remaining a common blacksmith, when one can be something much better."

"Just so," said the doctor.

"When do you go, Jim?" asked Robert;—"in a month?"

"In a month!" exclaimed James. "No, in three days; and now finish your breakfast, Robert, and come out; we must spend the day together, in rambling over old haunts."

"If you do not intend to return before evening, bring a lunch with you," said the doctor;—"and mind, James, you will take supper with us."

In a short time both young friends were out of the house. They were at that happy period of life when the dreams of boyhood still mingle with the hopes, ambitions, and desires of young manhood, and their near parting made them more fully conscious of the change that had taken place in themselves—that they were no longer boys. The sorrow, too, at parting with his friend, which quickly succeeded James'

first burst of joyous excitement, made him more capable of sympathising with the more romantic nature of the former. And in this mood, the familiar scenes around him seemed to wear a new beauty in his eyes.

Leaving the town behind them, they entered the woods by the well-beaten path. The fall frost had changed the uniform green of the summer foliage into an endless variety of hues—here was the gorgeous sumach with its blood-coloured leaves, the delicate pink and pale gold of the maple, the quivering, yellow leaf of the poplar; nay, a thousand varieties of autumn shades, contrasting with the green foliage of tree and shrub that still retained their summer dress, while the leaves already fallen and browned rustled along the path, telling that all this beauty was but the premonition of decay.

"We will keep on to Prince Charles' tree, Robert," said James.

This was a magnificent elm-tree which Robert had named after the celebrated oak in England, within whose branches, tradition says, that Charles the Second once found refuge. Years before, when quite little fellows, Robert and James had grubbed and cleared the ground, sowing grass-seed, so that there was now a nice green sward of tame grass beneath. Beneath this tree—in whose bark the irrepressible American jack-knife had cut in several places the names of "Robert McGregor," "James Allen," and "Lucy Evans"—the young men sat down to talk over the intended departure of James. They scarcely had done so, when several squirrels came running down the tree, and coming quite close, raised themselves on their hind legs, their bushy tails resting on their backs, while their brown eyes watched eagerly for recognition. This was a chosen spot for lunching in the woods, and the habit made the squirrels quite tame, so that they had come to look upon the fragments as their just perquisites.

"Here are our little friends, Jim," said Robert, "come to say to you good-bye." Then the two friends talked long and earnestly of the future.

"You are making the first break, Jim," said Robert; "and who knows where or to what it may lead? at all events, I feel that the old days are over."

"But not the old friendship, Robert," replied Jim. "As you say, old days or young days, whichever you may wish to call them, are gone by; we are no longer boys. But give me your hand, old fellow; and now, Robert, let us pledge each other that through life we will always remain the same warm, true, loving friends that we have been."

"To the death," replied Robert, as his eyes filled with tears. "And here is the seal to the contract," he continued, as he kissed James' cheek.

"And mine," said James, performing the same ceremony.

How well this pledge was kept will be seen hereafter.

The evening was closing in when the friends returned to the house; and three days afterwards, James Allen was on his way to New York. Soon a letter came, announcing his safe arrival, and then Robert and he became regular correspondents. He also wrote frequently to his father, who always showed (with great pride) his son's letters to Doctor McGregor.

It had been settled before he left that he was to remain away for two years, and when six months of the time had expired, a letter to his father came from James' boss, speaking in the highest terms of his good conduct and smartness. "I will send you back," the letter concluded, "as good a mechanic as ever went West."

But before a year had fully gone by, James was recalled home on account of the dangerous illness of his mother, and to his great grief arrived too late, she having died before his arrival.

The death of his wife was a great shock to the sturdy blacksmith. The strong frame and hearty laugh that had so long and so well withstood the assaults of time, sorrow conquered with one blow. Who could have thought there was so gentle and loving a heart beneath that rough exterior?

James, who had made up his mind on no account to leave his father at this time, did almost all the work in the shop; and for months after his wife's death, it was pitiful to see the old man, on his return to his home in the evening, looking around unfamiliarly, yet with the loneliness death had brought to it.

"Can't you do anything for my father, doctor?" said James Allen to Doctor McGregor; "he mopes about all day, and he scarcely takes any sleep; he does not go to bed till near morning, thinking, I know, of poor mother. Oh! he's so changed, doctor. Is there no medicine that would do him good?"

"I have no faith in medicine, James, in his case," replied the doctor, "but much in kind attention and love. I know, my good boy, you are doing and will do all you can to help him and cheer him. Try and get him to work, and back to his old habits as much as possible. I will see him as often as I can, as a friend, and do my best to cheer him; poor fellow I did not know that he was a man of such deep feeling; but we are all mysteries to each other, yes, even to ourselves, I believe."

"I miss my Martha, doctor," said John Allen, in a subsequent conversation with Doctor McGregor, "more and more every day; she was no great talker for a woman, but for thirty years she never failed to meet me, when I returned home from the shop, with a pleasant smile and a loving word."

Two or three months after his wife's death, John Allen spoke to his son about the latter's returning to New York, but James would

not hear of it. "He had learned as much of his trade as he needed," he said. He now seemed as anxious to stop at home as he was before to leave, and his father, guessing the cause, endeavoured to respond to his son's filial affection by wrestling with his grief and trying to be himself again; but it was only acting, after all. He worked in the shop, but the hearty laugh that used to accompany the ring of the hammer was never heard: to him that ring had lost its music. Amid the flying sparks he saw an empty seat, a lonely home, and the six o'clock bell, once so welcome and cheery in its tones, sounded more like a dismal knell.

And so, when the spring had passed and come again, the old man, without any positive sickness, took to his bed, turned his face to the wall, and followed his wife. The day before his death he called James to his bedside. "I will never rise, James," he said, "from this bed, and it is all the better, my boy. When our work is done here, God calls us. I have had a happy life, and I am thankful for it. The neighbours are so good and attentive, Jim, that they leave us seldom alone; but we are so now; kneel down, Jim, until you get your father's blessing. I am, to be sure, but an ignorant man, but it seems to me a deal of knowledge comes to one when dying. I know, my boy, that the blessing I give you now will follow you through life. I dreamed last night, Jim, that your mother said to me: 'Bless our child.' Was it a dream? Who knows?"

While speaking he had, without any seeming effort, raised himself up in bed, and now, with hands extended over the bowed head of his sobbing child, he said, in slow, solemn tones: "I bless you, God bless you, and He will."

Happy is it for the child who thus receives a dying parent's blessing, and deserves it.

After his father's death, James received a most warm invitation from Doctor McGregor, to take up his residence at the cottage, until he had settled on his future course, and to this invitation Robert's entreaties were added, but he could not be induced to leave the house that had been his home for so many years.

"Thank you all the same, Robert," he said; "you and your father must not be vexed at my refusal; but I will stop in my father's house until I leave it for ever. To leave it right off would look like turning my back upon it, and the past; and I don't want to do that."

This was in the year of 1848; and a few weeks after John Allen's death, the whole country became electrified at the news of rich gold discoveries in California. Every mail brought to the town of P—— new and wonderful stories, and confirmation of former ones. The truth was, indeed, wonderful enough, but exaggeration added such a colouring to it, that people got crazy in thinking of it. Following in hot haste, the news of the discovery of the gold, came reports

from every side of parties organising and starting for the gold-fields—some by sea, and others by the overland route.

One of such an active, energetic temperament as James Allen could not escape the gold fever. Here was a field of adventure, a road to fortune open to him. But how to get there was the difficulty. His father had never laid up any money, and after selling out his goodwill in the shop, paying some small debts, and collecting those due, James found himself master of about one hundred dollars, quite sufficient to bring him to New York, where he intended to go to finish himself as a machinist. He would require at least three hundred dollars to enable him to join any one of the numerous parties now daily preparing to set off for the land of promise by the overland route. Of so self-reliant and independent a nature, the thought of getting a pecuniary loan from Doctor M'Gregor or Robert never for a moment occurred to him, and when, with a flushed face and excited manner, he read to the latter some late accounts of the further discoveries of gold, and throwing down the paper, lamented his inability to make one of a party setting out on the 1st of the following month from St. Louis, he was totally unprepared for the offer which his expressed desire naturally led to.

"I shall be more than sorry, James," said Robert, "that we shall be parted; God knows for how long, maybe for ever—for years, at all events; and but that I cannot leave my father, I would go with you; not that I care for this yellow dross, that is setting all you fellows mad; but if you have your heart set upon going, I see nothing to prevent you. You say you require but two hundred dollars; I will give that sum; lend it to you, if your pride will not let you take a gift from your friend."

While Robert was speaking, James' eyes were opening wider and wider; but when the former concluded by offering the required sum, young Allen's face flushed up to the roots of his red hair. "I hope, Robert," he gasped, "you don't think that——"

"Oh, no, I don't," said Robert, interrupting him and laughing. "Pray, James, don't get up on your stilts. Very fortunate it is that you were such a numbskull, that an idea of my giving you the money never occurred to you; if it had, you would never have confided your wish to me—oh, you have a fine idea of what friendship means—but would have gone off to New York and hammered away at your anvil, to make this sum, fretting and fuming all the time lest the gold should be picked up before you could get your share. Ah, James, how soon you have forgotten, and broken, indeed, in spirit, our compact made under Prince Charlie's tree."

"I have not forgotten it, Robert," said James, grasping the other's hand, "but——"

"Oh, hang your butts."

"Robert, I will not take this money from you ;—you will have to ask your father for it."

"Well, that's not much of an undertaking. Come up to-night, and we will have his opinion on your proposed expedition—mind, the money question is settled. Should you go, James, months must elapse, I suppose, ere we can hear from you?"

"You will never hear from me, Robert, unless I am successful."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't think," James replied, "that I have been so long in your company, Master Robert, without being inoculated with some of your romance. I shall never return from California, unless as a successful man, and the first news you will have of me will be from myself."

"But, James, think of the anxiety of your friends ;—will you be treating them generously?"

"Yes," said James; "I have friends, just two, yourself and your father; but, Robert, though I have no excuse to offer, let me have my little bit of romance. Our meeting, for I know I will return, will be all the pleasanter for it; and you must marry Lucy Evans, so as not to be lonely while I am away."

It was now Robert's turn to blush. "I have not seen Lucy for six months," he said; "perhaps if you were to tell her of your romantic plan of running off to California, and leaving no trace by which to find you out, she might be so taken with it as to promise to wait for you until yourself or your ghost came back."

"You know, Robert, I withdrew my pretensions long ago, indeed ever since I burned my fingers, shoeing her sled, for you and her to ride on. I'm not going to burn my fingers any more."

Both laughed at those remembrances; then Robert said: "Well, James, I shall expect you at the cottage this evening. You must put that stuff of not writing to us out of your head." But James did not; on this point he had made up his mind from the first. Doctor McGregor highly approved of his going, and as it was fixed that Robert was to accompany him as far as St. Louis, the two left for that city in time for James to get his outfit, and make all necessary preparations to be ready to start with the expedition leaving on the 1st of the month. When it did leave, Robert, on horseback, accompanied the party for the first day's march, and was glad to see that even in that short time the leader had recognised James' energy and smartness, and appointed him the following morning to a minor command in the motly army of adventurers.

Removed some distance from the party, James and Robert bid each other farewell, and it is no shame to their young manhood to confess that they cried in each other's arms; then Robert placed a rich gold chain, with a watch attached, round Jim's neck. "It is a present from my father, James," he said.

"I must hide it underneath my vest, or they will say that I am a big-bug already," replied James, as his hand shook with the agitation he was endeavouring to command.

"My father told you, James, to dispose of it if you found it necessary; it is handier to carry than money. They are calling you. O James, promise to write."

"I promise, Robert, to return," replied James, wringing his friend's hand. And so they parted. How many years were to elapse before they met again, and then under what different circumstances!

(To be continued.)

VITA EUCHARISTICA.

BY SISTER MARY AGNES.

GOD, and He only, knoweth the raptures which dilate
A soul with whom her Saviour becomes incorporate:
Her joy with awe deep-mingled, to feel her God so near,
Her hushed and reverent stillness, his lightest word to hear.

For her time's countless pulse-beats now culminate in one,
The Infinite is bounded, Omnipotence outdone!
She draws breath for a moment in God's eternity—
She measures for an instant his love's immensity.

The harping of heaven's harpers grows audible and near,
Christ's touch is on her shoulder, his voice is in her ear;
Too brief the fleeting Presence, the bliss without alloy!
Earth-life steps in between her and heaven's eternal joy.

But the grace that Presence bringeth goes not so quickly past;
A sacramental shadow over the day is cast—
A shadow ever deep'ning, with choicest blessings rife,
Tingeing with golden glory the commonness of life—

Lighting with tender meaning the mysteries of pain,
Crowning the weary labour, done seemingly in vain;
Smoothing the roughened places of life's unequal road,
Guarding the soul securely and peacefully for God.

THE REV. JOHN THAYER.*

A LINK BETWEEN IRELAND AND A SAINT JUST CANONISED.

BY THE REV. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R.

ON December 8th, 1880, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Sovereign Pontiff canonised, or enrolled in the catalogue of the Church's saints, the Blessed Benedict Joseph Labre, who died in Rome, in the year 1783. I have no intention of speaking to-night of this great servant of God, but I am going to tell you of a link which connects him with the good city of Limerick, and, indeed, with yourselves. You all know Mr. Walsh, who has been for so many years Superior of the Christian Brothers in this city. Very many of you owe your Christian education to him directly or indirectly. Well, Mr. Walsh told me, the other day, that he was baptised by the Rev. John Thayer, and the Rev. John Thayer was converted to the Catholic Faith in Rome, on the occasion of the death of this very Benedict Joseph Labre, and by the miracles that then took place. Moreover, the Rev. John Thayer laboured in Limerick for several years, and is buried in Limerick. I am going to tell you, then, about the Rev. John Thayer, and you will see, by what I have to say, that the influence of the sanctity of Blessed Benedict Joseph extended many years since to the banks of the Shannon, as it will continue to extend henceforth from pole to pole.

I cannot narrate to you the life of Mr. Thayer, for I do not know that it has ever been written. I possess, however, a small pamphlet, in which Mr. Thayer gives an account of his own conversion; and I have gathered together a few facts which have, I believe, never been printed regarding his last years in Limerick.

Mr. Thayer was a native of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts. "I was born," he says, "of a family in easy circumstances. I was brought up there in the Protestant religion, the only prevailing, and almost only known in New England." I do not know the year of his birth, but he was probably two or three-and-twenty years old when the American colonies declared their Independence of England, on the 4th of July, 1776. Now, previously to that event, it was forbidden to

* Though some changes of form were kindly entrusted to our discretion, we prefer the *ipsissima verba* of a lecture recently addressed to the Archconfraternity of the Holy Family in the Church of the Redemptorist Fathers, Limerick. Rohrbacher, in the twenty-eighth volume of his great "Histoire Universelle de l'Eglise Catholique," devotes several pages to Mr. Thayer's conversion, but leaves him at the Council of Baltimore, in 1791. The importance thus ascribed to him increases our surprise at the interesting discovery made in this paper that the labours of so many of his last years were given to Limerick.—Ed. I. M.

any Catholic priest, under the penalty of death, to enter any of the States, except Maryland and Pennsylvania; and even lay Catholics were barely tolerated, and suffered the most grievous penalties. This was changed when the colonies had thrown off their connection with England.

Shortly after that event, Dr. Carroll, the first bishop of the United States, visited Boston, in 1791, when Mr. Thayer had become the first Catholic pastor of his native town. "It is wonderful," wrote Dr. Carroll to a friend, "to tell what great civilities have been done to me in this town, where, a few years ago, a popish priest was thought to be the greatest monster in the creation. Many here, even of their principal people, have acknowledged to me that they would have crossed to the opposite side of the street rather than meet a Roman Catholic some time ago. The horror which was associated with the idea of a papist is incredible; and the scandalous misrepresentations by their ministers increased the horror every Sunday." In this place, and in this state of things Mr. Thayer was brought up. "At the conclusion of my studies," he writes, "I was made a minister of the Puritan sect, and exercised my functions for two years, applying myself to the study of the holy Scriptures and to preaching. In the meantime, I felt a secret inclination to travel; I nourished the desire, and formed a resolution of passing into Europe, to learn the languages which are most in use, and to acquire a knowledge of the constitution of states, of the manners, customs, laws and government of the principal nations, in order to acquire, by this political knowledge, a greater consequence in my own country, and thus to become more useful to it. Such were my human views without the least suspicion of the secret designs of Providence, which was preparing for me more precious advantages.

"I embarked for Europe, and arrived in France, at the end of the year 1781. I remained there ten months, totally taken up in studying the language, in reading the best authors, and instructing myself in the principles of the Government. I was there attacked with a fit of illness, and as I feared it would be attended with serious consequences, my first concern was to forbid that any Catholic priest should be suffered to come near me, such was my attachment to my own sect.

"After my recovery I spent three months in England, attentive, as in France, in observing the manners and customs of the country. I was desired to preach; I complied; but it being observed that my doctrine did not agree with that of the persons before whom I spoke, I replied that I had taken it from the Gospel. . . .

"I returned to France with an intention of passing from thence to Rome, constantly bent on the same pursuits; and, as it may easily be imagined, strongly prejudiced both against the nation and religion of that country, which had been represented to me in the most odious

colours. However, during my stay in France, I had formed a less unfavourable idea of the Catholic religion, and my intercourse with the Italians contributed also to remove my prejudices against them." He then relates the courteous reception he met from all classes of persons everywhere.

After describing his course of life and his studies, Mr. Thayer goes on to say: "From time to time the Catholic religion returned to my mind; and although it made no part of my plan of studies, I was desirous, nevertheless, of instructing myself thoroughly in all its principles, during my stay in the city: for the same reason that I should have wished to know the religion of Mahomet, had I been at Constantinople. I was far from suspecting that my own was false, or at least from thinking of embracing another." I must remind you that at the period of Mr. Thayer's visit to Europe, i.e. in the year 1781, what was called philosophy was everywhere the fashion among educated people. Voltaire and Rousseau had just died, and their writings in France, like those of Hume and Gibbon in England, had undermined all Christian faith. At the same time those who wished to be thought cultured and philosophical prided themselves, above all things, on being candid and impartial. Mr. Thayer tells us how he boasted that in pursuing his inquiries he was determined not to be converted, though resolved to ascertain the truth, for he could not "entertain a prejudice willingly even against the devil." He adds that he was very much startled when a priest, to whom he applied for information, told him he must say the Lord's Prayer for light. Fortunately for himself he obeyed, for God seldom gives light except to those who pray for it. "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you." It would take me too long to relate how Mr. Thayer's prejudices were gradually removed. Even when he came to see that his own sect was in the wrong, and to suspect that Catholics were right, he "resolved, whatever proof was brought against him, not to make his abjuration at Rome, for fear of taking a precipitate step. But Providence," he says, "ever watchful over me, did not suffer these delays, which might have been fatal, but ordered various events which hastened my conversion." The first of these was that he read a book about the Guardian Angels, which deeply impressed him and made him careful to avoid sin; the second was the death of Benedict Joseph Labre. Though I cannot now relate the saint's history, I will just mention that he was a young Frenchman, well educated, who by a very special inspiration of God, had left his family and country, and in a spirit of penance, adopted the life of a pilgrim and a mendicant, practising the most wonderful austerities. For some years he had lived in Rome, and by his wonderful piety had become known to many as "the holy beggar." At his death, which took place on the Wednesday in Holy Week, 1783, on the 16th April, a sudden and unaccountable rumour

spread through all Rome that a saint was dead, and both before and after his funeral for many weeks the church where his body was deposited was so thronged with visitors that the tomb had to be constantly guarded by soldiers. In four months 80,000 small pieces of his dress, or rather rags, had been distributed as relics, and his fame was spread over Europe and even into China. Great numbers of miracles took place on using these relics and invoking his intercession.

Well, these things took place just when Mr. Thayer was staying in Rome, and his mind growing disposed towards the Catholic faith. But at first, instead of helping they retarded his conversion; for the report that a pilgrim and a beggar was working miracles aroused all his Protestant prejudices. Poverty and miracles are two things which most Protestants hate: for miracles prove the greatness of God, and poverty shows the nothingness of the world. Voluntary poverty has always been held in great esteem by the Church, not only as a practice of mortification, but because he who embraces it thereby proves that he understands the true greatness and riches of man to consist in nothing external. He exclaims, like St. Francis: "My God and my all." But I must let you hear Mr. Thayer himself speak. "Such was my situation, when the death of Venerable Labre, and the miracles which were said to have been obtained through his intercession, began to make a noise at Rome, and to become the subject of every conversation. Notwithstanding the instructions which I had received, and the lights which I had acquired, I was no ways disposed to credit the public reports concerning this truly extraordinary person. Of all my prejudices against Catholics the deepest rooted was a formal disbelief of the miraculous facts which are said to have happened among them. I had been brought up in this persuasion, common to all Protestants, who never having been able to obtain the gift of miracles, like the fox in the fable, disdain it, and deny its existence.* Not content with denying those which were published at that time, I made them the subject of my raillery, and in the coffee-houses passed some very unbecoming jests on the servant of God, with whose poverty and uncleanness I was shocked; and on this head I went farther than any even of my Protestant friends. However, the number and weight of the evidences increasing daily, I thought it was my duty to examine the matter myself. I frequently conversed with the confessor of the deceased, from whom I learned a part of his life. I visited four persons who were said to have been miraculously cured: I was convinced by my own eyes of the state in which they then were. I questioned them concerning the state in which they had been; I in-

* The fox, according to the fable alluded to by Mr. Thayer, lost his tail, whereupon he tried to get up an opinion that foxes are handsomer without tails. Protestants have lost the gift of miracles, and they have in consequence got up the theory that a religion is more solid and spiritual that lays no claim to such gifts.

formed myself of the nature and continuance of the illness with which they had been attacked, and the circumstances of their cure, which had been operated in an instant. I collected the evidences of those to whom they were known, and after all these informations, made with the greatest care, I was fully convinced that the reality of each one of these miracles was at least as well proved as the most authentic facts." . . . He enters into some details, and continues: "Persuaded that there was something supernatural in these cures, I could not refrain from turning my thoughts on myself, and from considering the risk I ran by remaining in my own sect. These reflections involved me in much perplexity; I can hardly express the violent state in which I then was. Truth appeared to me on every side; but it was combated by all the prejudices which I had sucked in from my infancy. I felt all the force of the arguments which Catholics oppose to the Protestant doctrine, but I had not the courage to yield. I clearly saw that the Church of Rome is established on innumerable and unanswerable proofs, and that her replies to the reproaches of Protestants are solid and satisfactory; but I must abjure errors in which I had been brought up, and which I had preached to others. I was a minister in my own sect, and I must renounce my state and fortune. I was tenderly attached to my family, and I must incur their indignation. Interests so dear kept me back. In a word, my understanding was convinced, but my heart was not changed.

"I was in these circumstances, fluctuating and undetermined, when a little book* was put into my hands. The author gives an historical account of his conversion, and briefly discusses the points which are controverted between Catholics and Protestants. He places in the beginning the following prayer, which was communicated to him by a Catholic, to invoke the light of the Holy Ghost, and which the reader perhaps will not be sorry to see:—

"O God of goodness, almighty and eternal Father of mercies, Saviour of mankind! I humbly beseech Thee, by thy sovereign goodness, to enlighten my mind and to touch my heart, in order that, by means of true faith, true hope, and true charity, I may live and die in the true religion of Jesus Christ. I am certain that, as there is but one God, there can only be one faith, only one religion, only one way of salvation, and that all the ways opposed to this one can only lead to perdition. It is this faith, O my God, that I am seeking with eagerness, in order to embrace it and to gain my salvation. I protest, then, before thy divine majesty, and I swear by all thy divine attributes, that I will follow that religion which Thou wilt show me to be true, and that I will abandon, whatever it may cost me, that in which I shall discover errors and falsehood. It is true I do not deserve this favour, on account of the greatness of my sins, for which I feel a profound

* *Manifesto di un Cavaliere Cristiano convertito alla Religione Cattolica.*

sorrow because they offend a God so good, so great, so holy, so worthy of being loved. But what I do not deserve I hope to obtain of your infinite mercy, and I implore you to grant it to me, through the merits of the Precious Blood, which was shed for us poor sinners by thine only Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.’

“I cast my eyes over this prayer,” continues Mr. Thayer, “but could not prevail on myself to say it. I wished to be enlightened, yet feared being too much so. My temporal interest and a thousand other motives crowded upon my mind, and counterbalanced the salutary impressions of grace. At length the interest of eternal salvation prevailed; I threw myself on my knees; I excited myself to say the prayer with the greatest sincerity I was capable of; and the violent agitation of my soul, with the conflicts it had sustained, drew from me an abundance of tears. I then began to read the book, which is a short exposition of the principal proofs which establish the truth of the Catholic religion.

“The whole of those different proofs which till then I had only viewed separately—so many rays of light collected, as it were, into one centre, made a lively impression on my mind. Besides, I did not make the same resistance as formerly to divine grace. I had not entirely finished the book, when I exclaimed: ‘My God, I promise to become a Catholic.’ The same day I declared my intention to the family with which I lodged. It gave them joy, for they were truly pious. I went in the evening to the coffee-house, where I imparted my change to all my Protestant friends, and to repair as much as I could the scandal which I had given, I defended the sanctity of venerable Labre, and declared that I had more proof of the truth of his miracles than I would require for any fact whatever. Moreover, not to be ashamed of Jesus Christ, I united a great number of friends to be witnesses of my abjuration. Many lamented my weakness, others made a jest of it, but God who called me to the faith supported me, and I have a firm confidence that He will support me to my last breath.” Such is in substance the history of Mr. Thayer’s conversion; but I must now pass rapidly on. He was received into the Church on May 25th, 1783. He then returned to France, entered a seminary, made his ecclesiastical studies, and was ordained priest in 1787. He was prevailed on to write the history of his conversion, which he did, both in French and English, and the pamphlet was translated into many languages. It went through a great number of editions in English, both in England and in Ireland. The copy from which I have been reading to you was published in Dublin in 1809, and belongs to the Rev. Dr. Downes of Kilmallock, whose sister made her first confession to Father Thayer, in Limerick. In the pamphlet written either before or just after his ordination, Mr. Thayer says: “This is the only desire of my heart, to extend, as much as lies in my

power, the dominion of the true faith, which is now my joy and my comfort. I ambition nothing more; for this purpose I desire to return to my country, in hopes, notwithstanding my unworthiness, to be the instrument of the conversion of my countrymen; and such is my conviction of the truth of the Roman Catholic Church, and my gratitude for the signal grace of being called to the true faith, that I would willingly seal it with my blood if God would grant me this favour, and I doubt not but He would enable me to do it." When Mr. Thayer wrote this, there were throughout the whole United States only about 25,000 Catholics, and twenty-four priests, and they had as yet no bishop, but were governed by a Prefect-Apostolic. It is probable that Mr. Thayer waited for the appointment of a bishop, which took place in 1790, for in that year he went to America. In the meantime he had been labouring in the poorest part of London, using an old factory as his chapel, and had converted several Protestants.

In America he took part in the first national Synod of Baltimore, in 1791; he laboured hard; in several places built churches and schools, and engaged in very successful controversies with the Protestant ministers of Boston, to whom he had once belonged.

Why or when he left America I do not know, nor when or how he came to Ireland. He was certainly in Dublin in the beginning of 1809, and I am told that he came to Limerick in 1812. He had then been twenty-five years a priest, and his first fervour had certainly not relaxed. About fifteen years ago I was told by a very old priest, the Rev. Patrick Benson of Feenagh, that he well remembered being taught his catechism by Father Thayer, and how zealous Father Thayer was in hearing the confessions of the poor. I am sorry I made no further inquiries at that time, when old people were alive who could have told me many details. My principal informants are the Rev. Dr. Downes, and Mr. Hartney of Tralee, whose father was Mr. Thayer's intimate friend. Mr. Thayer must have been brought to Limerick by the Most Rev. Dr. Young, who was then bishop, and he was the friend of the well-remembered Father Pat Hogan of St. Michael's.

Father Thayer had no charge, as parish priest or curate, but he said Mass and heard confessions in St. Michael's and St. John's, and often preached. His sermons were principally controversial; and in those days such sermons were much needed, for very many people were giving up their faith, being wearied out with persecution or obscurity; for you must remember that this was long before Catholic Emancipation.

Even in the early days of his conversion he found great joy in those very things which had been his chief difficulties. He had thought that it was idolatry to honour and invoke the Blessed Virgin; and even when his mind had become convinced that this was a

grievous mistake, his imagination was haunted by what he calls the ghosts of his former prejudices. But this soon passed away, and, in 1787, he wrote: "I endeavoured to join in every institution which tends to the honour of the Blessed Virgin, and study as much as can depend on me to extend the devotion to this dear Mother of God."

"The mystery of the Holy Eucharist, which appeared to me so incredible, is become an ever-flowing source of spiritual delight. Confession, which I had considered as an insupportable yoke, seems infinitely sweet, by the tranquillity which it produces in the soul."

His manner of life in Limerick, in his old age, showed the truth of these professions. He used to say Mass daily in St. Michael's about eleven o'clock, after hearing confessions from seven. He then took his one meal, which was both breakfast and dinner. He kept a perpetual fast, and never eat either meat or eggs. During his breakfast, one of the students from Park College used to read to him, by the bishop's leave, in order that he might lose no time. He would never sit near a fire nor allow one in his room. At night he used to take a little dry bread and one glass of wine; he heard confessions almost all day, and when the churches were closed would continue to do so in certain houses, and especially in his own lodgings, which you may be interested to know were over the shop of Mr. Bourke the Glover's, in Patrick-street, and afterwards at Messrs. Ryan, Brothers, cloth merchants, at the sign of the Golden Eagles, in the same street, opposite Ellen-street.

When first he came to Limerick, confessions, except at Easter, were rare, but by his sermons he induced many to confess monthly, and some even much more frequently. He had a vast number of penitents, and I have been told that they were nicknamed Thayerites by those who did not relish a piety superior to their own. His love for the poor was very great: he had learned this from Blessed Benedict Joseph. He had a private fortune when young, but he had so entirely spent it in good works and alms before his death, that Dr. Downes tells me that he sold his watch shortly before his death in order to relieve the poor. Mr. Hartney says that he left nothing to purchase his grave: and Mr. Hartney's father, out of reverence and charity, had his body placed in the vault of his uncle, Dr. M'Mahon, Bishop of Killaloe. This vault is in the Protestant churchyard in St. John's-square. His last residence was, as I have said, at Mr. Ryan's, and his last sickness was dropsy; but even that did not interrupt his work of zeal; he continued to hear confessions sitting in his bed, and was occupied thus, even on the very day of his death, which, according to one authority, was 15th February, 1815.

You see, then, what is the influence of the saints. A Protestant paper said the other day that the life led by Blessed Benedict was of no earthly use to any living creature. From the history of Mr.

Thayer, you may see at least one proof of its use: it changed a vainglorious tourist into a zealous Catholic priest, who spent his life and fortune in instructing, elevating, and consoling the most ignorant and poor, whom the philosophers and men of science would have left to perish in their poverty and ignorance. Let us ask St. Benedict Joseph Labre by his prayers to raise up for us many more zealous priests like Father Thayer, and to take under his special protection, Limerick, which already owns itself his debtor.

If I may suggest one other practical reflection, it is the importance of prayer. If Mr. Thayer had not prayed as he did at the crisis of his conversion, he would probably have put it off to another time; and had he done so, he would probably have died a Protestant, and with the additional guilt of having closed his eyes to a special light. You, dear brethren, have already the true faith; but prayer is equally necessary that you may follow its light. There are moments of temptation when, if you do not pray, and pray earnestly, you will fall into grievous sin; and those sins may lead to eternal ruin. By prayer, Mr. Thayer gained a victory which was the beginning of a new life to him; so also one brave struggle, one earnest prayer, one victory achieved by the grace of God over human passion, may raise you to a higher level of thought, and feeling, and action, and be followed by a holy life and everlasting salvation.

CASTLES IN THE FIRE.

I am building airy castles—
 Air-castles in the fire,
 As the changing fitful flame
 Mounts higher, ever higher.
 Alas! they're only fancies—
 I'm living in a dream—
 But I watch the falling embers
 Through the bitter tears that stream.

I am alone with my castles;
 The dusk and gloom have come,
 The candles are not yet lighted,
 The children's voices are dumb—

They are softly nestling
In the angels' holy care—
Would I could sleep so peacefully,
So soothed by the evening prayer !

I am gazing in the embers,
I am tracing there my life ;
Here stood I eager, longing,
Impatient for the strife.
My heart was hot and restless,
There seemed so much to do ;
The Lord had need of workers,
To work for his kingdom true.

There, see, the coals have fallen !
They are only ashes gray ;
So fell my heart's bright fancies,
So died my dreams away.
A whisper came to me softly,
"Thy desire I have beheld ;
But sit thee down and wait for me,
Like Bartimeus of old."

'Twas not the word I longed for,
But I *knew* the Voice Divine,
So I'm trusting, hoping every day—
I'm looking for a sign.
I long to hear the message
That the blind man thought so sweet,
"Behold the Master calleth thee,
Go, worship at his feet."

See, the ashes glow again,
They've caught the hidden light.
So God's dear grace was with me,
Striving with all its might
To teach me, though my castles
Crumbled in dust away,
There was work to do in patient love,
If only to wait and pray.

H. D. T.

THE MONK'S PROPHECY.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER IV.

AN EXPECTED VISITOR.

THERE are some yielding natures who fit readily into the niche in which God places them, and who with patient endurance make the best of their lives, like flowers that may be torn up by the roots, yet, if planted again, will put forth fresh tendrils and emit a later fragrance. Mrs. Ormsby was one of those women who live as much in the lives of other people as in their own. While her husband was alive, she thought only of him. Now she had no desire apart from her child; individual happiness was her last consideration. Being thus unselfishly constituted, she was a pleasant and sympathetic friend, and the Hut and its occupants were found to be a great addition to the social circle about Castleishen. She exercised a beneficial influence over those with whom she came in contact, and instead of repining at her altered fortunes, she gave herself as a living instance of God's fatherly care of his creatures.

One lovely April morning she was sitting on the garden seat outside the door, with Eustace M'Mahon and Baby Sydney. The Hut had a great attraction for the boy, and his sudden flittings caused his mother occasional anxiety. Winifred and Carrie appeared at the gate.

"Eustace, you are very naughty," said the latter. "Why do you not tell when when you are coming here, and not have us sent looking for you?"

"I forgot," answered Eustace; "and I promised Helen to weed the beds."

"They will be nice empty beds when you are done with them," said Carrie; "you don't know a weed from a flower."

"He is getting on very well," answered Mrs. Ormsby, "and is learning to be cautious in his acts. I intended to have gone up when Nellie could take baby. I have had news to-day. My old friend,

Arthur Wyndill, of whom you heard me speak, has come home on leave, and, if possible, he will run down from Cork to see me."

"It would be a relief to see a new face," said Carrie;—"is it worth seeing, though?"

"He is very good-looking, and better still, is very good," replied Mrs. Ormsby; "he and poor Herbert were fast friends."

"Is he married?"

"No; he has everything but a wife. He is that kind of man that is not easily pleased."

"Oh, an old bachelor, I suppose, on the look-out for perfection."

"He is only thirty-six," answered Mrs. Ormsby. "They accused him abroad of being a woman-hater, he seemed so invulnerable."

"His coming down here does not look like it," said Carrie; "you must have made an impression on him, at all events."

A faint colour stole into the widow's cheek. "Herbert and I looked upon him as a dear friend," she replied.

"I wish I had some dear friends of the same sex and circumstances," continued Carrie; "my spirits are rising at the idea of anyone coming into this dreary old place. There is no pleasure even in getting a new dress, there is no one to see it. One might go about in the toilet of an ancient Briton."

"You look very nice in your linen suit, Carrie."

"Oh, yes; girls look well enough while they are young, but youth does not last, unfortunately. Just fancy I will soon be out of my teens."

"I don't like to hear girls counting their ages," said Mrs. Ormsby, "as you say youth does not last long, but the mature years that follow it are of equal importance."

"If I don't have some value out of the world, I shall hate it when I am old," answered Carrie, "that is one thing positive. I am tired of my life as it is, moping about without the least amusement. I wish Mr. Wyndill asked me to elope, Helen, it would be a little break in the monotony."

"Would not a less romantic mode of proceeding suit you?" said Mrs. Ormsby, smiling. "You must not get dispirited, Carrie, dear; someone will disturb your stillness yet and give you a brighter life. Look at Winifred; how content she is."

"Oh, Winifred and you can take godly views, but I can't," answered Carrie; "and besides, she had more value out of her time than I had. The officers were here, and she went to several balls. 'Tis well for you and her, nothing frets you."

"Here, take your babbler, Helen," exclaimed Winifred, coming up with the baby, laughing in her arms. "We must return at once, to assure mother Eustace has escaped the river once more. We will expect you later on."

"And if you do not come to-day, be sure to come in the morning to tell us if Mr. Wyndill be coming, so that papa may ask him to dinner," said Carrie. "I hope he won't think us dreadfully stupid."

"You may be certain he will enjoy himself," answered Mrs. Ormsby; "he will be delighted with the scenery."

"The scenery I should like is something different," said Carrie laughing: "a square, a band, well-dressed people promenading, and myself the most conspicuous among them; it would be livelier than trees and rivers, I fancy. I'm sure people are pretending half the time when they get into ecstasies over nature. Nature and mud seem to me synonymous terms. Good-bye, Helen; I hope you will soon have further news of Mr. Wyndill."

Further news of him arrived in a day or two; but his letter was to say that he must postpone the pleasure of seeing his old friend; he was unavoidably detained in Cork. Carrie asserted it was just what she expected, nothing ever pleasant occurred at Castleishen, and it was so absurd of people to say they were coming and going to places when in all probability they had no real idea of it. However, the following week brought an invitation for the two girls from a relative in a neighbouring county, and Carrie forgot Mr. Wyndill's sin of omission in the pleasure of preparing for her visit. Winifred decided on remaining at home.

Very tranquilly the summer came; strange, new beauty crept out of the brown earth, giving colour and perfume to the Hut; Baby Sydney toddled among the flowers, pulling forget-me-nots as blue as her own eyes, and the bright waters of Poulannass dashed over the ivy-covered fall, making ceaseless music for the inmates of the cottage. Mr. M'Mahon often sat watching it from the end window while he talked to Father Moran on county and parish matters; Mrs. M'Mahon sat near him, placidly knitting a square of an interminable quilt; Mrs. Ormsby and Winifred looked after the tea, while Eustace and Sydney, under Nellie's surveillance in the kitchen, sent peals of happy laughter through the house.

Helen Lindsay had been Winifred's ideal of womanly beauty when she came in her fresh girlhood to Castleishen; she gave her that half-passionate, half-reverential affection which is often felt by young people for those much their senior; now that both were women, the seven or eight years' difference in their ages made little difference in their feelings, and they were true and earnest friends.

CHAPTER V.

A CHANGE FOR CARRIE.

Carrie M'Mahon returned home in September, and could talk of nothing but her gay doings, and the admiration she received while she was away. The amusement she had had only increased her desire for it, and she became more discontented than ever. She remained all day curled up on the sofa, reading novels and ventilating her opinions to Winnie. What was the use of going out? There was no one to see. She had no fancy for going into dirty cabins like Winnie. She liked flowers well enough when they were made in bouquets; but she had no idea of spoiling her hands rooting among them. She hated needlework; and indeed the housekeeping was not on such a grand scale that her help was necessary to its success. So, really, there was nothing to be done.

"I wish to goodness mamma would let us go to Dublin for a few months, Winnie," she said one evening, flinging away her book. "It would not cost so much. What a miserable thing it is to be always counting cost! If you saw the style the Singletons live in!—and I'm sure papa has more property."

"But it is encumbered, Carrie; that makes a great difference."

"Parents ought not to be encumbering their properties," said Carrie. "They had everything while they were able to enjoy it, and we have nothing, moping in this horrible hole. I'd rather be earning my bread."

"'Tis unkind of you to speak so, Carrie; and you are no more fit to earn your bread than a baby. Can't you occupy yourself or interest yourself in something, and you won't feel it so dull."

"What on earth have I to do? If I put new trimming on my hat, who is to see it? 'Tis easy enough for you to talk. You had a couple of years' amusement. I'm sure I wonder you did not get married, and you so handsome; but little good our beauty is to us now. Buried alive here, what good is life to us?"

"'Tis sinful of you, Carrie, to talk so wildly. If mother heard you, it would fret her; she is more sorry than you, not to be able to give us more advantages."

"Well, she doesn't hear me; and I don't know what good her sorrow does. See all they allow George, and they don't allow us anything—keeping us here till we are as old as the hills, and he, such an idiot, to go marry without a penny. I wonder what would become of us if papa died?"

"God would provide," said Winnie.

"Oh, how religious you are! I'd like to be provided for, I must say; but I suppose we'll have to stay on here till we are so old no one will have us. What a sweet old maid I'll make!"

"I don't know that you will even be an agreeable married woman," said Winnie, "if you haven't everything you like, and that's hardly possible."

"I should be better off than I am, at all events. The only thing I like here is going to bed. In the morning I think what is the use of getting up? 'Tis always from the same to the same. A visit from Father Moran or Helen Ormsby; the most exciting subject of conversation being what Eustace said, or what Sydney attempted to say."

"Sydney is growing a great little darling," said Winnie. "She amuses me, anyway."

"Oh, you like children, but I don't; they claw one's ribbons and disturb one generally. Distance enhances their youthful charms."

Carrie was one of those unpleasantly constructed young ladies who require excitement or admiration to develop their agreeable qualities; who are bright and attractive in society, but at home are idle, lazy, and selfish, with an indisposition to do anything for anyone: so eager for their own career, so wrapped up in speculations for their own future, that the present is objectless and home without an interest. A girl of this kind may be mentally defective, or she may have a fair share of intelligence, but she has usually a very strong will. She is too self-centred to be sensitive, so she generally succeeds in gaining her point. She relishes the things of the world, and has, indeed, a very fairly developed animal nature. Her principal taste is for display; she does not care for the trouble of cultivating flowers, but she likes to have them, because it is the *thing* to have them; she delights in fine clothes but takes no care of them, and is more inclined to buy grand furniture than to keep it in order; to be noticed, admired, applauded is her one ambition, and it is much pleasanter to meet her in a ball-room than by the fireside. She is an excellent specimen of a fine lady, but not of a lovable woman.

However, fortune favoured Carrie. A lady, whose acquaintance she made during her summer visit, asked her and Miss Singleton to Dublin for a few months; she was only too happy to accept the invitation. Her fair face captivated a young barrister, who proposed for her and was accepted. When she returned to Castleishen, he followed her, and as he was fairly off and rising in his profession, there could be no objection to the marriage.

No one but Father Moran and Mrs. Ormsby knew the sacrifice Winifred made when she found that more money was necessary than her father had arranged to give Carrie. "Give her some of what you

intend for me, father," she said, "let there be no unpleasantness about the money; I might never want it, and, if I do, God will provide."

The father and the priest demurred, but, at last, the business was so arranged. The money was raised, and, to her extreme satisfaction, Carrie left Castleishen the wife of Mr. Hassett, and became a fashionable city lady.

And so time passed on with unnoticed flow, making but little external or internal changes in aught but Baby Sydney, who was grown a lovely laughing prattler of three years old, when, one morning, Mrs. Ormsby had a letter from Mr. Wyndill, saying he was coming home on sick leave, and this time would surely pay her the intended visit. He had never discontinued writing to her, and her friends used laughingly to quiz her about her foreign admirer. In the early summer he arrived in England, and wrote to her to engage rooms for him at Lisduff. She did so, and in a short time he arrived, a slight, handsome man, quite youthful-looking, and a thorough gentleman. It seemed as if the old life came back with him, they had so many things and people to speak about, and the few days he remained seemed quite fresh and pleasant. He became a great favourite with the priest and Mr. M'Mahon, and was himself so delighted with the beautiful scenery and his cordial reception, that he announced his intention to come again and make a longer stay. Before he left, he engaged the rooms at the little hotel, and, in the end of May, proved he was no waverer in his plans, by arriving with an amount of luggage that indicated a visit of some duration.

He hired a small yacht, and excursions on the river were of daily occurrence. Even Mr. and Mrs. M'Mahon, who rarely left home, were induced, several times, to join the little party, but Mrs. Ormsby, Winifred, the two children, and Father Moran, when he had time, were never weary of the bright waters, sometimes remaining out until the moon changed the little bay into a sheet of quivering silver. Then the evenings were spent at Castleishen, or the Hut, chatting, playing cards, or listening to Winifred's sweet old songs. Report soon joined the names of Mrs. Ormsby and Mr. Wyndill, to the extreme indignation of Nellie, who scoffed at the idea of her mistress having any unworthy notion savouring of matrimony.

"Helen," said Winifred, entering the Hut one morning, "Mr. Wyndill has just been up to ask us to lunch at Innistubber. Will you come?"

"I shall be delighted; it is a lovely day. Will Father Moran come?"

"I'm sure he will, if he can. The yacht will be ready at one o'clock."

"Sit down, then, dear; I shan't be a moment finishing off this bit of work, and then I'll get Sydney ready."

"Helen," said Winifred, after a pause, "what am I to do if Mr. Wyndill take you away from me?"

"There is no fear of that," replied the widow, smiling.

"Surely you would not refuse him?"

"No, dear Winnie, for an excellent reason—he won't ask me."

"I don't know that. It seems likely. It would be a great thing for Sydney," said Winifred.

"She will have to do without a stepfather, Winnie; Mr. Wyndill won't ask me to marry him. He will not go in for second-hand love, believe me."

The sudden music of a child's laugh broke in on the conversation, and Mr. Wyndill appeared at the window, with Sydney on his shoulder. He had found her outside with Eustace, and had swung her up. He came to tell them the yacht was ready; that he had persuaded Mr. and Mrs. M'Mahon to come, and they were all waiting on the shore.

Mrs. Ormsby put on her hat, and in a few moments they set out, Mr. Wyndill carrying Sydney. The old pair were made as comfortable as possible with cushions and rugs, and they were soon under weigh, the light vessel gliding through the calm waters, making musical little wavelets, when the soft breeze filled the white sails.

Father Moran walked up and down the deck, enunciating his opinions on all subjects, from the catching of a seal to the conduct of a prime minister; Mr. Wyndill sat smoking beside Mr. M'Mahon; the ladies sat apart, Mrs. M'Mahon and Mrs. Ormsby in deep consultation over a piece of dress for Eustace or Sydney, while Winifred leant over the vessel's side, gazing into the water, with many thoughts passing dreamily through her mind.

"Your thoughts must be pleasant company, Winifred," said Father Moran. "What are you smiling at?"

"Would not anyone smile, such a lovely day?" answered Winifred.

"That's true, my dear; and we won't carry the troubles of earth out on the water with us. The master there forgets how hard it is to get the rents; the mothers over the way all the boots and shoes the children wear out; our captain does not remember there's a black on earth; and as for myself, I'm only a light-hearted young curate, without any parish responsibilities."

"Your troubles were never heavy enough to depress you, Father Moran," said Mr. Wyndill.

"I wouldn't let them, my dear sir. 'Tis a mean spirit that gets down-hearted; and I had troubles enough, I can tell you; when I hadn't them of my own I had those of other people. If I hadn't a wife to regulate, I had the regulating of many a man's wife."

"A very difficult office," said Mr. Wyndill, smiling.

"You don't know the half of it, my dear sir. They would annoy you. A woman marries a drunken blackguard with her eyes open; then she

runs complaining to the priest when he beats her, as she richly deserves for taking him. And a man takes the woman pretty much as if she were an animal. Size and money are about the only things of which he has an idea; and, oh, dear, then they are so much to be pitied because they can't pull together."

"The principal parties generally have little to do with making their own matches, and 'tis wonderful how well they get on," said Mrs. M'Mahon.

"Yes," said the priest; "as a rule they get on fairly; they are so hard-worked they have no time for any sentimental stuff. There is nothing like work for keeping people out of mischief. But some persons have no business to marry at all; they are no more able or willing to discharge the duties of a husband, or wife, or parent than a brute beast. As long as they feed them, they think 'tis all right. The spirit is forgotten. They won't even give them good example. Parents will have a nice account to settle on the last day. 'Tis not the body of the child the Lord will ask them for at all, but the soul."

"You are enough to alarm the unwedded," said the colonel.

"I should make a man act well, and not frighten him from acting," said the priest. "'Tis a weak nature that shrinks from a position because it entails responsibilities. Duties are little cords that link us to God. You must get a higher motive, my friend, for remaining a bachelor."

"When the right person accepts me, I won't want a motive any longer," replied Mr. Wyndill, laughing. "I'll go in for the duties."

Innistubber rose green and bare from the water as they approached it. On one side the ruins of a Cistercian monastery stood like a solemn sentinel of the past, keeping mournful guard, when the army of which it was a part had passed away, with its stirring music, its streaming banners, and its bright, beautiful fulness of life, and it alone was left, a mute witness of vanished days. The tombs around were crumbling like the bones they covered; the old walls were festooned with ivy; scale ferns and rock plants flourished in abundance, the jackdaw reared her noisy brood in a niche in the tower, and a sparrow-hawk took up her abode in the belfry, where once upon a time the musical clangour of bells broke the holy silence and floated forth upon the pulsing waters. Goats browsed on the ivy in the chancel, and bleated to their kids, where the voice of the chanting monk had sung of God in the solitude; and the low beams of the morning sun illumined the spot where the high altar had stood, whereon the Great Sacrifice had been raised, and the Son of God was offered to his Eternal Father. "But the former things have passed away."

It was high noon when the yacht was anchored and the party landed; a substantial hamper was taken out by the colonel's servant

and one of the boatmen, and, after choosing a proper site, they all sat down and made a very hearty use of the edibles. After luncheon they stood up to examine the ruins. Eustace had called imperatively for Winifred, and she stood now upon a fallen column, her fine figure drawn to its full height, while she held up her brother to peer into a bird's nest. Colonel Wyndill joined her, and they walked about the abbey, making out the inscriptions, and speculating about the possible lives of those who had lived, loved, rejoiced, and suffered, and who had passed away, leaving no visible mark on that world they had once clung to so passionately. No material mark; but had they left no immaterial one? Did they transmit no virtuous inclination, no vicious propensity, no unseen impulse for good or evil to their posterity?—seed which would blossom and bear fruit for the eternal Gleaner.

When they joined the rest of the party, it was time to depart. Happiness has usually a stilling effect on deep natures, and they were rather silent in the boat, watching the sinking sun throwing its mystic hues over wave and shore. Sydney slept in her mother's arms, a mass of golden hair gleaming against the widow's black dress. Eustace leant against Winifred; once she lifted her head from speaking to him, and found a pair of dark eyes fixed on her with that strange, absorbed expression that has a mesmeric influence in catching the attention. The girl felt suddenly startled into consciousness, and bent over the boy. Mr. Wyndill talked to Mrs. Ormsby of things and people foreign to her, so she did not join in the conversation.

When they reached the little quay at Lisduff, Father Moran wanted them to finish the evening at his house, but the elders protested against any further dissipation. Father Moran saw Mrs. Ormsby home, and the colonel walked up the avenue with the M'Mahons. He lingered slightly till the elders were gone on, arm-in-arm, and then he and Winifred followed. They were silent, though the girl made several efforts to talk as usual. The moonbeams were streaming through the interlacing trees, making a wavering pathway of light and shade, and the great arms of the oak and beech clashed softly together, making music for the night.

"I hope you enjoyed the day?" he said, when they were near the door.

"Indeed I did, thoroughly. Did you?"

"It is well," he answered, in a low voice, "if I be not enjoying myself too much."

He declined entering; he knew Mr. M'Mahon was somewhat tired. He wished them good-night, and departed.

Winifred, being a very handsome girl, was quite accustomed to words and glances expressive of masculine admiration—so accustomed indeed, that they made not the least impression on her—so it was rather

curious that Mr. Wyndill's eyes and short sentence should have made her forget to say even "good-night." She stopped for a few moments at the door after her father and mother entered, looking after him, as he walked down the avenue, till he disappeared under the trees. "Good heavens," she said to herself at last, "what a vain fool I am!" She turned in, and busied herself getting tea.

"Winnie, my girl, the boasting agrees with you," said her father. "I never saw you with such rosy cheeks."

The next evening the moonlight was brightening the rushing waters of Poulanass, when a knock came to the door of the Hut, and Nellie admitted Mr. Wyndill. He apologised for the late hour he chose to pay a visit, but he had strolled on unconsciously, smoking a cigar, until he found himself at the gate, and he then thought he might as well come in for an hour's chat. After some desultory talk he spoke of the time he should go abroad again, and his regret when he should leave. "It is like being among friends," he said; "I can never forget all your kindness. I am such a lone bird I can value it properly."

"And so you are among friends," said the widow, "as true ones as if you knew them all your life. I can answer for the M'Mahons and Father Moran; and it is not because you a prosperous man, in a worldly way. Those things weigh nothing to natures like theirs."

"They are rare people," he said, thoughtfully; "according to what a man has, not what he is, he is usually valued. A curious thing, is it not that Miss M'Mahon is not married, so pretty as she is?"

"What's curious in it?" said Mrs. Ormsby, smiling; "I suppose, like all men, you think a single woman, particularly if she be handsome, a departure from the natural order of things. I never heard a man wondering why an ugly one wasn't married;—is it not a tacit admission that men marry for beauty?"

"They are attracted by it, no doubt; but no man but a fool weds a girl that has a pretty face as her only recommendation."

"Another thing that amuses me in men's view of women," said Mrs. Ormsby, "is that her single state is never supposed to be the result of choice. She would marry if she were asked is usually the conclusion."

"Well, isn't it generally the way? I should think few women choose old maidenism;—of course I am excepting her who becomes a religious. I am speaking of those in the world."

"Yes; of course. They may not choose it directly, but they choose it rather than marry a man for whom they do not care. They may not meet the right man, or circumstances may prevent their marriage with him. Some women will marry anyone rather than live their lives alone, but others prefer solitude to uncongenial company; and, really

it often provokes me to hear women spoken of as if no one ever asked them."

"Oh, well," said the gentleman, laughing, "it is only an awkward way we have of expressing ourselves. Certainly I did not mean to imply that Miss M'Mahon was not asked. I only wonder how a man is to resist asking her."

"She has had several proposals," said the widow, "and very good ones."

"Any engagement or attachment?" he asked.

"No; she is neither engaged nor attached; she is free to be won." She paused, and then added: "When she was very young, a gentleman proposed for her, whom she liked well enough to accept, but it seems as if he wanted more money than he found she had, so it never came to anything. She said nothing about it to her family; she only spoke of it to me."

"By Jove, he was a mean beggar; to think of such a girl as her being slighted, as it were, for money;—but it often happens. Money is the last thing I would think of."

"Ah, but you are very well off, and that makes a great difference. However, a man ought to be sure of means and money and his own mind before he makes a proposal. She felt, as I suppose all young girls feel, that it was very humiliating to be put in the scale, but she has quite got over any mortification she may have suffered. You know," she continued, with a smile, "officers are very dangerous in country quarters to girls just come home from school."

"And a girl of her simple, frank nature, incapable of deceit herself, is easily enough deceived by another. I may as well confess, Mrs. Ormsby, that I admire her very much."

"Your instincts for what is true and noble are not leading you astray," she replied, warmly; "Winnie M'Mahon is deserving of the best love of a good man. If you knew her as well as I do, you would find loving her an easy lesson; one you could not help learning."

"I am sure of it," he said; "I have watched her; and I am no mean judge of character now. I have knocked about a good deal among men and women: in fact, I don't think it would be safe for me to remain on here much longer if there were no chance of my winning her to be my wife. The thing is will she care for me?"

"If she do not, she won't marry you; that's one thing certain," she replied.

"I thank God for that," he said; "I couldn't bear a girl that would marry me for any other motive than affection. I have said nothing to her yet; I was afraid there might be some entanglement. I am so glad I spoke to you, you were always a friend to me; of course, I need not tell you to say nothing about this conversation."

"Oh, not a word," she replied; "it would give me the greatest

happiness to see you and Winnie married. I would select you for each other out of the wide world."

"Well," he said, gaily, "it won't be for want of wooing I won't win her;—I'll begin to-morrow."

The wooing was a successful one. Winifred's only regret was, that another man had ever touched her heart, or rather touched her fancy. But Mrs. Ormsby quite relieved her, by telling the conversation that took place between her and Mr. Wyndill, and made it easy for her to speak of the subject herself. Her lover only laughed at her, and said:—

"Why, Winnie, darling, I was in love several times when I was a boy, like Romeo before he met Juliet; but was our feeling for anyone in the world like our feeling for each other?" And Winifred's scruples and misgivings vanished for ever.

All the girl's friends were very much pleased at her happy prospects. They did not think so much of the man's worldly advantages as that he was one who realised that he was an accountable being, and had a soul to save, and who would love and cherish her tenderly. In Mrs. Hassett's triumph was mingled some surprise, and a shade of envy. There was Winifred, at six-and-twenty, buried alive in the country, making a far more brilliant and wealthy marriage than *she* had done in her first bloom. It is a wise thing to wait sometimes; and likely it was being thrown together so much in the lonely place, that brought him to the point. It is hard to know what is best to be done; after all, a professional life was a very uncertain one, and a lady must live up to her means and be stylish, or she is thought nothing of. Winnie was a lucky girl, and, really, she did not deserve it, for she took no trouble about anything; but it is generally those who strive most that get least. Such a distinguished-looking man, too; one would know at once Arthur Wyndill was an aristocrat. It was very fortunate Mrs. Ormsby did not catch him. Widows are so knowing.

Mrs. Hassett gazed discontentedly into her glass, and looked at a face where, already, the cares begotten of vanity, envy, and folly, had traced faint lines. If she gave as much time and thought to the eradication of one of those faults as she gave to the cultivation of a desirable acquaintance, or the making of a new dress, no doubt her efforts would be crowned with success. But Mrs. Hassett was a woman of the world, not inclined to introspection, and her sole ambition was to shine in society. She took intense interest in Winifred's trousseau, and spoke largely of Arthur Wyndill, her intended brother-in-law. She and Mr. Hassett went to Castleishen for the wedding; and, one morning, the ceremony was quietly performed, by Father Moran, in the little church of Lisduff; and then away went the bridal pair, leaving a blank behind that was never to be filled up. Mrs. Hassett returned to Dublin, and talked of Mrs. Wyndill much more frequently than she had talked of Winifred.

THREE PANSIES.

BY F. PENTRILL.

I. A WARNING.

BE not thy wit a razor keen ;
For, though it have the razor's sheen,
It must nor cut, nor bruise, nor sting.
As butterflies upon the wing
The flowers touch—then fly away—
So be thy wit, as light as they.
They rest on rose, they rest on thorn,
And, while they stay, they both adorn.
Bethou thus kind to friend and foe,
And laugh with Joy, but ne'er at Woe.

II. FRIENDSHIP.

Love, greedy boy, wants all our smiles,
When we are young ;
And, if our hearts yield to his wiles,
Away they're flung.

But Friendship calm and patient stands,
True to the last,
And stretches forth her healing hands
When love is past.

Changeless as stars, whose light is hid
By the sun's glow,
Till night and darkness come to bid
Their brightness show.

III. SUNSETS.

In southern climes the sun departs
With careless splendour from the day,
Like some court gallant who breaks hearts,
And then, all heedless, turns away.

But in our dear grey northern land
He lingers long o'er his farewell ;
As parting friends that, hand in hand,
On each last word still fondly dwell.

E'en when he goes, he leaves behind
The twilight traces of his feet,
The weeping day thus to remind
That on the morrow they will meet.

JOTTINGS IN LANCASHIRE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

II.

FROM the cotton plant, with its pretty yellow flower, which does not disgrace a greenhouse, may be said to have sprung a very great share of the wealth of England. The cotton itself, a vegetable wool which adheres to the seeds of certain plants, shrubs, and trees, having been picked free of the seeds, is sent packed in great bales from India and America, and lodged in the warehouses of Liverpool; and from these huge stores it is sent on to Manchester and the other manufacturing towns. The immense waggons that traverse the streets of Manchester, drawn by monstrous horses, are generally laden with cotton in raw or manufactured state; and one cannot walk the thoroughfares of Liverpool without meeting persons running in and out of merchants' offices, carrying bags containing samples of cotton, from which the fluffy white substance protrudes. Before Stephenson successfully carried his railway over the profitless and apparently impassable Chatmoss, there were agents in Liverpool whose business it was to buy the cotton, when it arrived, for the Manchester manufacturers. After that important event, however, even this matter of buying and selling became simplified, and the manufacturers have long been familiar with the Liverpool streets.

The history of the great trading seaport of England is as curious as any other part of the annals of Lancashire. Strangers who walk its busy thoroughfares, and gaze at its ponderous buildings, perhaps can hardly realise how very modern is its growth, and how recent the rise of its prosperity. In 1565, Liverpool contained only 138 householders; in 1644, it was surrounded by a mud wall and ditch, boasted a castle, and was able to resist Prince Rupert, on the side of parliament. The year 1700 found the population 4,240, and in the same year the marriages it saw were 34, christenings 181, burials 125.

In 1730, the number of inhabitants had increased to 12,000, and the first important vessel sailed out of the harbour for piratical traffic in slaves. One dock was already made, and an Act had been applied for to make a second. Slave-ships and inhabitants rapidly increased during the century, internal canal navigation began to benefit the town, and a theatre was built. In 1840, the number of vessels in the Liverpool docks was 15,998, and since then the traffic of all kinds has increased with incredible speed. A writer in the year 1842, says:—

“The docks of Liverpool are a sight of never-ending novelty, and the busy scenes they continually present afford excellent studies of

individual character from all countries (for what flag is not found there?), and of the capabilities and fruits of human industry. Here is the vessel deeply laden, just passing out of the dock-gates for a voyage to the Antipodes; there is another destined, perhaps, to the Indies, and afterwards to the Pole. Now the weather-beaten rigging and patched sails of a ship preparing to enter speak of tempests encountered beyond the equator, or amid the icebergs and snowy coves of Greenland."

In the present day the Liverpool docks cover forty miles of ground, and the incoming and outgoing of the wondrous multitude of great steamers to and from all parts of the world are an ever-growing wonder to the looker-on. It has been said that Liverpool, rather than London, is the place to see and judge of England's wealth, for all the riches of the earth are poured by turns into her ponderous store-houses. And to the honour of the great port be it said that she opened the way to her own greatness by honesty and integrity, by providing, in the beginning, safe harbour for the goods which traders entrusted to her, ensuring them from depredation, and thus encouraging their owners to continue to confide the most valuable merchandize to her care. Liverpool is simply a mighty harbour, the mouth through which England receives the food which sustains its strength, its merchants chiefly dealing with goods in the condition in which they come into the country, and its manufactures not being important, consisting principally of soap-boiling, sugar-refining, shipbuilding, manufacture of steam-engines, anchors, chains, and cables. At the entrance of the Mersey, on one of the great days for arrivals and departures of steamers, the sea presents a curious sight—vast steamers, with many funnels, pant after one another, looking like a Leviathan fleet, and the wide expanse of the heavens grows dark with their smoke. As evening comes on a magnificent sunset paints the west with crimson and gold, piling towering clouds of every gorgeous hue, heap over heap, high up in the lofty and far-spreading firmament. The gigantic vessels wrap themselves in their dusky shrouds, and stalk in a majestic gloom of their own through the heavenly fires of the atmosphere; and later still the lights spring up in the port of Rock Point, on the Cheshire shore, and glow in the twilight, outshone by the red eyes of the still passing steamers, which glare through their smoke as they pant away on into the night.

This port of Rock Point, which stands like a guardian of much life and treasure at the mouth of the river, rises twenty-four feet above the water, is 200 yards in extent, mounts six thirty-two-pound guns, and has barracks within it for 100 men. It stands forth with the lights and heights of New Brighton behind it, and near it a great Lighthouse, with powerful revolving light, gives its still more necessary protection to the coast. There is a certain picturesque grandeur about

this watery spot, this opening of the great river into the sea—a splendour of lights and clouds, and flying, shifting colours. It is said that Turner used to come here to study effects of cloud and atmosphere; and in truth, standing on the wide, wet sands, after the sun has set, when the sky is all one lurid flame fringed with darkness, and the sea all one field of gold, seeing the glow-worm lights struggling through a mirk haze on the opposite height and flats, and beholding some monstrous steamer from far away trailing its black length through the glory, and glaring with red eyes out of the black and filmy veils in which it wraps itself as it goes, one is forcibly reminded of Turner's most magnificent masterpieces.

Just as one is surprised to find picturesque effects in the midst of the most commonplace scenery, so is there a certain charm about unearthing a ghostly tale close to the busy, bustling haunts of a latter-day manufacturing capital; and Lancashire, with all its cotton-spinning and other matter-of-fact occupations, finds time for cherishing some as startling legends and weird superstitions as could be found in the most romantic and unapproachable regions. At Wardley Hall, for instance (near Manchester), one of the ancient dwellings we have alluded to, we are seriously assured there is, and has been since the time of Charles II., a terrible skull which will not allow itself to be buried. The skull is preserved, and treated with a sort of fearful respect by the family residing in the house, who reluctantly submit to the tyranny of its presence.

Standing in a small woody glade, Wardley Hall was originally almost surrounded by a moat, and is a black and white, half-timbered building of quadrangular form, constructed of ornamental wood and plaster, and entered by a covered archway opening into a courtyard in the centre. It was erected in the reign of Edward IV., and in later times it had for master, Roger Downes, a man who is described as "one of the most abandoned courtiers of Charles II." The story runs that on one occasion this graceless person rushed forth from among his roistering companions, swearing he would kill the first man he met, and that meeting a poor tailor coming out from his work he stabbed him to the heart on the spot. Soon afterwards he was killed himself in a riot, by a watchman on London Bridge, and his head, having been struck off by a billhook, was picked up and sent packed in a box to his sister at Wardley Hall. Being buried, it refused to stay in the ground, and returned to the Hall. Again and again it was deposited deep in the earth, and occasionally sunk to the bottom of rivers and ponds, but all to no purpose; the skull positively refused to make itself at home anywhere except in a most prominent position in its own house. The spot it chose for itself was a niche in the wall above the staircase, which opens out of the great hall, and behind it is a window which must always be left unglazed, or the skull becomes

unruly, and disasters fall upon the inmates of the house. A door has been made, covering the ghastly spectacle from everyday view, and it is kept carefully locked up in its lonely and airy recess.

Wardley Hall originally belonged to the Lords of Wardley, but was vacated by them on the eve of the Civil Wars, and became the property of Roger Downes (father of the luckless being whose head has been such a trouble to succeeding generations), and Penelope, his wife, daughter of Sir Cecil Trafford, Knight. It is told of this Sir Cecil that he became a Catholic through trying to "convert" Roger Downes (the father) from the errors of Popery. In 1830, the old Hall was in a ruinous condition; one part was occupied as a farmhouse, and the rest divided into nine cottages, but since then it has been thoroughly renovated, and is inhabited (under Lord Ellesmere) by a gentleman farmer and owner of collieries. The skull still holds its place in the ghastly cupboard on the staircase, in the room which is called the hall, a spacious apartment ornamented with the coat of arms of the Downes family, with a fluted oaken roof and ornamental wainscot. The stairs which must be ascended to reach the awful door have a noble look of antiquity about them, though a little spoiled by modern decoration. Of the door itself two keys are kept—one is held by the tenant of the Hall, and the other was in the possession of the late and first Countess of Ellesmere, who used sometimes to visit the grim prisoner herself, unlocking the door and revealing the grinning skull.

All this sounds very like a story made to tell, but we have ample testimony to the facts of the actual presence of the skull at Wardley Hall, and of the superstitions attached to it. Thomas Barritt, an antiquary, of Manchester, visited the place towards the end of the eighteenth century, and, with some friends, inspected the skull. They found it bleached white with weather, from the four-square unglazed window through which sun and rain beat in upon it, and were informed by the residents in the house that if the apertures were closed, or the skull removed elsewhere, they should be so persecuted by its vengeance as not to be able to remain under the roof. One of the visitors thereupon took occasion to remove it secretly, and hid it in a dark corner of the room before he returned home. On the night but one following, a terrible storm arose about the house, wind and lightning tore down trees and unthatched the outhouses—all mischief being of course traced to the wrath of the skull, which, when found in its dark corner, was instantly returned to its ancient abiding place.

Later still, in the year 1861, the editor of an interesting volume* on Lancashire, Mr. John Harland, F.S.A., with Mr. T. Wilkinson, F.R.S.A, visited the Hall, and found the ghastly tenant still in undisturbed possession of its windowed niche, though hidden from

* "*Lancashire Legends, Traditions, Pageants, Sports, &c.*"

ordinary view by carefully locked doors. Mr. Harland tells us that he held it in his hands and examined it; but, unlike a former audacious visitor, he restored it to its chosen resting-place. Whether it is to be seen at this moment we are unaware, but think it highly probable that it still moulders in concealment upon its narrow throne. When so ghastly a superstition as this obtains in England, our less imaginative cousins across the channel need not cast up their hands and eyes at, for instance, the misty draperies and piercing wails of our weird, but graceful and sympathetic Banshee.

There is scarce a manufacturing town in Lancashire that has not some picturesque mediæval legend hovering about it, with colours almost blotted out by modern smut and smoke. Warrington, for instance, which is said to be the oldest town in the county, and was a station of the ancient Romans, has many a fragment of poetic story hanging about it, whose figures come and go in the smoky twilight of the present day, like the knights and dames on a faded and wind-stirred tapestry. Such a tale is that of the slaying of Sir Thomas Butler, of Bewsey (corrupted from Beausey), and the rescue of his infant son by the ingenuity and presence of mind of the brave and heartbroken mother, aided by the coolness and pluck of a little page. Sir Thomas was the Lord of Warrington, and his castle was strongly fortified, and surrounded by a wide moat. Lord Stanley, his enemy, resolved to kill him, and bribed one of his chamberlains to put a light in his master's window, that the sword of the foe might know where to find him in the dead of the winter's night. Stanley, with a band of brutal companions, crossed the moat in leather boots, climbed to the window, and murdered the strong man in his bed. A ballad tells how the mother, even in the surprise and horror of so hideous a moment, was able to scheme to save her babe, for whom the murderers were seeking. The sleeping heir was hurried into a wicker basket, and the treacherous porter, who had let in the foes, allowed the fleet messenger who had charge of the child to pass through the guarded gates. (Sir Thomas is called Sir John in the ballad):—

“Now, whither away thou little page,

Now whither away so fast?”

“They have slain Sir John,” said the little page,

“And his head in the wicker cast.”

“And whither goest thou with that grialy head?”

Oried the porter grim again;

“To Warrington Bridge they bid me run,

And set it up amain!”

“There may it hang,” cried that loathly knave,

“And grin till the teeth be dry;

While every day with jeer and taunt

Will I mock it till I die!”

"The porter opened the wicket straight,
And the messenger went his way,
For little he guessed of the head that now
In that basket of wicker lay."

While the child is thus being carried away to safety the mother is parleying with the assassins, striving to prevent them approaching the room where he is supposed to be asleep; and when his bed is found empty she pretends to go mad at the discovery. In the end, the disappointed villains kill the treacherous chamberlain for allowing the infant to be carried away.

In the time of the Civil Wars Warrington was important, as there was no bridge over the Mersey between it and Liverpool. It was garrisoned for Charles I., and when the walls were stormed the Royalists took up their post in the church, and there made a resolute defence. From Warrington issued the first newspaper ever published in Lancashire, and from that town was started the first stage-coach ever run in the country. In the middle of the last century it was called the Athens of the north of England, an academy being established in 1757, which rapidly rose to celebrity under Dr. Aikin, Dr. Priestly, Dr. Taylor (author of the "Hebrew Concordance"), and others, and the opening of which was celebrated by Mrs. Barbauld in one of her best pieces. It is worth mentioning, for the lovers of old-style dwellings, that there is a cottage in the neighbourhood of Warrington containing a room, in a thorough state of preservation, which is the most perfect specimen of English domestic architecture in the age of the Tudors to be found in any of the northern counties.

In a picturesque spot of Lancashire we catch, strangely enough, a glimpse of the warlike figure of an Irishman famous in history, the great Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, nephew of the mighty Shane who so terribly worried Queen Elizabeth. On one occasion, it seems, after a defeat by the English, the great Hugh retired into concealment, and lived for some time a solitary life in the midst of charming scenery, and while dwelling in this picturesque retirement, he had, if we believe the old chroniclers, many a romantic adventure. In a woody glen, in a bend of the road, to the north of Morland or Merland is "Tyrone's Bed," where he reposed in security, untracked, and undiscovered by his foes. A tale is told of his having rescued from drowning the lovely Constance, daughter of Holt of Grizelhurst, who afterwards, in a moment of danger, hid him in her chamber, where he was made prisoner by surprise. It is said that Constance pined and died for his sake; but whether she ever existed, save in the romancer's imagination, it would be exceedingly difficult to say.

To another fine old Lancashire mansion a curious story is attached. Ince Hall is built in the half-timbered style, and its six sharply-pointed gables, and long ranges of mullioned windows, give it an imposing

appearance from a distance. Coming nearer, one sees that the remains of a moat are visible, proving that it once possessed means of defence. The history of its owners carries us back to the year 1322, when "Richard de Ince held one sixteenth of a knight's fee in Aspull;" and the great grand-daughter of this knight married Sir Peter Gerrard, of Bryn (whose family is at present represented by Lord Gerrard of Garswood), bringing to her husband the township of Ince. And we may incidentally mention here that it was a member of this ancient family, one Maurice FitzGerard, or FitzGerald, who, coming to Ireland with Strongbow, in 1170, founded the historic race of the Irish FitzGerald, of whom our own Thomas Davis writes :—

"These Geraldines, these Geraldines, 'tis full a thousand years
Since 'mid the Tuscan vineyards bright flashed their battle spears."

In the reign of James I. the then old Ince Hall had fallen into the hands of Roger Browne, and was by him splendidly restored and transformed into a costly mansion, the noble remains of which is still to be seen; and it is of a descendant of his, one Nicholas Browne, that the story is told which is known by the startling name of "Ince Hall and the Dead Hand."

The dead hand was, and is, the hand of a Jesuit, Father Arrow-smith, who was executed at Lancaster, on the 28th of August, 1628, on the charge of being a Romish priest. Other charges were, of course, preferred against him, but all, save the most bigoted writers, now agree that his only crime was fidelity to his Saviour. His friends took measures to possess themselves of the martyr's right hand after his death, and it has been, and is still, preserved as a sacred relic by the Catholics of Lancashire. It is said that miracles have frequently been performed by its touch; and our story shows how a villain took advantage of the popular faith in its powers, to commit a sacrilege in presence of the living and the dead.

At midnight, in a noble old tapestried chamber of Ince Hall, Nicholas Browne lay dying. He had been seized with sudden illness in the absence of his children, and by his side sat one Hilt, his lawyer, holding a document which he declared to be his client's unsigned will. The dying man was unable to respond to the urgent entreaties made to him and, incapable of any effort, expired without affixing his name to the parchment. The lawyer was dismayed, and the bystanders, thinking of the son and daughter who were to arrive in a few hours, and fearing some injustice had been done to them, sympathised deeply in his anxiety. A horseman was despatched to Bryn Hall, where the Dead Hand was carefully guarded, and, upon the urgency of the case being made known to its guardians, the relic, in its silken case, was delivered to the messenger and conveyed with all despatch into the clutches of the cunning Hilt.

Applying it to the hand of the dead man the lawyer declared that the corpse opened its eyes, and, taking up the pen in its fingers, signed the document. The awe-stricken and bewildered bystanders fancied they had seen the dead man move, and when they saw the signature affixed to the paper they were ready to believe that a miracle had been wrought. What was their amazement, however, when, on the parchment being opened, it was found to will everything, lands, and houses, and gold, to the lawyer Hilt; the son and daughter of Nicholas Browne being utterly ignored and forgotten!

The young people arrived home, and, after the first burst of their grief was over, they learned, with amazement, of all that had taken place. Then Kitty, the fair-haired daughter of Ince Hall, who had been her father's confidante, gathered her faithful servants round her, and led the way to the dark old library, where, from an ancient brass-handled carved bureau, which stood frowning in a corner, and of which she held a key, she drew forth her father's actual will, made some time before his illness, bequeathing all his possessions, as was natural, to his children; but the document was, alas! unsigned.

We must suppose that in those days the courts of equity were highly unsatisfactory (as, indeed, they sometimes are still), for Hilt was able to make good his claim. Finding this, the son of Nicholas Browne challenged his enemy, and a duel took place within the grounds of the Hall. Hilt was wounded, as it appeared, mortally, and the distracted youth, who fancied he had overflowed his cup of misfortune by taking the blood of a fellow-creature upon his head, fled out of the country and was never seen or heard of by his friends again. Whether he became insane and put an end to his life, or whether an accident finished his career; or whether, as may be suggested, Hilt, on his recovery, had him pursued and destroyed, we are unable to determine. His gentle sister was left alone in her adversity.

After some time had passed away a pale, but resolute, young face appeared among the cottagers living around Ince Hall, and the sight of their sweet golden-haired young mistress, with her black robes and mournful eyes, touched her old dependents to the heart, and they readily promised to do all they could to help her to fight a battle with her enemy. What her plan was does not appear, but she seems to have had great courage and spirit in coming to take up her residence and wage her warfare at the very gates of the man who had proved so deadly a foe. The sequel is sad enough; for poor little Kitty went out to the fields one summer evening and never came back to the cottage home where she had sought shelter. After long search, the country-folk gave her up as lost, and she was forgotten like her brother.

And now Hilt was left to enjoy his ill-gotten wealth without mortal interference; and now, also, did his terrible punishment begin. Wherever he went he never could feel himself alone, but was haunted

by something that would not quit his sight. What it was he would tell to nobody ; but he was seen to talk and gesticulate while walking alone, as if remonstrating with some being, visible only to himself. Groans and loud words were heard coming from his chamber, and servants and friends grew afraid of him, and dropped away from the Hall. At last he announced that he was going abroad to travel for his health ; and no one was sorry at the news.

Before leaving the place, he pointed out a certain bed in the beautiful old garden, commanding the gardener not to dig the earth of this spot till his return, to let the flowers run wild in it rather than disturb a single root. As soon as he was gone the gardener, impelled by curiosity, fell to digging up the bed with all his might, and soon discovered a human skull to which was attached a lock of poor Kitty's beautiful curling golden hair. It was thought that, having met the girl, he had invited her into the garden on pretence of parleying with her, had murdered her with a blow, and having hidden her among the bushes for some hours had buried her among the flower-beds in the dead of the summer night.

After many years Hilt returned to the Hall ; but on his way thither he was met by an apparition which barred the way and frightened the senses out of the servants, who refused to accompany him further, swearing that they had "had enough of Miss Kitty." Hilt made his way alone to his mansion ; but no sooner had he arrived than the most terrible disturbances began about the place. Everyone fled from the spot, and, finally, Hilt himself rushed out of the door one dark night, and arrived in Wigan a raving lunatic, where he died.

To this day the Hall is haunted by poor Kitty's ghost, which is seen flitting into the library with a candle in hand, and bending anxiously over the ancient bureau.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS IN THE HOSPICE.

NAMELY, in Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying, under the care of the Irish Sisters of Charity, at Harold's Cross, Dublin. A full and exceedingly interesting account of the founding and working of this Institution was furnished in April, 1880 (*IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. viii, page 200) by our "Discursive Contributor," who, in spite of that self-chosen name, has a wonderful knack of keeping to the point. Nevertheless,

we have sought and obtained permission from both the Sisters and their Visitor to give our readers the following account of a visit recently paid to the Hospice, although the narrative has already appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*. Many will read it here for the first time, and others will be glad to have the affecting details set before them in this form to be studied at their leisure. It is a blessed thing to have any share in the kind and compassionate thoughts and deeds which will (please God) be inspired to many of the readers of these pages, not only now but perhaps in months and years to come.

* * *

On Christmas Day, 1881, I found myself, a little after noon, within the gates of "Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying," accompanied by a very small amount of knowledge concerning the Institution. Past the school, where a great many children are taught daily, and where factory girls are taught nightly, by the Sisters of the Order, and along the broad avenue, I reached the house itself, a spacious building which had served, prior to its new purpose, as the novitiate of the Congregation. On inquiring for the Lady Superior, I was shown into a large, bright reception-room to the right, where comfort, elegance, and cleanliness were vying with one another. I had just time to observe that the gaiety of holly and ivy was visible around, and that the furniture bore a polish to be attained only within convent walls, when the Reverend Mother, as she is more familiarly called, entered. At once she granted my request to be brought through the place, and she gave me some information I needed.

It was to this effect. For a long time the Sisters of Charity were anxious to shelter, comfort, and care the dying for whom there was no hope, and for whom, consequently, the ordinary hospital was not meant. So, as soon as ever it was within their power, they opened this institution, mainly intending it for the lonely poor, but, all the same, not prepared to shut the door against any class, any creed, or any country. Its second year of existence had now come to a close, and it had received within its walls two hundred and fifty-five cases. Naturally, the majority ended fatally, yet, many whose complaints were considered hopeless recovered and left. Individual charity defrays the expenses, and the Sisters do the work for the love of the Creator and his creature. Infectious and mental disease, as well as epileptic cases, are inadmissible. For the present cancer patients cannot be received, but the Reverend Mother has hope that soon they may be in a position to take them in too.

Already predisposed in favour of the institution, from having its aims thus clearly put before me, I started to make the round, escorted by the Reverend Mother herself. "The patients' visitors are with them now," she remarked: "not, indeed, that we ever refuse a visitor, for here we must be extra tender and considerate. But this hour on

Sunday is devoted to the coming and going of the friends. Christmas is the most trying day of the year to them, being the last Christmas on earth for those they love, perhaps a parent or child, or nearer still, a husband or wife; but to those within it is a glad day, for they know the next Christmas they spend will be with God in heaven." She led the way and I followed her—followed her steps, not her faith, for I could not yet realise that a last Christmas could be a day of gladness.

At the end of a passage we came to the men's ward. Before entering, the air of "The Girl I left behind me" surprised my sense of hearing. Could it be possible I was in the Hospice for the Dying? Yes, and when we went into the ward we saw a musical box on the table, hard at work, and the Sister in charge told us it was a source of the greatest pleasure to the poor sufferers. The ward is a fine room, well lighted, well aired, and well heated. Along both walls are arranged the purest and simplest of curtained beds, about eight on each side, I would say, at a rough guess. They were nearly all occupied, and the owners of those that were not might have been seen elsewhere in the ward—at the fire, or near the attractive musical box. From bed to bed we went, and think you we found any of the clinging to life which makes it so hard, they say, to die—any of the revolt against the Divine decree which some might think natural under such circumstances? Not in one single instance. Sorrow and sobs, alas! were there, but at the bedside only. The weariness of the sick-couch was softened away by resignation and marvellous peace. It alarmed me, the quiet of the sufferers; it saddened me with the awe of a great mystery.

Approaching one young lad, on whose face far-gone consumption was plainly written, my guide told me he had been a student in France, a student for the priesthood, who had come back to die. "He meant," she said, "to work in the vineyard here, but God wants him above, so he is going gladly." A smile played over his features, making his eyes brighter even than they were, and heightening the hectic flush. I asked him in what part of *la belle France* he had been, and faintly I saw, rather than heard, the word *Avignon* on his lips. "You are longing to go, my poor —?" the nun said—oh, so kindly addressing him by his Christian name. He tried to speak, and the Sister of Charity bent over him. "Whenever it is God's will," was the answer, which almost spent his strength. "Home with God next Christmas Day, surely," she said, in a low voice, and the light of hope passed over the poor fellow's face.

In the bed next to him lay a man advanced in years, dying of the same disease. Some friends were watching, not speaking to him. What could they say! Turning to the Rev. Mother, he whispered, "Better and easier." We knew it was the ease and improvement which

come to the worn-out life before the end, like the flicker to the dying flame. An old inmate sitting by the fire told me he was thirteen months in the Hospice, and was several times "on the point of being off with the chest." This was one of his good days, he stated, but still he was bad enough. If he was anything like as well as — — there in bed, it's out dancing on the floor he'd be! Yes, he liked the music-box real well, 'cause it had some airs he knew. "Auld Lang Syne," suggested quite a youth, who was sitting beside the old man: such a handsome youth! with large, soft, black eyes. "Consumption, too—in fact, nearly all are pulmonary cases here," was the answer I received to my inquiry. Yet I was shown two or three other cases, one of which interested me much—a young lad, paralysed from the waist down. He was a great reader, was half through "Uncle Tom's Cabin," part of which he liked, and part he didn't.

Every patient greeted my guide with a smile of welcome, and those who had strength of voice wished her a happy Christmas, and many of them. I remarked how hard it was to know what to say in return. No," she said; "they all understand when I answer, 'if God wills, and the same to you.' They know life is uncertain to me as well as to all others."

Going out from that ward my heart was torn at the sight of a woman weeping by the death-bed of her husband. He was dry-eyed, and his breath came quick and short. The pain was always with him, he told us, but it was nothing racking. [asked] him had he children. "One—a girl of fourteen." The mother said she had been there, but she began to cry, and had to leave. Just then the door opened and the girl came in again, with only the signs of the tears on her face; but no sooner did she stand at the foot of the bed, with her father's eyes on hers, than the tears flowed more copiously than ever, and the sobs rose higher than before. The mother, who herself was weeping bitterly, courageously bade her stop that crying of hers. Poor, poor child!

I could not witness such grief unmoved; so we quickly left the ward with the music faint and sweet, still trembling on the ear, and the holly and ivy lending a festive decoration to the place. Young men who should be strong—if God willed—(the force of that clause I have learned now and for ever) were dying: bread-winners were dying, and yet all were resigned. By the old, by the long-suffering, we might expect to find a welcome given to death, but not, as we found it here, by those who are called with their hands full of unfinished work, with families depending on them. This thought struck me as we left the room. I could not see clearly how it was the Sisters were able, except through a special gift, to teach so thoroughly, when it was most difficult to learn: "Not my will, O Lord, but thine."

On the ground floor are also the convent chapel and mortuary

chapel. The former is an exquisite structure, the last piece of building superintended by that wonderful woman, Mrs. Aikenhead, foundress of the Order. It is cross-shape, with an admirable blending of colour and light from its stained windows. The latter is plain and simple, and contains two marble slabs, with marble pillows for the bodies which lie there uncoffined the usual time. The remains of a young man, a Protestant, rested there last, a few days ago, and it was expected that before the day would be gone a child's form would lie on the marble bed. She (the child) was longing to be with God for Christmas, but she was still on earth.

Mounting a flight of stairs we came to the part of the Hospice devoted to women. In the first ward we found a young girl of eighteen in bed. Her face was absolutely joyous as the Reverend Mother greeted her with a loving kiss. On her counterpane were scattered Christmas cards, and beside her on a stand, were books and little presents. She looked so happy that I doubted if anything could add to her peace of mind and heart. The empty bed near had held the poor dying child until it was thought well to remove her from the "Pet of the house," as the happy girl was called, into a larger ward. The "Pet" told us poor — was very near home, told us as calmly and cheerfully as though she was glad for her young friend's sake. The Sister of the ward then came in and said the same. She, too, was bright, and her voice fell on my ear in accents that were as far removed from sadness as she herself from sin. "The Pet is called little, but that is all a mistake, for when she gets up she is nearly as tall as the bed, and I have to look up to her." Here the Pet laughed at the great joke of being able to look down on her dear Sister.

Saying good-bye to her, we followed the nun into St. Joseph's ward adjoining. It seemed to me full, and it was long room. Near the door, what a sight! The little child—for what else is a girl of fifteen?—was dying hard and fast. At one side of the death-bed the poor mother was wringing her hands in despair, and talking wildly between the gasps of suppressed sobs; on the other side two brothers were crying away piteously. The child herself, a mere skeleton, lay with wandering eyes, and mouth open, while the spasms of breath almost lifted her up as they came and went. The Reverend Mother noiselessly drew near her, and taking the waisted framework of a hand in hers, spoke out clearly: "A little while longer, dear, and then with God for ever. No pain in heaven. Always God." But the earth mother sobbed all the more bitterly when the Sister asked her would she grudge dear — to the angels for Christmas night. Poor thing! she was only an earth mother, and nature is strong there. Close by, in the next bed, lay a dying woman completely blind, and beyond her others and others, one of whom old, and near release, asked me why I looked so sad—there was nothing to fret for there.

The very welcome presence of a convalescent met our eyes in this ward. There was no hope for her, they said, when she entered, and there, now, she was talking of being soon back in the world. Not far from her a sufferer was evidently in deep trouble. Her face was turned to two men, husband and son, sitting by the bed. On sympathising with her the poor creature told a sad, sad tale. She had just heard that her son-in-law, from whom she was expecting a visit was buried in the morning. He was with her well and hearty, last Sunday, met with an accident the day after, and now was in Glasnevin. His wife and two little children were left behind, with no one to support them but the grandfather, and he had six of his own—there was no need to count herself as one—and that made nine, with not half enough of work, God help them. The story was sad, heaven knows; the trial too great, one might be tempted to say; and yet with a few words of comfort timely spoken the poor patient was able to mutter, "I'll try to bear it;—I'll try. Yes, we might be worse. I'll try." All the time the two men sat motionless, not even raising their eyes. How these Sisters of Charity know what to say and do when we, experienced in the world, are dumb and at our wits' end!

The last death-bed we stood by in that room was occupied by a widow, who taught me how the poor can deny themselves the little they have. In answer to a question from us she said, "No, she didn't expect her son (a little child in an orphanage); they would have brought him; but why would she take him away from his companions on Christmas Day; God would keep her, if it was His divine will, until next Sunday." In foregoiing that visit she gave up her all that day. It was a vast deal more than the widow's mite.

As we left St. Joseph's I glanced again at the dying child. She was supported in the tender arms of the Sister, who was moistening the parched lips with a sponge. It is near, very near, Home now. A chill crept over me, and my heart ached for the sorrow at the bedside. I knew the mercy of death would be a great relief to the little one; but a child's last Christmas here below is anguish far more bitter to a mother than the shedding of her life's blood.

One more ward, St. Raphael's. There, asleep in bed, was a patient, and sitting by the fire were three others; she who was nearest the other world was brightest. "It is long coming," she said, "but why complain?—it is coming—that is certain." She was always gay, she told me, and would have the laugh to the very end. What was the use of doing God's will, moaning and groaning? Indeed, she was ashamed of herself for having cried that morning in chapel at the *Adeste*. It was so sad, it always brought the tears down. She didn't know what was sad about it. Her husband would be with her in the evening. I asked had she children? "Yes, two." She, this young, emaciated wife and mother was more than I could comprehend. As

happy, as full of life, apparently, as if God had given her a lease in perpetuity of both happiness and breath, and yet that was the last Christmas Day she would ever shed tears at the *Adieu*. The other two smiled as she spoke so cheerfully to us, and one of them said—what I fully believe—that she was much worse than she pretended to be. Passing back through the corridor, from St. Joseph's ward, came the voices of the Sister reciting the Litany for the Dying, and of the mourners responding through the choking sobs. (At four o'clock it was well over with the little child on earth. She had her wish : Christmas night with God and the angels !)

A visit to the private rooms for paying patients, the warmest greetings from them all, and the gentlest resignation everywhere. Thus ended our rounds. Can I tell what "our rounds" brought me ? Hardly. I know that then for the first time I felt the wonder that I had existed so long unaware of this pitying love, which, like a beacon, shows a pathway through the night of Death ; unaware of the submission which this same love inspires around it ; unaware that the last Christmas could be made so very, very happy by the lessons of faith, the rewards of hope, the Sisters of Charity. I had gone refusing to believe that the last Christmas could be one of joy ; I came away convinced that not only was it one of joy, but of a joy with far more of heaven in it than earth.

Thanking my kind guide, I turned homewards ; and as I walked along I tried to enumerate the works of charity performed by the Sisters of this Order. They were to be found alleviating sorrow, relieving pain, and effacing sin, in St. Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's-green ; the Convalescent Home, Stillorgan ; the Magdalen Asylum, Donnybrook ; the Children's Hospital, Temple-street ; St. Monica's Home for Aged Matrons, Grenville-street ; the Blind Asylum, Mer-rion ; Stanhope-street Training Schools and Home ; Gardiner-street Schools for the Poor ; St. Joseph's Orphanage, Mountjoy-street ; through the back streets, in the tenements of the neglected and cast-away ; and, above all, in the Hospice, Harold's Cross. With this limitless field of action before me, my heart rose in gratitude on behalf of the city of Dublin, and I gave glory to God in the highest for the noble Sisters of Charity whom He has placed in our midst.

NEW BOOKS.

- I. *Institutiones Theologicae in usum Scholarum. Auctore JOSEPHO KLEUTGEN, S.J., MDCCCLXXXI. Ratisbonae, Neo Eboraci, et Cincinnati, sumptibus Friderici Pustet, S. Sedis Apostolicæ Typographi.*

THE great ecclesiastical publisher, Frederic Pustet, who commands both the Old and the New world from his establishments in Ratisbon, New York, and Cincinnati, has with his usual promptness forwarded for review the first volume of a new course of theology, which is sure to attain very wide circulation. We all know the impulse that has been given to theological studies by our Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. and the special bent which his Holiness has impressed upon them. Father Kleutgen, who is already well-known in the learned world by his works on philosophy, dedicates his present labours by permission to the Holy Father. Only his first volume "*De Deo Uno et Trino*," has appeared; but his preface shows the plan of his entire course. Amongst other questions he discusses in his preface why the Summa of St. Thomas cannot itself be made a text-book without such additions and omissions as would make it another work; and he proves that this is so from the nature of theology, and from the example of Gonet and Billuart, who were most of all disposed to keep as closely as possible to their mighty master.

A useful practical item in Father Kleutgen's arrangement of matter is that he gives at the beginning of each article a distinct reference to the parallel passage in St. Thomas, and the Master of the Sentences; and, as the greatest theologians have thrown their treatises into the form of commentaries on either of these theological giants, the student is thus at once in a position to consult these high authorities on each separate question that comes under discussion.

Father Kleutgen of course incorporates all the definitions of the recent Vatican Council which bear on his theses. There is a certain advantage in the circumstance of his being a German, which, perhaps, will make his expositions clearer and more acceptable to students of those northern races who have a lurking suspicion of the Ciceronian fluency (*ne dicam* long-windedness) of the theologians who pride themselves on being Cicero's countrymen.

- II. *Sun and Snow. A Christmas Story for Young and Old. By SYDNEY STARR. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882).*

LADY MORGAN was *née* Sydney Owenson; and "Baby Sidney," who was introduced to our readers on New Year's Day, and with whom they are likely to become better acquainted through "The Monk's Prophecy," during the next twelve months—Baby Sidney is certainly

a young lady. On the other hand Sydney Herbert was a man—and a very good one, of a much more religious mind than the Rev. Sidney Smith. In spite, however, of this epicene gender of the name, we need not pretend to be in doubt as to the pronouns which ought to stand for the author of “Sun and Snow.” Editors know things which are known to few; but it is known to many that this new star is of the same sex as the nearest and brightest of our planets. Indeed there are many characteristics of the little book itself which would lead us to attribute it to a woman. Flimsiness of purpose is not one of these. Rather we blame it for being too serious. We should have preferred to have it either more superficial or more thorough. It alludes to very profound questions, which seem out of place in “a Christmas story for young and old.” If theology or philosophy be introduced—and it is hard to keep them out if one treats of the realities of life—we should like the allusions to be firmer and more definite.

There is a good deal of variety in the incidents and scenery of the story, all confined within our own little island, from Upper Mount-street, Dublin, to the Corkscrew-road and the Cliffs of Moher. The authoress has bestowed commendable pains on her style, and it is almost a praiseworthy fault that there seems to be too apparent a striving after originality, cleverness, picturesqueness. “Sydney Starr” belongs to her age; but Oliver Goldsmith and Nathaniel Hawthorne are safer models than some of the jerky writers of the day.

III. *The Household Book of Catholic Poets.* Edited by ELIOT RYDER. (Notre Dame: J. A. Lyons.)

Luxurious paper, elegant type, red-lined borders, gilt edges, massive binding—this is one of those Catholic books which could not be produced in these countries, but only in the Great Republic. The contents are worthy of such fair outward show. It does not purport to be a library of religious poetry, but rather a collection of mundane poetry by Catholic writers. We shall hereafter refer to some omissions, while fully granting beforehand that in the execution of such a design there must needs be omissions. But at present, before beginning to call the attention of our readers to the rich treasures here amassed for their benefit, we deem it right to disown all claim to two or three very beautiful things contained in this volume. It is a mistake to place Dante Gabriel Rossetti among Catholic poets, and, still more, his sister, Christina Rossetti. Their father, a “modern” Italian, was, we suppose, a nominal Catholic; but their English mother brought up at least her daughters Protestants. Would that Christina Rossetti were of the same faith as Adelaide Procter and Ellen Downing. Her religious poetry would then be even more beautiful than it is.

The compiler of this volume, Mr. Eliot Ryder, is no kinsman of the

brilliant Oratorian theologian of Edgbaston. He is an American ; and, as he has contributed to our own pages, some of our readers will thank us for informing them, on the authority of the work under review, that he was born in Massachusetts in 1856, the son of a Unitarian clergyman, and that he became a Catholic some years ago.

Some brief biographical details of this kind are furnished of nearly all the poets represented in this volume—which, we are glad to add here, is offered to the public in a garb less splendid, and therefore less costly, than that which the opening words of this notice describe.

Beginning with old Chaucer, this collection gives samples of all Catholic poets down to the present time. It by no means excludes contemporaries. Naturally the transatlantic living bards are more amply represented than those who live on this side of the big pond. The contemporary Europeans who figure here are Denis Florence MacCarthy, Aubrey De Vere, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Cardinal Newman, Coventry Patmore, Rev. C. P. Meehan, Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. and (by mistake) the two Rossettis. Of the extant American and Irish-American Catholics, whose verses are enshrined in this dainty reliquary, we have many others besides Father Abram Ryan, Maurice Egan, Daniel Connolly, Eleanor Donnelly, Harriet Skidmore, John Boyle O'Reilly, Robert Joyce, Elizabeth Waylen, and several names beginning with the Celtic O, among whom we notice a Canadian, with the historic name of Thomas O'Hagan.

We must reserve for our next Number further remarks on this delightful volume, as well as notices of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," the first part of the "Life of Father Augustus Law, S.J.," Miss Stewart's "Stories of the Christian Schools," "The Scholastic Annual" for 1882—which has come to us with "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year," from Notre Dame University, Indiana—"Out in the Cold World," by M. F. S., a new and enlarged edition of Father Meehan's "Confederation of Kilkenny," and some other recent publications.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS.

ONE of the most brilliant paragraphs in Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's introduction to his famous "Ballad Poetry of Ireland"—which has run through some forty or fifty editions—is devoted to Thomas Moore. It ends by saying that "Moore, like Cæsar's illustrious rival, extended

his conquests to the ends of the earth, while there were still tracts at home which escaped the sway of his imperial mind." We have been reminded of this remark while reading in the daily and weekly newspapers an account of the honours bestowed by the Spanish people on our own poet, Denis Florence MacCarthy. We greatly fear that many even of our readers have not off by heart those "Summer Longings," which we know better as "Waiting for the May." We hereby register a vow to render such ignorance impossible, by devoting some of our earliest pages to the poetry of this true poet.

* *

Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy has lately received the following letter, with the Medal of Calderon alluded to, from his Excellency the Marquis de Casa Laiglesia, Spanish Ambassador in London:—

"Legacion de Espana en Londres,

"December, 1881.

"Sir,

"I have much pleasure in forwarding to you by to-day's post a medal struck in commemoration of Calderon's bicentenary, which the Spanish Royal Academy have decided to bestow upon you as a token of their gratitude and their appreciation of your translation of the great Poet's works.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"MARQUIS DE CASA LAIGLESIA."

The medal is a fine work of art, the great poet being represented in full relief in the habit of a Knight of Santiago. It may be mentioned that Mr. MacCarthy had previously been elected a Corresponding Member of the Royal Spanish Academy. The beautifully engraved diploma sent to him on the occasion is in the following words:—

"Real Academia de la Historia.

"La Real Academia de la Historia en su junta de 1 de Octubre, 1880, ha admitido en la clase de Correspondientes extrangeros al Senor Denis Florencio MacCarthy en atencion a concurrir en el la intruccion litteraria y las demas circunstancias que prescriben los Estatutos.

"En testimonio de la cual mandó expedirle est titulo sellado con su sello mayor. Madrid, 2 de Octubre, de 1880.

"AURELIANO F. GUERRA, *Director*

"MANUEL COLMARIO, *Censor*.

"PEDRO DE MEDRAZA, *Secretario*."

[The Great Seal of the Academy.]

* *

In a little paper on Rosa Ferrucci, in the Number of this Magazine which appeared in June, 1880, we mentioned that we had been obliged to found the sketch on a little French work of Abbé Perreyve and on a *Dublin Review* article, not having been able to produce the Italian work, "Rosa Ferrucci e alcuni suoi Scritti, publicati per cura di sua Madre." An unknown friend, seeing this, sent us most kindly from

Southampton the work in question. If it had been originally in our hands, our account of this beautiful soul would have been much fuller ; but at present we can only set ourselves right on one important point. We guessed as the date of Rosa's birth the year 1840, or two years earlier. As a fact, she was born into this valley of tears (her mother tells us), smiling, not weeping, on the evening of the second of July, 1835 ; so that *la mia Rosa* was nearly twenty-two years old when she died.

* *

A kind friend in Australia offered lately to send me what she very properly called an exquisite poem on St. Mary Magdalen, beginning :—

"On the bright shores of Lake Genesareth,
Walks Magdalen in festival array ;
Her waving hair, as golden as the light,
In soft abundance wreaths her haughty head.
Her neck is bare and jewelled to the throat," &c.

Why, said I to myself, we have too much of our own—and this piece itself is our own. It is by Miss Attie O'Brien, and it appeared in our own pages a year or two ago. Yet I pored over the index of each of our last four or five volumes, and could find no trace of this piece. After a fruitless search through the bound volumes I referred to the separate monthly parts, and discovered it in the Number for July, 1878. It ought to be found in the Table of Contents of Volume the Sixth, page 385 ; but I regret to say that it has been omitted.

* *

You remember the old story about the man who boasted that the king himself had actually spoken to him, when on cross-examination it was ascertained that the sole observation his majesty had addressed to the mah was : "Get out of my way, you rascal !" It may not seem much of a compliment that the leading journal of Scotland, *The Scotsman*, paid to our Magazine in reviewing the December Number ; but we quote the notice for the sake of the unfavourable as well as the favourable part, though the present pen is responsible for one of the things complained of. Discriminating blame is a truer compliment than indiscriminate praise. "The *Irish Monthly* (says this canny critic), still maintains the characteristics which have so far secured it a favoured place among the few magazines written specially for Roman Catholics. The current [December] Number is not, however, an especially good one. It is relieved from dulness mainly by a paper on Robert de' Nobili, the Jesuit missionary to the Brahmans in the early days of the Society of which he was a particularly prominent member. The two papers which commemorate the recent 'Golden Jubilee of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy are not equal to the occasion, which, to English-speaking Roman Catholics, was one of very special interest."

THE MONK'S PROPHECY.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROPHECY.

TWELVE years rolled by, making no change in the lives of those at Castleishen. A few grey streaks were visible in Mrs. Ormsby's brown hair, and Sydney had grown a tall, slight girl, with a promise of extreme beauty. Her hair was abundant, and as golden as a new coin; her eyes were as blue as a summer sky, while dark lashes and eyebrows gave that look of character to her face which is often lacking in the fair type. She was like her mother in disposition, gentle and loving.

The Hut had become just like the cottages one sees in pictures or reads of in books: roses, ivy, westeria, and japonica covered the walls up to the thatched roof. The flower-beds were a mass of bloom, rified of their sweetness by the humming bees, who bore away their treasures into the hives ranged in a sunny corner.

Mrs. Hasset, in her occasional visits to Castleishen, wondered how Mrs. Ormsby could endure the monotony of her existence; but to the widow time passed away like a dream, and it was only a look or a remark of Sydney's that sometimes startled her into the consciousness that the years were passing with stealthy footsteps, and that her most cherished flower was no longer in bud, but breaking into fuller and more perfect luxuriance.

Mrs. Wyndill's visits were, of necessity, few and far between; she had gone to Indula with her husband, who was Governor there, and only returned at long intervals. She had several children, and they were all at Castleishen now; they had come to see the old place and the old people, and to breathe a little of the home freshness, the remembrance of which would be pleasant in foreign fields.

Major MacMahon, the eldest son, his wife, and boy, were also there; and the Hassetts came from Dublin for a few days. It was the last time the father and mother saw their children and children's children gathered together.

Eustace was home from college, a fine young fellow of nineteen. He was going in for the Civil Service, and was to go out to the Wyndills after a time. He and Sydney were the ringleaders of the young people. Having been so much together in their childhood, there was a strong attachment between them, and they communicated

their ideas to each other on everything and every one, with the most absolute frankness.

One afternoon they all assembled in the lone and lovely woods of Rathmoylan, which lay about two miles to the south of Castleishen. The road to it lay along by the river, and at length wound in through the wood, where great trees clasped their giant arms above, making a long, green archway. Occasionally one came to massive iron gateways that were only opened at rare intervals.

The Earl of Rathmoylan, who usually resided in one of his English or Scotch castles, was an elderly unmarried man, supposed to be a little eccentric, and enormously wealthy. He was a stranger in Ireland, taking, like too many of his class, name and money from it to spend elsewhere.

The Earl's housekeeper, Mrs. Gale, widow of a former rector of the parish, was of much more importance than the Earl himself. She had her handsome suite of rooms, entertained her friends, and was entertained by them, after the same fashion as when she was mistress of the glebe.

The demesne was kept in perfect order; but as no one had admittance without permission from Mrs. Gale or the steward, it was as lonely as the enchanted castle of the White Cat. Like every remote, uninhabited old place, it abounded in ghostly legends. In ancient times a woman had drowned herself in the river, and ever after her wraith was supposed to appear at the bridge, and lure men on by the beauty of her face, until she dissolved into the mists of Poulannass. Woe to him who had an evil heart in his bosom! *He* never spoke again. Prosaic natures who, like Mr. Gradgrind, have an appetite for facts, accounted for the accidents that occurred, by discussing the ugly turn in the road, and the tendency that individual human nature has, being composed of bibulous clay, to imbibe more moisture, on market days, than is compatible with steady progression.

While the young people gathered sticks to make a fire, and prepared for a gipsy tea, the elders sat together under the trees, the broken sunlight falling on them while they talked of the past and future.

"Counsellor" Hassett was on circuit. He was a hard-working and successful man. A thoughtful observer would say that his hard work and its result were necessary, for the garments of his wife and children cost a good deal. Mental exertion was requisite to keep the silk and velvet trappings fresh to flaunt in the critical eyes of the fashionable world; and the fashionable world saw more of his family than was seen by the velvet and silk winner, who could rarely spare a day from his business for wandering in the green wood.

All the children were healthy and handsome, except the only son of Major MacMahon, the future heir of Castleishen. He was about sixteen, and so fragile, that he had to be drawn about in a bath chair.

He was now looking down at the fire Sydney was fanning with her hat, making a picture of her: for the boy had the mind of an artist.

"I cannot make it light, Eustace," she said, lifting her flushed face, and flinging back her sunny curls. "Blow it with your mouth, can't you?"

"I put all the breath I had into that last song," answered Eustace, "but here goes in the cause of the 'cup that cheers.'" He flung himself down, and blew so vigorously that in a few moments tongues of flame licked the withered wood, and it broke into a blaze.

"That's lovely," said Sydney; "now I'll mind it, Eustace, and let you go fill the kettle, and call to the others to bring more sticks. I am sure they are down by the stream."

"Does Eustace do everything you ask him?" said Geoffry McMahon, raising himself in his chair.

"No, indeed, he doesn't; he makes me do twice as much," replied Sydney; "but he used to carry me on his back when I was very little; we had no one to play with but each other when we were young, you know."

"He is very strong," said the boy, sadly. "What a wonderful thing it must be not to feel your body a dead weight, as if it were dragging after your soul."

"But you will be strong yet, Geoff," answered the girl, "and you will be a grand person then, because you will be clever as well as strong. Mamma says delicate people are often the cleverest. Which would you rather be, clever or strong?"

"I'd rather be clever," said the boy, after a pause; "but it is a lovely thing to be able to go about without help, Sydney. I long to climb mountains, and to stand on the brink of great cliffs over the sea. Oh, I pine and fret; then I make beautiful pictures in my mind, and in trying to draw them out and make them visible I forget everything and am happy."

"I'm not a bit clever, Geoff," answered Sydney; "I don't know how you can make such pictures out of your head. But, Geoff, I'd be you a thousand times rather than Georgy Hassett. What is the use of being strong if one isn't nice? Wasn't he very rude coming along? asking you to run races, and telling me I was an old pensioner; I had a great mind to complain of him to Eustace, only telling stories is mean. Oh, here's the kettle."

"Yes, here's the kettle," said Eustace, "fresh from the pellucid spring. Only one frog and a million of insects in it. Boiled frog, Sydney, is capital as a relish."

"Ah, Eustace, hold your tongue; you did not put a frog in it," said Sydney, taking off the lid, and looking carefully in; "of course, you did not. There's nothing in it," and she hung it over the fire.

"I wish you had a microscope," answered Eustace, "and light

would be let in on your ignorance. Hairy and many-legged monsters of the deep are disporting in that unconscious kettle, and will soon be food for your depraved appetite."

"Stop, Eustace, you're always saying something horrible," said Sydney. "Geoff, did you ever hear of the curse of Rathmoylan? It is a grand ghostly story, but we should be at the druid's altar, or in the haunted gallery to tell it. The kettle is boiling now; call the others, Eustace. Mother is best to make the tea."

When the tea was made and drunk, and the children could eat no more, the spirit of motion again possessed them, and they proposed to go to the house.

"Let us go to the druid's altar first," said Sydney, "'tis the nicest place in the whole wood, and if you make no noise, we shall see dozens of rabbits."

"And we might find one of the druid's golden sickles in the grass," said Eustace, "and immolate some of the rabbits on the altar. I'll be the chief priest. Who'll go in for the situation of priestess? Ettie is a blood-thirsty young woman. Eh, Ettie, will you imbrue your innocent hands in gore on this festive occasion? Here, young ones, clear out of the way; I'll wheel on Geoff; we can get to the house by the altar."

They wandered on through the cool green woods, the rabbits scampered across the pathway, the ring-doves cooed, the thrushes sang, and the children woke the echoes with their joyous laughter. When they had sufficiently examined the cromleach, they went on to the house and found the elders waiting at the door for them.

Mrs. Gale, the housekeeper, received them, and after some pleasant conversation proceeded to show them through the house. There were noble rooms, hung with fine pictures; the furniture was nearly a century old. On one side the river flowed beneath the windows, while from the others could be seen velvet slopes and wooded heights; great copper beeches standing out in sombre beauty against the emerald sheen of forest trees, and graceful deer roaming about at their own wild will.

"What a grand old place!" said Mr. Wyndill, looking out upon the river; "what a wonder it is the Earl does not come over, Mrs. Gale."

"I suppose he inherits his family's prejudice," replied Mrs. Gale. "They never liked the place."

"Was there any cause for it?" he asked.

"Well, in the first instance there was, but it is now too remote a one to affect later generations."

"I have a pleasant recollection of the last earl," said Winifred. "He gave a ball;—do you remember, it was my first one? I should like to know what kind his cousin is."

"He intended coming several times, it was said," answered Mrs. Gale, "but he never came. He is not young, I believe, and is unmarried. I get brief communications from him now and then."

"But what was the cause of the dislike you mentioned?" asked Mr. Wyndill.

"It is an old story of nearly a hundred years ago," she replied, "a sad story of family disunion. It was said the youngest and favourite son of Earl George married a young girl who was living with his mother as companion. The boy was very delicate, and in a terrible scene with his father he burst a blood-vessel and died.

"And what became of the girl?"

"She died also, poor thing, leaving an infant son. When I was a girl, I knew people who remembered him. He used to come here for his vacations. He was carefully educated; but he was never acknowledged by the family. I don't know what became of him afterwards. If he had been his father's heir, he would have had a fine fortune, and some say the father was really married, by an old friar; but, of course, that marriage was not legal. Earl George went away after the death of the boy, and there was very little seen of the family since. The place is kept up, I suppose, because they take their title from it."

"Since then the house got the name of being haunted?" said Mrs. Hassett. "I shouldn't mind a few ghosts if I had such a place. What a room to give a ball!"

"I have never seen anything supernatural," replied Mrs. Gale, "but there was always a great objection to sleep in the room in which Charles Butler died. Poor boy, it would be a heavy penance for his love-dream if he had to be wandering about it still. It was converted into a lumber room long before my time. My husband used to hear queer stories from an old man who lived here, when he first came to the parish, and who firmly believed in the noises and apparitions."

"And what were the stories?" asked Mr. Wyndill.

"We should have a winter's night for a ghost story," said Mrs. Gale, smiling; "but this one was believed in at the time, certainly; the history of the disturbance was written, and attested by several respectable men. It was said that one fine moonlight night, very soon after the death of the boy and girl lovers, a carriage was heard driving rapidly up the avenue; it stopped at the hall-door, and the bell rang violently. The old lord was expecting his eldest son, and he went into the hall to receive him. He was a very impetuous, quick old man, and he was at the door as soon as the servant. When it was opened, to their extreme astonishment, there was no carriage to be seen, but, both said, an icy air pressed against them, and two impalpable, shadowy figures glided by them and flitted up the grand staircase. That night noises commenced, and stories, without end, got into circulation. Indeed, I knew a gentleman myself who slept here in the late earl's

time, and he told me he heard the noises distinctly. One night he was lying awake, after going to bed about twelve o'clock, when, suddenly, the light of a very bright fire was obscured, and there was a sound of sobbing and moaning. He sat up in bed, but the next moment the shadows passed from before the fire, and it shone clear again. A bang came on the door; he sprang up and flung it open; there was nothing to be seen but the pale gleam of a winter's moon lighting up the long corridor. He saw nothing, as I tell you, but something walked down before him, and gave a bang to every door as it passed. He followed it down the staircase, the hall-door was flung open, was slapped in his face, and when he tried to open it again, he found it was bolted and barred."

"By Jove, that was something to send him back to his bed in a speculative mood," said Mr. Wyndill. "Did he tell you how many glasses of punch he drank that same night?"

"He was a very temperate man," said Mrs. Gale, "and neither imaginative nor a believer in ghosts. He told it to me in a very matter-of-fact way, when we chanced to speak of the family history."

"I would not sleep alone here for all the world," said Mrs. Hassett. "I suppose people are fated not to be comfortable anywhere."

"It was a sad romance for the two young people," said Mrs. Ormsby. "It did not last long."

"Perhaps it was just as well for them," said Mrs. Hassett. "If they had lived to have children to provide for, it would take the romance out of them. Children now-a-days are a dreadful charge. There's Sydney, nearly as tall as yourself; and my Winnie, and even Ettie, see what they will be in a couple of years; and dressing and bringing them out costs so much."

Mrs. Ormsby sighed. "God will provide for them," she said.

"Oh, that's very fine, and true, of course; but girls without good fortunes have a bad chance of getting well married. Men won't think of anyone that is not able to help them on in their career."

"'Tis too soon for us to assume the rôle of match-making mothers," said Mrs. Wyndill. "I am not uneasy about my little Ettie yet."

"Mrs. Hassett evidently relishes the first part of St. Paul's sentence," said her husband, laughing. "She is satisfied that in marrying her daughter she is doing well, and doesn't want to do better. It is very complimentary to my sex. But, Mrs. Gale, was there no trace of the orphan son of Charles Butler?"

"There was no one interested in him," she answered, "but the old friar who used to say he married his father and mother. He was very eccentric, I believe; as much a pilgrim as a friar. He lived in the old abbey of Innistubber; he had a cell opening on the graveyard, and they said he was very holy. The country people had great faith

in his prayers. Young Moylan, as he was called, used to be constantly with him, and was there alone with him when the old man died. The boy was about sixteen years of age then. It was said he had one interview with his grandfather, who happened to be here at the time, and that he would have taken him up if he became a Protestant. He was a bigoted old gentleman. But it seems they did not agree, for the boy went away and was heard of no more. The earl was greatly incensed about the prophecy."

"Whose was the prophecy?"

"Father Ambrose's. He was a poet as well as a prophet; he used to repeat it in all the farm-houses he lodged in, and had it written on a piece of paper, and wafered on the wall of his cell."

"And the boy took it, I suppose, if it were connected with his story."

"Yes, it related to him, but he did not take it; it remained there for some time, until Lord Rathmoylean heard of it. He went there one day alone, and some islanders, who had the curiosity to watch him, went into the cell after he left, and found the prophecy was gone."

"How did it run?"

"That the boy or his posterity would come in for their rightful inheritance. The words are these:—

"When right sees light, Maud Morley's blood
Shall run in the heirs of Rathmoylean Wood;
The seed shall live though the flowers decay,
And right sees light in a coming day."

"Maud Morley was the name of the girl; Father Ambrose wanted to have her buried with Charles Butler, but it would not be allowed. He then had her grave dug close to the Rathmoylean tomb, and cursed anyone who should disturb her remains. There are many stories connected with the family, but this one has the greatest hold on the people's mind, because of the prophecy."

"Did neither of Charles Butler's brothers do anything for the unfortunate boy?" asked Mr. Wyndill.

"I never heard they did. I believe he left the country altogether after the friar's death."

"Oh, what was to be done?" said Mrs. Hasset; "they couldn't acknowledge such a person, and one like him clings on so persistently if he get any encouragement. Better put your foot on such a thing at once."

"But the chances are the father was rightly married," said Mr. Wyndill. "Of course it would not be legal if only the friar performed the ceremony; but it was hard on the poor boy."

"Likely the brothers only thought of themselves," observed Mrs. Wyndill, "and divided Benjamin's portion between them."

"Well, I take practical views," answered Mrs. Hasset, "and I

think it would be rather a hardship to see the Rathmoylan money going to Maud Morley's son. The idea of his having a marriage of any kind with such a person! It couldn't be tolerated."

"I don't know on earth where you got your worldly nature, Carrie," said Mrs. Wyndill; "it makes one melancholy to listen to you; you don't look to the good or the evil of anything, but only to the appearance it will have in the eyes of the world."

"Oh, you have everything you want," answered Mrs. Hassett; "you need not struggle for a place in the world; if you were the wife of a professional man, you would know the difference. 'Tis no easy thing to make five hundred a year appear as if it were a thousand."

"I would not attempt it," said Mrs. Wyndill, as she sat beside Mrs. Ormsby, in one of the deep windows looking out on the river. "How handsome Sydney is growing," she said in a low tone, as the children entered, "she is the flower of the Castleishen flock."

"She is growing up," said the mother, slowly.

"And she is such a sweet-mannered girl; you must have taken great pains with her, Helen, to have her so well-educated without the aid of any other teacher."

"I wish she had more advantages," said Mrs. Ormsby, sighing; "I'm afraid I am but a poor teacher of accomplishments. I should like to have her well-instructed; an education is an independence."

"There is no fear of Sydney's future; she will be good and lovely," answered Mrs. Wyndill.

"According to Carrie no one wants poor people, Winnie. Her worldly wisdom and that old tragic story have somehow saddened me. That poor boy lost in the world's wilds, you may say; the father gone first, like Sydney's—then the mother: it set me thinking what would become of her if I died."

"But you are not going to die, Helen. If one were to grieve for unhappy possibilities, no one would be tranquil for a moment. God is directing our lives; we are blind and cannot see where the path leads in which we walk. Disappointments often prove to be blessings in disguise. I want to have a quiet talk with you when I can get an opportunity."

CHAPTER VII.

A QUIET TALK.

THE sinking sun was burnishing the tree-tops, and throwing lines of light across the broad bosom of the river, when the party turned their steps homewards. Even though the salt be forgotten, the ants creep about your legs, your best boots be scraped by brambles, the tea be smoked, and a shower of rain comes down, what well-served dinner, handed about by gloved lackeys, equals the enjoyment of a

picnic in the green wood, beside the rush of running waters? Is there any sentient being under twenty, so perverted in his instincts as to prefer the cushioned ease of the dining-room? Is there anyone over twenty, retaining his vitality and capacity for enjoying other pleasures beside gastronomic ones, who does not relish one vagabond day, remote from the awful decorum of civilisation, and eat his sandwich, and drink his cold punch with a stimulated appetite—face to face with nature? Who remembers dinner-parties?—who forgets picnics?

When the party arrived at the gate leading up to the Hut, Mrs. Wyndill said she wanted no further dinner, and would go in for an hour with Mrs. Ormsby; they would both walk up across the fields by-and-by for their tea—let Sydney go on with the young people. The pony-trap, which was brought to pick up any weary wayfarers, was on before filled with children, and a servant drove Geoff's bath-chair. "Very well, but don't be late, Winnie, or I'll come and fetch you," said Mr. Wyndill.

Mrs. Hassett had a certain undefined jealousy of her sister's affection for the widow. She herself never cared for her at any time; the fact of her misfortunes was quite sufficient to check her affections; though, indeed, it is to be questioned whether Mrs. Hassett had any capacity for affection at all. She would lead an inaccurate observer of human nature to believe that she was a devoted wife and mother; but, as a matter of fact, husband and children were only so much material with which to build her fashionable fortress. She never brooded with maternal tenderness over the personalities, the child-natures, the fresh, immortal souls of her little ones; she recognised no distinctive characteristics, no significant traits, no tiny impulses that indicated the future man or woman; they were all merely more or less troublesome, more or less good-looking; and her one thought about them was to see them in a position that would reflect honour on herself. As to their souls, and the possible effect of the world, the flesh, and the devil on them, she took it for granted they would conduct themselves properly, and have an excellent time of it hereafter. Who could fancy a pretty girl in the best society, dressed in soft tulle, and adorned with lilies, deserving of reprobation? Or a handsome, frank young fellow, with white gloves on his hands, and a bouquet in his button-hole? One naturally associates the lower regions with the back slums, where pickpockets and poverty most do congregate; and certainly eternity was a subject that never caused Mrs. Hassett any spiritual discomfort.

Mrs. Hassett, as I have said, differed from her sister, and took her own views of Mrs. Ormsby. She liked to consider her as something of a dependent—a position which was quite ideal. The widow paid her rent with punctuality, and the many little things which were sent to her from Castleishen might have been sent to any wealthy

George and his wife are with them, and Geoff, they won't miss much; we owe you undying gratitude for your attention to them."

"I would be heartless, indeed, if I did not give them the love and duty of a child," said Mrs. Ormsby. "Only for them and Father Moran, how could I have managed, or where should I be to-day?"

They continued talking so earnestly that the hours passed by unnoticed, and they were only waked to a consciousness of time by the merry laughter of children outside the door, and in a moment Mr. Wyndill entered.

"Is it not a nice thing for a man to have to look for his wife at this time of the night?" he said. "I have not brought you back your daughter, Mrs. Ormsby; she and some of the young ones are gone down to have a look at Poulanass."

"I never thought it was so late," said Mrs. Wyndill. "Helen and I were in such a profound conversation."

"Well, I hope you have settled what we were speaking about."

"Oh, yes; we have arranged everything beautifully. Have we not, Helen?"

The widow clasped her old friend's hand, and with tearful eyes attempted to thank him.

"No thanks, no thanks," he said. "Winnie and I flattered ourselves that you would like to pay us a visit, and see the happiness you had a hand in bringing about. It will be best for Sydney; she will be brought out properly. You and my little wife can relieve each other matronising."

"It is a great blessing for my girl," said the widow, in a broken voice. "I can now look forward to her future without dread."

"Have no fear about her future," he said. "Leave it to God, and to us; be assured that we will look after her as if she were our own child."

The children returned from the waterfall, and the friends separated for the night.

Mrs. Ormsby retired to rest, but not to sleep. She was too excited by the evening's conversation. The load that was beginning to weigh on her heart for the past year was suddenly lifted away. A bright future lay before her girl; there was no more fear of her. She had the promise of her true friends, who not alone had the will, but the way to serve her. She calculated about ways and means, how much it would cost to educate Sydney for the next two years. Two years would be quite sufficient for further mental development, and for the acquirement of some accomplishments. She would then be more than seventeen and fit to take her place in her little world. When the two years were past, all would be well; but she would have to be very saving to try and make ends meet. School

bills, like all bills, swell up into unexpected proportions; then an outfit for foreign lands would cost something considerable; everything together would require a good deal of money. But with a smile upon her lips, the mother fell asleep, and dreamed that they had arrived abroad; that her darling was happily married to another and younger Arthur; that after the wedding she went and knelt beside her husband's grave, under the tall palm-trees; that he came to her in shining robes, with eyes more blue and beautiful than ever, and they floated out upon the starry deeps, which the smile of God lighted with a strange celestial splendour.

In a few days the Wyndills and Hassitts left Castleishen with Eustace; Captain M'Mahon, his wife, and Geoffry were to remain for a month longer. The old man's health prevented him from taking any active part in the management of the property: so the son and heir had many things to regulate.

When the month was up, Geoff and his parents left Castleishen also; and a more than its wonted silence fell upon it. Sydney, the only young life remaining, pined a little after her glad, young companions, and wandered sadly about, paining her mother by the sorrowful expression of her face. How earnestly she thanked God that she would not be always left alone, but would have her lines cast in pleasant places by-and-by.

When the stimulating presence of his children and their little ones was taken away, the old man began visibly to decline. He did not suffer much, but dozed quietly in his arm-chair, and soon it became apparent to his watchful attendants that the shadow of death was upon him. He got an attack of his old enemy, acute-rheumatism but got over it again, and was able to sit up. Then he got a slight cold, and sunk rapidly.

Of all his children, Eustace alone was with him. Mrs. Hassett was laid up with bronchitis, and was unable to return. He lay one afternoon with his head resting against his son's shoulder.

An itinerant troop of players had come to Lisduff that morning. He had always patronised those poor, hard-worked wanderers, and said now when someone happened to mention them: "Are you going to hear them, my dear? Sydney would like it. It is a charity to help the poor people."

"Not this time, father," replied Eustace; "we would not think of going while you are so ill."

"That's true, my boy, I forgot; I shall feel better when summer comes."

"Father," said Eustace, after a pause, "summer is a long time away."

The old man shook his head, for the first time fully realising he was near his end. "Yes," he said, "summer is a long time away;

and I won't be sorry to be with my God." His mind wandered back to old times. "There was a circus in Lisduff the night you were born, Eustace," he said. "I remember the lights and music. I was passing through the town; I rode twenty miles that evening in two hours, but I had a good horse—the best one ever I crossed;—a brown mare. I wasn't a bad rider in my day, boy."

Eustace talked to him about horses, a subject always interesting to him; and he dozed again after a while. He suffered a good deal that night; his old friend, Father Moran, hardly ever left him. Towards morning he grew more composed, but the next day, about three o'clock, he passed quietly away.

He had lived the life of a just man and a merciful one. He had never put out a hearth-fire, or given a hard word to the poor, and he left behind him the name of having been one of God's noblest works,—an honest man.

After the funeral Eustace returned to his studies. It was expected that Captain MacMahon would have come to reside permanently at Castleishen; but his plans were broken up by the delicacy of Geoff, who was ordered to Italy.

The question of Mrs. MacMahon's going to reside with Mrs. Hassett was considered; but as she rather shrank from the idea, and as Eustace said decidedly: "the racket would kill you, mother," it was settled that she would remain as she was, for the remaining years of her life.

It was a natural arrangement that Mrs. Ormsby and Sydney should remain with Mrs. MacMahon in her lonely widowhood. She would be too desolate left alone; her husband's death had given her a great shock; they had been deeply attached all through their lives; their children had come and gone; still while they had each other they were happy and content; and now that they were separated, she felt as if all things in which she had a part had passed away with him. Nellie was left in the Hut to keep order as of yore, and continue her housewifely occupations.

The winter wore slowly on; Mrs. Hassett paid a flying visit; Eustace came for three weeks, and brought the smile more frequently to his mother's face. She got a severe cold about the end of winter, and before the spring softened into summer she was laid beside her husband in the Castleishen tomb.

(To be continued.)

A FLICKERING FLAME.

"DYING!" mother, "dying!" was that the word they said?
I thought I heard them whisper it last night around my bed,—
Whisper it softly, sadly, when they thought I did not hear;
And I saw your cheek grow white, mother, and you wiped away a tear.

And your tears are starting fresh, mother;—oh, yes, it must be so;
My short, glad days of childhood, then, are numbered here below.
'Tis sad, sweet mother, oh! how sad! to go so soon away
From you and all I love so well, this brightly shining May.

Last year we gathered flowers, mother, that in the wildwood grow,
We played about the merry fields in evening's sunset glow,
We listened to the murmuring brook and heard the young birds sing—
It all has seemed a sweet, sad dream to me, this weary spring.

For through the long and lonely months I've lain so helpless here,
The sighing winds from out the world for ever in my ear,
And silent, ghostly snowflakes falling thickly on the ground,
And wrapping, as in winding-sheet, my dear dead flowers around.

How eagerly I waited for the summer sun again
To melt away the dreary snow, and the frost from off the pane;
I thought the glowing summer time would set me free once more,
To wander through the meadows with my playmates, as of yore.

And now 'tis here again, mother, and its blithe and sunny smile
Has given to many drooping things the life they lost awhile;
But for me it bears no life, mother, it cannot melt for me
The winding sheet it melted from flower and from tree.

For I fear I'm growing weaker as the days grow long and bright;
My breath is coming quicker, and I may not live the night,
Oh! raise me to the casement—I long to see the sky,
And look upon the budding flowers once more before I die.

Oh! that breath of evening air, mother, that breath of evening air,
It plays around my burning brow, like breath of angel's prayer;
Its fragrance brings the memory back of scenes I loved so well,
To which, alas! I now must bid a long, a last farewell.

And yonder, mother, yonder—oh! see the gray church tower,
Casting its long dark shadows on the graveyard's willow bower;
Oh! calm, calm place of resting beneath the willow's shade;
'Tis there, my mother, is it not? 'tis there I'm to be laid.

I'll not be far away from you, and you can come to pray,
 By your little Allie's shady grave at close of every day;
 And I shall hear you come, mother, I'll know your gentle tread,
 And feel your loving presence as you pray above my head.

Nay, weep not, mother dearest, oh! weep not so for me,
 Remember what you taught me long ago beside your knee:—
 How we all, one day, shall meet again, in a brighter world above,
 To be evermore united in a full and endless love.

Draw me closer to you, mother; I have not long to stay,
 But I always will be with you, though you think I'm far away.
 Kiss me once again, my mother, ere you lay me down to rest,
 For my limbs are cold and weary and a weight is on my breast,

* * * * *

Ah! yes, indeed, dear tender child, your little limbs are chill—
 Flow on, fond tears of motherhood! your Allie's voice is still.

W. J. M.

JOTTINGS IN LANCASHIRE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

III.

ALL over Lancashire we find interesting traces of the old Catholic days, when pious and beautiful festivals were kept by the people, in honour of religion; and quaint customs remain from which the holy and tender meaning has long departed. For instance, at Bury, a day of great feasting and rejoicing is kept in mid-Lent, and goes by the name of Mothering Sunday. The people come from far and near to visit their friends at Bury, and are entertained with "Simnel Cakes" and ale. The shop windows are full of a particular kind of tempting cake, well sugared on the top, and made in every size, and these are the "Simnel Cakes" for which the day is famous. At New Church and Haslingden another dainty is provided for this especial day, called a fag pie (fig pie), in which figs and bacon are mingled in the most extraordinary manner. The mulled ale, which is the favourite drink for the occasion, is ale heated, sweetened, and spiced, but sometimes egg-flip is preferred in its place. At Eccles the chosen beverage is

braggot, which is ale mulled with eggs and spices, and there Mothering Sunday is known as Braggot Sunday. The custom of drinking braggot seems to be an old one, for Chaucer says:—

“ Her mouth was sweet as bracket, or the nieth or hord of apples
Laid in hey or beth.”

In ancient times it was the practice of the Catholic forefathers of these braggot-drinkers to come from a distance to visit the church where they had been taught when young, and there to pray and ask the blessing of the Mother of Christ. After the visit to church, small presents were exchanged among friends and members of families; children made offerings to their parents of a small sum of money which they had saved up for the purpose, a trinket, or some eatable dainty; and parents prepared a Simnel Cake to divide among their children. In Yorkshire, a dish called “Furmety,” made of unground wheat boiled in milk, sweetened and spiced, was a very usual treat for this occasion. The following lines, quoted from Brand, suggests the old meaning of Mothering Sunday:—

“ I'll to thee a Simnel bring
'Gainst thou goest a-Mothering;
So that when she blesseth thee
Half that blessing thou'lt give me !”

A pretty old custom, still preserved in the villages near Bury, is that of the Rush-bearing. In olden times, when there were neither boards nor flags to be had, the floors of the churches were strewn with rushes, and the bringing in of the new rushes came to be regarded as a periodical festival. Great ingenuity was shown in the weaving of the rush-cart, which was drawn about the streets and to the church door by the villagers in their holiday attire. The rush-cart requires time and skill for its construction. It is a high cart built all of rushes, rising in a peak, and formed like the roof of a house, the gable being to the front, and the whole superstructure sloping down over the wheels, the edges beautifully cut and closely shaven, and a triangular space in front decorated with rosettes and streamers of ribbon, tinsel ornaments, and sometimes even watches. The top is surmounted by a banner, held by a small boy who sits astride of all. The whole is drawn by thirty or forty men, who walk two-and-two carrying high above their heads poles, to which the rush-cart is attached, and half a dozen bells are jingling from every pole. The young men in the procession are gaily dressed, in straw hats with light-blue ribbons, white shirts tied with many-coloured streamers, brilliant handkerchiefs worn as sashes, and more gay ribbons below the knee. A band of musicians, also showily dressed, march in front preceded by a gay new banner with some quaint device, and by the fool of the village mounted on a donkey, and attired in absurd trappings, generally a scarlet hunting-coat, cocked hat, hunting-boots, and a sword in his

hand. The procession is flanked by ten or twelve countrymen, as bravely decked out as the rest, each carrying a new cart-whip, which he plies lustily about as he walks, cracking it to the time of the music. Of late, horses instead of men draw the rush-cart, and, as there is no longer need of them in church or chapel, the rushes are sold after the festival is over.

The footprints of the persecuted Catholic religion are to be seen all over Lancashire, and in past evil days the fidelity to the faith of the ladies of the county was especially conspicuous. We find them frequently described in Government reports as "obstinate recusants and harbourers of seminarists;" and, in truth, they were always ready to run risks in order to provide food and shelter for persecuted priests, being often the only persons in a household who knew of the fact that a clergyman was concealed within the walls. When he was obliged to fly from the shelter of their roof, they followed him with their help and protection to the lowly cottage or lonely wood in which he had concealed himself, and even to his prison they nobly made their way, supplying the necessaries of life which were denied him by his foes.

Even the walls of many of the old Lancashire mansions bear witness to the piety of their early inhabitants, as, for instance, in the case of Speke Hall (seven miles south of Liverpool, on the banks of the Mersey), where we find inscribed on the wainscoting of the great hall:—

"Sleepe not till ye hathe well considered
How thoue hast spent the day past;
If thoue hast well done thank God. If
Otherways repent ye."

And in the dining-room:—

"The strengtest } God to love and serve
Waye to heaven } Above all things."

Speke Hall is one of the most perfect specimens of an ancient timbered house now existing, is furnished to correspond with its style and age, and retains all the features of an old Elizabethan mansion. We know not exactly when it was first built, but it was restored in the days of Queen Elizabeth. It is surrounded by a moat; gigantic yews shed their gloom over an antique court; the old Hall is decorated with a wainscot mantelpiece, brought from Edinburgh Castle after the victory at Flodden Field, and here Sir William Norris brought, as spoil, part of the Scotch king's library from Holyrood House. The Norris family resided at Speke for many generations before the battle of Flodden Field, in 1513, and adhered long to the Faith, hiding-places for priests being still found in the house, and a subterranean passage with access to the shore. Ultimately the family became Protestant to secure the estates, and, in 1692, we find them denouncing the "Papists." In the eighteenth century the male line failed, and

Speke went to Mary, heiress of the house and estates, who became Lady Sydney Beauclerk. Of this Lady Dr. Johnson remarks, that she had "no notion of a joke, and had a mighty unpliant understanding." Her son, Topham Beauclerk, was the friend of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Reynolds; and his son sold the estates, in 1797, for seven thousand pounds. The purchaser was Mr. Richard Wyatt, a successful West India merchant, whose story is as interesting, in its own way, as that of his aristocratic predecessors. As a poor lad he had worked under one James Dimocke, who hired out the only vehicle which at that time was to be had in Liverpool. Through the kindness of Dimocke, Wyatt got some schooling and made his way to Jamaica, where he amassed an enormous fortune. Returning to his native land, he sought out and settled money upon Dimocke's surviving daughters; and Miss Wyatt, a descendant of the worthy Jamaica merchant is, at present, in possession of the Speke estates.

Another most interesting ancient house, now fast decaying, is old Lydiate Hall, about ten miles from Liverpool, and the property of Mr. Weld-Blundell, of Ince. From the Domesday record it appears that "Uctred held Leiate. There are 6 bovates of land, and a wood, 1 league long and 2 furlongs broad. It was worth 64 pence." Lea means a pasture, ate a gate, and hence the name which was later changed to Lydiate. The Norman conquest displaced many ancient Saxon proprietors, and the Conqueror granted Lydiate to Roger de Poitou. The founders of the Hall were Laurence Ireland, and his wife, Katherine Blundell, of the Blundells of Crosby. The date of the oldest part of the Hall is unknown; but, in 1451, Laurence, its owner, built the later-erected portions of the house. After many changes it came into the hands of the always Catholic Blundells of Ince, by the death of Sir Francis Anderton, in 1760. In latter days it has been used partly as a farm-house, and partly as a residence for the priest of the district. It is thus described, by one who knows it well, in a recently published and most interesting work :—*

"Lying a field's breadth from the road, and sheltered from the west by fine avenues of lime-trees, it is an object of interest to the wayfarer . . . Constructed of oaken timber, framed in perpendicular, horizontal, and angular lines, and arranged in quatrefoil and other patterns. The interstices are filled in with daub (composed of clay and straw or rushes), and covered with plaster, producing, with the gables and their hip-knobs, a picturesque combination of forms. . . . Above the porch are three roses, red and white, with foliage, and a parti-coloured rose in the centre, pointing to the date of the building of the porch, comparatively new, soon after the disastrous wars of the rival houses of

* "Lydiate Hall and its Associations." By the Rev. Thomas Ellison Gibson, Priest of Our Lady's Church at Lydiate.

Lancaster and York. The only windows in front, coeval with the building, are the lower range of diamond lights, secured with lead, which lighted that side of the ancient hall. . . . The original plan of the building was a quadrangle, with a court enclosure. This is evident from the traces that remain of the junction of the wings. . . . The oldest portion was the front, containing the principal apartments, built of stone, and surrounded by a moat."

This finest part of the Hall was swept away to furnish materials for a stable for the farmer, John Rimmer, who became tenant of the noble but fallen old dwelling in 1779. The then owner, Mr. Henry Blundell (who was a munificent patron of the fine arts) gave a reluctant permission to demolish so much that was picturesque and interesting, and now there is no trace of the principal front of the Hall. Speaking of the interior, our author tells us of double oaken doors, on which a modern burglar might employ his centre-bit in vain; of ceilings supported by heavy rafters, and walls wainscoted in oak; of doorways surmounted by magnificent antlers; of a ruined chapel, and of ancient staircases, one of which is guarded by a curious figure of St. Katherine, virgin and martyr, with sword in her right hand, and wheel broken away; and by a quaint representation of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, of great antiquity. The great Hall, which still preserves traces of magnificence of design and rich ornamentation, in the carvings of walls wainscoted with two heights of panels, and in windows which are a continuous line of narrow diamond panes, has been divided by a modern partition into kitchen, lobby, and buttery, for the accommodation of the farmer's family, who for more than a hundred years have followed their simple avocations under carven canopies, and surrounded by foliage mouldings, armorial devices, ingeniously wrought initials of long-dead men, &c. Of late the old mansion seems to have become too dilapidated even for its modern tenants; and, as the fate of the ancient Hall is doubtful, no repairs are being made.

Perhaps the most interesting part of all is that most fallen to decay, the chapel where, in heavy days for the faithful, they gathered together to assist at the holy Mass. When alterations were being made here, in 1841, it was found necessary to remove the chimney of spacious dimensions rising from the Hall below; and a curiously contrived hiding-place was discovered in it, concealed by a sliding panel. In the south wing of the house another hiding-place was discovered, in 1863, accessible by means of the rafters. A small chamber, ten feet by four, was laid bare by alterations going on in the roof, and some young people found in it a fowl-bone, which they carried away as a relic of the solitary meal of some long-forgotten, persecuted Lydiate priest. In like manner, an old farm-house, half a mile from the Hall, on being pulled down, was seen to contain a small room under the thatch, evidently made for and used as a hiding-place. In it were found an old chair and a religious book.

A pewter chalice and paten are still preserved at the Hall, belonging to the time of the persecutions, when they were used, as being less likely to excite the cupidity of the pursuivants. In 1584, an informant writes: "They have such privie places to hide their massing tromprie, that hardlie it can be found; they have to themselves often Mass, and now, because Sir George Carey and his s'vants have so often taken from them their silver chalices, they have provided chalices of tynn."

The neighbourhood around Lydiate is not only rich in Catholic traditions, but is actually peopled at present with Catholic inhabitants, owing to the goodness of the ancient Blundell families, who never fell away from the Faith, and always gathered their poor around them, treating them with fostering protection and generous care. Walking from Waterloo, a modern fashionable seaside outlet of Liverpool, one arrives first at Great Crosby, an ordinary thriving little town, with some ancient houses; further on one comes to Little Crosby, a quaint, and entirely Catholic village, with a venerable cross of dark red-stone, standing from time immemorial among the diamond-paned cottages, and, finally, about a mile deeper into the inland country, one passes through the more rural, and scattered, and equally Catholic village of Ince, close to the gates of Ince-Blundell Hall, backed by dark thick woods, and flanked by wide flat fields, dotted here and there by farms and homesteads, and with a picturesque windmill or two upon the higher grounds. The landscape is hardly beautiful, but there is a width of plain and firmament, an air of peace, a certain simple and tender poetry in the very tameness of the scene. Here, at Ince and Crosby, have been seated, from the earliest times, two Catholic families of the name of Blundell, no way related to each other, occupying the same social position, and bound together by old friendship and social intercourse. It has been suggested that Blundell, the French minstrel who sought through England for Richard Cœur de Lion, and found him by means of his sweet music, may have been the original founder of both families. However that may be, the name sprang up about the eleventh or twelfth century in England, and has always been identified with the ancient faith. The estates of the Blundells of Ince have passed from father to son for a period of six hundred years; until quite lately, when the male line having failed, the property was willed to Mr. Weld-Blundell by the late Mr. Charles Blundell of Ince. A member of the other family of the same name seated at Crosby, has left some very interesting records of troubled times. Our authority says:—

"The diary of Nicholas Blundell, Esquire, of Crosby (1701-28) furnishes an interesting picture of the ordinary life of a Catholic squire during the first quarter of the last century. His occupations and recreations from day to day are detailed with scrupulous exactitude and show him to have been an active, kind, and religious man. His

tenantry benefited by his presence amongst them. Their interests, spiritual and temporal, were well cared for, and he afforded them opportunities of innocent amusement, in a manner and to an extent totally unknown in these times. When sick he visited them at their cottages, provided them with the consolations of religion, and often sent his carriage to convey the dead to the place of interment."

Mr. Nicholas Blundell was evidently a social man, and much liked by his Protestant neighbours, who, far from informing upon him, seem to have done their best to shelter him from annoyance. That they could not always succeed in this is plain from some of his entries, as where he says:—

"Nov. 13. This house was twice searched by some foot as come from Liverpool. I think the party were about 26.

"Nov. 16. I set in a straight place for a fat man."

And again:—

"My house searched for myself, horses and arms, by Edd. Willoby, Esq., Lieut. Tomp. Ounce. the high constable,—they seized 2 of my coach horses, (Jock and Robin;) they are to be sent to them tomorrow."

Other entries of 1708 show the terms on which he lived with his neighbours of a different religion.

"May 16. Mr. Plumb sent an express to give me notice concerning an information made against Mr. Blundell, of Ince, by Parson Ellison. I went to Ince to acquaint Mr. Blundell therewith, and writ from thence to Mr. Plumb. July 19th, I went to Ormskirk sessions, where Mr. Molyneux of Bold, Mr. Trafford, Mr. Harrington, I, &c., compounded to prevent conviction. We appeared in court before Sir Thomas Stanley, Dr. Norris, and Mr. Cate, all J.P.s. We Catholics that got our convictions dined together at Richd. Woodses. After dinner we went to the new Club-house, and thence back to Richd. Wood's and drunk punch with Sir Thos. Stanley."

The above is rather amusing. The Protestant justices were evidently friendly to the Catholic culprits, and probably ashamed of the degradation to which they were obliged to subject their friends. Sir Thomas Stanley was owner of Cross Hall, near Ormskirk, and father of the first Earl of Derby of that stock.

One note in Mr. Nicholas Blundell's diary refers to a pretty old English midsummer custom. "I went," he says (July 24, 1707), "to the flowering of Ince Cross with Mr. Blundell" (his neighbour and namesake). In July, probably, the wealth of their gardens was brought with ceremony by rich and poor to decorate the Symbol of the Faith, sure to be found occupying a prominent place in the village. The old Cross of Ince is still standing, but we doubt if the beautiful midsummer festival is still held in its honour. It is evident that the Protestant neighbours winked at this pretty custom, and did not in-

form on heir genial friend for mixing in the holiday gathering of villagers, and sending some of the choicest blooms of his garden to decorate the Cross. In many ways he was much better off than his ancestor, who, in 1629, was fined £2000 for making a burial-ground for his tenants within his own park, they having been refused interment at the neighbouring church of Sefton. In the diary of Mr. Nicholas Blundell are found many notes of interesting local events, as for instance, when he states, on the 31st of August, 1715, that he has just been to see the opening of the new dock, and beheld the first vessel sail into it. This good man died in 1736, and was the last male of his line. His daughter married Henry Pippard, Esq., of Drogheda, and from her are descended the present Blundells of Crosby.

To return to old Lydiate Hall. It is a thousand pities that such a noble old dwelling, so closely associated with ancient Catholic times, should be allowed to moulder to decay. We cannot do better than conclude this rude sketch of a few of the interesting features of Lancashire with another bit of description of the interior of the house and its surroundings, taken from the author whose valuable book we have so freely made use of :

"The slating of the centre portion of the house was renewed in 1865, and added much to the comfort of the resident priest. Before that rain had pretty free ingress. When the oaken rafters were laid bare on this occasion it was remarked that they were sound enough to last another century.

"At the period of its construction it is probable that there was much wood in Lydiate itself, but the neighbouring township of Altcar must have furnished a still more abundant supply. There is evidence of the existence formerly of extensive forests in the number of oak-roots still visible in the dykes. These roots crop up occasionally to the surface of the land, and when the plough comes in contact with them the spot is carefully marked out that they may be removed at leisure. To such an extent have these roots been extracted from the soil, that on visiting a farm-house in this locality a large oaken balk may generally be seen upon the fire. The writer has been informed by Thomas Haskayne, of Gore Houses, Altcar, a farm under Lord Sefton, which has been held by the family for many generations, that from his earliest remembrance scarcely a day has passed in which two large balks have not been consumed in this manner. The custom has always been to place one upon the kitchen fire after the first meal and another after dinner, and these roots are often so large and heavy that they require at least two men to lift them. This will account for the ready supply of the large quantity of oak which must have been used in the erection of the Hall. As the roads were in a deplorable state at the period at which it was built, both the stone and the wood must have been attainable within an easy distance for the requirements of such a building. . . .

"On the landing to the left is a large room with panelled ceiling, divided with massive beams (slightly carved and richly moulded) into twelve compartments. The wainscot (oak) is finished with an angular fillet in herring-bone, with a cavetto above enriched with grapes and vine-leaves, surmounted by a corona. Between the heads of this the surface is pierced, and contains winged figures bearing shields; two others are seated, one playing on a bass-violin, the other on a bag-pipe. Two ancient doorways have been inserted in the body of the wainscoting, decorated with carved panels, representing five of the wives of Henry VIII.; Edward IV.; and an elderly man with bushy beard, perhaps intended for Sir Thomas More. Below these figures are various devices, such as—

"An unicorn's head, erased, a dragon rampant, a dancing bear, grapes and vine-leaves, a wyvern, grapes, &c.; a branch with a rose and a dolphin, a branch of oak with acorns, a bear and a bull, and a branch of oak.

"Another doorway, which stands apart represents, in the topmost compartment Henry VIII., and his first wife, Katharine of Arragon.

"There seems to be little doubt but that these carved doorways were brought from the chief rooms in the principal front when that portion of the building was demolished. All the carving in this room has, unfortunately, been painted over, and consequently its freshness and original delicacy altogether lost. A little room, formerly used as a vestry, leads to the old chapel, which has been disused since the building of the church in 1854, excepting during winter, when Mass is occasionally said on week-days within a portion curtained off for that purpose. . . . The walls are panelled in oak, and on one of the large beams at the lower end are some remains of painted decorations over the altar which formerly stood there."

Here many generations of the proscribed faithful assisted at the Holy Sacrifice, at the risk of heavy penalties, as did our own forefathers in the bogs and caves of Ireland. The Catholics of England have reason to be grateful to those brave men and women of past days whose constancy connects them and their children with the Outhberts, the Wolstans, and the Anselms, of the ancient English Church.

OUTSIDE.

BY HELEN D. TAINTER.

JUST outside of my window
There is one bough of green,
Covered with glorious blossoms—
It is all that can be seen.

You know I am in prison,
And through weary days I've lain
And smiled to see the dancing leaves
Outside of my window pane.

But out in the world, I sometimes say,
There are forests and forests of trees
That toss their branches high in the air,
As they murmur in the breeze.

Just over my branch sail cloudlets,
Sometimes all pearly white,
Then tinged with the colours of sunset,
And of glorious rosy light.

But out in the world, I sometimes say,
You can see the whole of the skies—
The glory of morning and hush of noon,
And the silence when the day dies.

Just outside of my window
A brown bird comes and sings—
Melodies pour from his tiny throat,
As he sits on my bough and swings.

I u out in the world, I sometimes say,
There are countless, countless birds:
They build their nests in the leafy nooks
Where their joyous songs are heard.

Just outside of my window
A pale violet tries to grow ;
But the prison wall keeps the sun away,
And it droops as the harsh winds blow

Thoughts on Prayer.

But out in the world, I sometimes say,
 Oh ! think of the flowers that live—
 The roses and lilies and clover-tops,
 And the perfumed breath they give.

But we grumble not, my heart and I,
 Shut out from the beautiful earth :
 We catch a hint of the lovely Spring,
 And we picture her glorious birth.

My few green leaves are so much to me
 Outside of my window to-day,
 And my brown bird sits there and sings
 Till he charms my pain away.

My own little piece of blue sky
 Shows the whole of what *it may be*.
 I have two stars and two tiny clouds—
 And what more can you see ?

And nothing is lost, I sometimes say—
 Every scrap of glory and light
 Is being kept safe for me, I know,
 Hid in God's bosom bright.

And somewhere all will be given back
 When my eyelids by death are kissed.
 I know, when I wake in another world,
 I shall find the Spring I have missed.

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

ERASMUS said that to agree well with God is the fountain of true tranquillity. A craving to possess that tranquillity comes sooner or later to those restless characters who have not been born, as some more fortunate are, with calm, quiet, prayerful temperaments. By degrees, the way to acquire such enviable peace dawns on them,

step by step, leading upwards to converse with God through prayer. Prayer is a necessity to mankind, who have so much of God's likeness, that perfect happiness is unknown while they are chained to earth. Consequently, the communication between Creator and creature—prayer—is essential and most soothing.

That this is an instinctive need of human beings, not merely a result of education, showing there is aspiration in man's nature for something higher than earth, is proved by the fact of savage nations paying homage and offering sacrifice to a supreme Being—their "Great Spirit," by whom they trust to be admitted, after death, to the "happy hunting-grounds."

Some of the South Pacific islanders have such trust in God, believing He is too good to harm them, that they never pray to Him; but they pray propitiatingly to the devil, that he may not injure them.

The doctrine held now by some miserable unbelievers, that no one is superior to man, receives awful denial in the presence of God's sentence, death, coming unexpectedly at all ages;—in infancy, in childhood, in youth, in manhood, in middle life, and in old age.

Different minds give utterance to divers prayers: it is interesting to study the forms of prayer seized and, as it were, taken possession of by some minds.

There is selfish and unselfish prayer.

In great grief most minds are selfish. A humiliating thought, and yet a general fault of human frailty: which fact does not lessen the humiliation felt, but adds to it, that there should be any thought of self at such times.

In Carlyle's sorrow at his father's death, he prayed: "God give me to live to my father's honour and to his. In the world of realities may the Great Father again bring us together in perfect holiness and perfect love! Amen."

Though beautiful—would that he had prayed so to the end!—the prayer has somewhat of self; a contrast with St. Augustine's prayer in his grief on the death of his devoted mother, St. Monica, when he prayed for her sins: "Forgive them, O Lord, forgive them, I beseech Thee." Completely absorbed St. Augustine was in the thought for her; none for himself.

So should prayer be; and such simple, unstudied prayer brings repayment, though unexpected; as no prayer is lost.

The communion of saints assures this. God's generosity allows no breath wafted towards Him, no passing thought of Him, no appeal to Him, no idea floating towards Him, to be lost. Its aim at Him ensures its coming back, not as the Australian boomerang returns to the thrower, just as it went, but laden with graces and blessings from God to the worshipper.

St. Francis Xavier's prayer to love God, not in fear, nor in expect-

tation of reward, but to love Him for his own sake, is spiritual, perfect, unselfish; only loving, only thinking of pouring forth love to God. True love, rarely met here, is to be quite happy in the security of the welfare and happiness of the dear ones, even when separated by distance.

It is the uncertainty of weal, and the dread of woe, that makes separation in this world hard to bear; and it is the sudden, perpetual silence after death, though thought of with profound faith, that causes the bitterness of that other separation: reminding mortals of Adam's disobedience, and the consequent punishment of death.

A punishment to those left as well as to those taken. The punishment to those who die in faith, in hope, in love, in contrition, in beautiful, boundless trust, is over as they sigh away their souls from earth to heaven. The punishment to those left endures in the silence; no word of comfort from those dear to them being given, nor any token, to soften their agony.

The wife of Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia, was grievously ill. "He fasted and prayed earnestly for her recovery. One day he was on a sudden visited with an extraordinary interior light in his soul, and heard, as it were, a voice saying distinctly within him: 'If thou wouldst have the life of the duchess prolonged, it shall be granted; but it is not expedient for thee.' This he heard so clearly and evidently that, as he assured others, he could not doubt, either then or afterwards, but it was a divine admonition. He remained exceedingly confounded, and penetrated with a most sweet and tender love of God; and, bursting into a flood of tears, he addressed himself to God as follows: O my Lord and my God, leave not this, which is only in thy power, to my will. Who art Thou but my Creator and Sovereign Good? And who am I but a miserable creature? I am bound in all things to conform my will to Thine. Thou alone knowest what is best, and what is for my good."

It occurs to one's mind as strange the duke did not pray that what was best for the duchess should be done; but, though he loved her much, he thought as all saints think; he and his Creator are alone where the soul is concerned.

The Duchess of Gandia died: the Duke was left a widower at thirty five years of age, and became St. Francis, bringing many souls to God before his time to die came, twenty-seven years later.

God gave, in the Sermon on the Mount, the prayer comprising all He asks from mortals, and all they want. Our Saviour said:—"For your Father knoweth what is needful for you before you ask Him. Thus, therefore, shall you pray: *Our Father.*" Each individual soul saying the Lord's Prayer daily, and dwelling beseechingly on the special cure required for its shortcomings appeals, with longing ardour to obtain its request, so hoping to secure its arrival in God's presence,

by running the gauntlet of this life safely, and with a sigh, relieved, to pass through the gates of his kingdom to rest—for ever.

A beautiful simple prayer of the Psalmist is:—"May God, our God, bless us; may God bless us!"

M. M.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

BY RUTH O'CONNOR.

SHE stood beneath the Springtime's joyous light,
A fair young picture framed in roses white,
Whilst at her feet the tender violets grew;
And, though all nature spoke of joy and peace
And hailed Queen Summer and her flowers' increase,
This young heart neither peace nor gladness knew.

With eyes averted from the azure sky,
She heeded not the zephyrs rippling by,
Nor marked the note of nightingale's glad song.
There was no sunshine in her sorrowed heart;
With life's best hope she felt that she must part—
The hour had come that she had prayed for long.

* * * *

She stood beneath the Autumn's chastened light,
While brown leaves fell and drifted out of sight,
And sad winds whispered through the leafless trees;
And, dreading not the melancholy days,
She blessed God for his wondrous hidden ways,
With glad face lifted to the chilling breeze.

DEAD BROKE:

A TALE OF THE WESTERN STATES.

BY DILLON O'BRIEN.

AUTHOR OF "FRANK BLAKE," "WIDOW MELVILLE'S BOARDING-HOUSE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER DEPARTURE.

ONE of the greatest blessings of youth is hope—a buoyant, brave hope, that can turn to the future with laughing eyes, and see not a shadow. Charles Lamb I think it is, who says, that a man never realises "that he himself is mortal, until he is past thirty years of age." Neither do we realise in youth that our hopes are mortal. Those that come to us in after life may have a more rational basis to rest on, but they are but lean ghosts compared to the lusty hopes of youth.

Robert McGregor returned from St. Louis in high good humour with his trip there, having not a doubt but that he would hear or see James Allen within a year.

"Why," he said, "fellows had made fortunes in California in two weeks, and he'd back Jim against the smartest of them." And so, buoyed up with hope and youth's golden dreams, he returned to his home. Mayhap, some thought of pretty Lucy Evans—that the words of James Allen had given the cue to—mixed up in his day dreams, making those dreams still the sweeter.

On Robert's arrival home, his father proposed that they should spend the summer and fall in travelling. "I wish you to see some of the world, Robert," he said "and to have the pleasure of showing it to you myself; not but that a younger companion would be more suitable." So to travel they went, avoiding New York, for special reasons connected with Mr. William McGregor, the doctor's quipish* brother; although, as Doctor McGregor remarked, "it was playing Hamlet, with the character of Hamlet left out." And all this time, at home or abroad, with the days, weeks, and months passing pleasantly and tranquilly, there was no word spoken about Roberts choosing a profession or a business.

In was near Christmas when they returned to their home, and both received invitations to attend the examination in the public school, previous to the holidays. Robert attended, perhaps from a general interest in education, perhaps from a special interest in a certain little school teacher, with wavy hair—all her own, dear ladies—and blue

* Has Dickens' Mr. Quilp given a new adjective to the English language?—*Ed. J. M.*

eyes; at all events, towards the close of the day, he found himself chatting with Lucy Evans.

She had been a little embarrassed when she met him first that day, not knowing exactly how to address him; "Mr. McGregor" would be too formal, she thought, and how could she call that tall young man whom she had not seen, "oh, not for an age," Robert; so she said neither, but giving him her hand in her own frank way—which brought back the school-house hill fresh to Robert's mind—said, "How do you do? I am very glad to see you;" and now, as she stood there speaking to him, she found herself calling him Robert quite naturally.

"Did you not admire the way the classes answered, to-day, Robert?" she asked.

"No; I was admiring one of the teachers too much, to pay any attention to the classes."

"One of the teachers. Ah! that must be dear old Miss Dott; she will be quite pleased if you tell her so; but as she is a little deaf, you will have to speak somewhat loud."

"Oh, yes, to be sure," said Robert, "old Miss Dott: it is, of course, Miss Dott; and I will remind her of the pleasant sleigh rides she and I used to have down hill."

"Of course you will," she answered, with an arch look; "but talking of sleigh rides, Robert, reminds me of poor Jim Allen;—so he is gone to California;—how did you two ever manage to part?"

"Oh, Jim had his heart set on going; but he will return soon, with lots of money, if anyone will. He went to wish you good-by, did he not?"

"Yes, and spoke of you all the time."

"What did he say?"

Just at that moment Lucy recollected something that James did say, in reference to herself and Robert; her face became suffused with blushes that added to her beauty, and saying that she was wanted in another part of the room, she skipped away, leaving Robert nearly as much in love as when his heart used to thump as they rode down hill together, the previous long pull up hill, it must be confessed, having more to say to this heart action than love.

About this time Doctor McGregor set about improving his wild land near the town of P——, and employed a number of men to chop down the timber. In the spring he would clear up the brush and open a farm.

The question of Robert's future was settled in this way. He should be a gentleman farmer; and most acceptable was this solution to both father and son.

Robert, in truth, had no desire to acquire a profession, nor taste for commercial pursuits. Like his father, he was wanting in ambition; good and honourable, he was willing to live his life in the

smooth water in which it had commenced, never dreaming of the storms and tempests which might overtake him. Had he been born a poor man's son, doubtless, he would have been a worker, and with his intellect and noble disposition, a successful one. Had his father required his assistance, how cheerfully he would have laboured; but there was no incentive to awaken his dormant energies, and so he settled down to enjoy life tranquilly, active only in one duty, which affection made light, to make his father's declining years cheerful and happy.

"I had some thought, at one time, of you becoming a lawyer, Robert," said his father to him. "In its higher walks it is a noble profession. To protect the weak against the strong, to be the champion of innocence, the denouncer of wrong, to fearlessly drag the mask from guilt or hypocrisy—surely here is a *rôle* that may well make us envy the position of the gifted advocate; but the everyday pettifogging practice, the cunning tricks, the remorseless driving some poor fellow to the wall, the acquiescence in the prevarication and downright dishonesty of clients the quirks and quibbles, the rejoicing when others weep, the arming one's elf against pitiful appeals, until the heart becomes so hard as to need no extra protection against the voice of sorrow, the narrow groove in which the lawyer is compelled to travel, his duty to his clients, this everyday practice has a tendency to narrow the heart, blunt the conscience, and in a great measure destroy those generous promptings that are the voices of angels speaking to the soul."

The spring arrived, and no word or letter from James Allen. Then Robert heard that the leader of James' party had returned to St. Louis, and was organising another expedition.

So to St. Louis Robert went, hunted up the man, and heard from him about James up to a certain point. He had arrived safe, was the most useful and obliging man they had on the expedition, and had set right off for the mines. "Hope he'll have luck," concluded the man, "and I'm sure he will; he's just the fellow to cut out his own luck." With this scrap of news Robert was fain to content himself, and to return home.

"The fellow will keep to his resolution of not writing, I fear," thought Robert; "well, perhaps that will make him return all the sooner."

This summer was a busy one for Robert; opening a farm was new work for him, and his father left it all in his hands; he frequently returned to the cottage in the evening, with face, hands, and clothes begrimed with the smoke of the burning brush he had been waging war on all day. On such occasions the doctor would very likely meet him with a smile, and tell him to hurry up and make himself admissible to the dinner-table. After the evening meal, the doctor would

take a walk among his beloved flowers for an hour or so; then returning to the house, the rest of the evening would be spent in discussing plans for the new farm, which was to be a model one—although it had not, as yet, assumed even the outlines of a farm—in talking over local news, or reading. A happy summer was this to Robert; he enjoyed all the pleasures of active employment, without any of its drudgery; and when he returned to his home each evening, peace and love met him at the threshold. Yet even then the angel of death was hovering near that home, although not the tiniest shadow—oh, the blessedness of that veil drawn before the future—told of the approach of its dark wings.

Early in October, Doctor McGregor came in from his garden one morning complaining of headache and chill, and within four days the physician, who had been called in, pronounced it to be a case of typhoid fever. The worst feature was, that from the first the patient himself gave up all hope of recovery. "He knew," he told the physician, "that this was to be his last illness;" and then, ever mindful of others, he strove to prepare Robert's mind for the great change.

"Should I be taken from you, Robert, at this time," he said, "I know, my son, how great your sorrow will be; but let it not be that dismal grief that shuts out all light from the soul. My boy, we have been all in all to one another. How happy we have been, Robert, and should this illness prove fatal, think of this, and let not your grief amount to rebellion against that which is the will of God, and was to be expected in the course of nature, within a short time."

"Oh, father, you will recover," said Robert, endeavouring to master his own swelling grief, "Doctor Mitch says that the greatest danger is in your allowing those gloomy thoughts to take possession of your mind."

"Gloomy, my boy? I have thought of death every day for the last thirty years. Dr. Mitch speaks as a physician and materialist, but not as a Christian. He believes that death is the finis of the book; I believe it is but the opening; we only read the preface here. Speaking to you thus, Robert, calms me rather than depresses me, though I could weep at the pain I give my boy; but you know, that doctors have often the best of motives for inflicting pain." Robert could not answer; he pressed his father's hand in silence. "Listen to me, my son," continued the doctor. "I know how uncertain and changeable those fevers are, and how apt they are to affect the mind. You know all about our affairs, and you shall find—in case of the worst—all my papers regular."

"Oh, father, father, do not speak of such things."

"Well, no," replied the sick man, "there is no occasion. The Rev. Mr. Roche is in the house, you say?"

"Yes, father."

"Send him to me, and let us not be disturbed. Kiss me, my boy. Now go for a little while."

As the sick man seemed to have anticipated, his mind became affected on the eighth day of the fever, and continued so, with short intervals, up to his death. He was no longer in Michigan; the present and its near past were obliterated, and he was once more among the bluebells and heather of his native highlands, and his lost wife—his Annie—and "little Rob" were by his side. Now in a boat, on a lake, he saw the tempest coming up; but as he endeavoured to take in sail, Annie clung around him and pinioned his arms, so that he could not move. "Look, Annie, there is the squall chasing along the water;—oh, let me out!—O God! You and 'little Rob' will be drowned. There, the squall has struck the boat; down, down, down!" Again he, Annie, and "little Rob" were on the table-land, overlooking the sea, and suddenly the wind rose and snatched the child from his side, bearing him along to the giddy cliff; and when he, the father, thought to follow, invisible hands pushed him back. "Oh! mercy, my child, my child!"

And now he, Annie, and "little Rob"—poor sick brain, always Annie and "little Rob" now—are walking through a dark, narrow passage in the old city of Edinburgh, and William McGregor is endeavouring to steal up behind them, dirk in hand, to stab the child.

"Run, Annie;—run Rob." And bending over the pillow, with the hot tears almost blinding his vision, Robert McGregor would apply cooling lotions to his father's head, until those troubled visions would pass away, and reason return to the patient's eyes. Then Robert would be rewarded by a pressure of the hand, and the old smile of affection he was so familiar with.

But towards the close of Doctor McGregor's illness, although his mind still wandered, his delusions were no longer of the horrible, and they that watched knew by the low murmuring of endearing words, and fitful smiles hovering on the trembling lips, that the phantoms which visited the dying man were loving and gentle, like the life that was passing away.

It was evening. The sun dipping behind the forest, painted in innumerable colours the variegated autumn foliage; through the open window came the pure air, scarcely stirring the white curtains of the window. Outside, hopping along the gravel walks of the garden, the robins gave forth their short musical notes; inside, the old-fashioned clock on the stair landing ticked-ticked the progress of time.

Doctor McGregor reclined in his son's arms. All that afternoon he had been sinking fast; now, gradually, his eyes opened wide, a look of ineffable love came to them.

"Kiss me, my boy," he whispered; and even as his son pressed his lips, the spirit of a just man, of a man who loved his fellow-man, went up to God.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FLITTERS FAMILY.

THERE is no period when inanimate nature has more direct influence upon us than when the young spirit is gradually emerging from the darkness of a first great sorrow into the light of returning happiness. It is the providence of God that the sorrow of the young shall not be lasting. Eight months before, Robert McGregor had left his home, to wander, he cared not whither, his heart surcharged with sorrow, and deeming that a shadow had fallen upon his life that would never pass away; and now, on a beautiful morning in the beautiful month of June, he found himself standing at the study window of his old home in P——, and despite the sadness he would call back, by looking at the mementos of his father scattered around—drinking in with every emotion of the mind, with every pulse of the heart, with every thrill of his nerves, a tranquil happiness that came to him through the subtle agencies of light and air, flowers and perfume, tree and shrub, bird and song.

The garden, well cared for in his absence, was in a glow of beauty, and as he looked, the side gate opened and a young girl entered. She wore a spotless white muslin dress, a blue ribbon encircled her waist, and a rustic gipsy hat, from beneath which a cluster of brown curls fell over her neck, and shaded her face. She moved deftly among the flowers, plucking one here and there, and commenced forming them into a bouquet, that she raised from time to time to her face, to inhale its sweet odour. Not knowing that she was observed, there was a graceful *abandon* in her movements, that well became her young innocent face, and in such perfect harmony with the scene was her presence there, that a new beauty seemed added to flower, shrub and sunlight.

For a minute or two Robert McGregor remained looking at her, then going out of the front door, he walked round to the side, where she was still busy making up her bouquet. Hearing a step on the gravel walk behind her, she carelessly looked over her shoulder; but the moment she recognised who it was that approached, she turned round with such a frightened start, while all colour fled from her face, that Robert saw he had by his sudden appearance seriously alarmed her. He hurried forward to take her hand, for she seemed, indeed, as if she wanted support.

"Why, Lucy," he said, pressing the little hand, "do you think it is my ghost you see?"

"Oh, no," she answered; "and I am very glad to see you; but I did not know you had returned. When did you arrive?"

"Last night. I was looking out of the window when you came into the garden, and I was so glad to see you, and so anxious to shake

hands with you, that I suppose I rushed out of the house as if I was going to apprehend a burglar, and so frightened you ; but the little Lucy Evans, that was my playmate long ago, used not to be so easily scared."

By this time the blood had returned to Lucy's face, with a reinforcement of rosy blushes, and she hastened to explain to Robert how his housekeeper, Mrs. Cass, had invited her to cull a bouquet from the garden whenever she pleased, on her way to her school. "She saw me," said Lucy, "one morning, about a week ago, looking in, I suppose, most wishfully upon the flowers, and gave me the invitation. But it is so awkward that you should find me here !"

"Oh, it is dreadful," replied Robert, smiling. "I wonder where I could find a constable. Don't be trying to destroy the evidence of your guilt, Lucy."

Poor Lucy was nervously pulling her fresh bouquet to pieces.

"You are teaching school still, Lucy?"

"Yes ; and my aunt and all the family have emigrated to Iowa, and I am boarding at Mrs. Sims', and that is the way I come to pass by the cottage every morning on my way to the school-house."

"I hope my return, Lucy, will not prevent you from gathering your morning bouquet."

"Indeed it will, Mr. McGregor ; nevertheless, I am very glad to see you home again."

"Mr. McGregor," repeated Robert.

"Well, no, Robert," she answered, putting out her hand frankly ; "and now, good-morning ; I shall be late in the school-room."

"I shall walk to the school-house with you, Lucy," said Robert. "I cannot part with you so soon ; I want to ask so many questions: Tell me," he continued, as they left the garden together, "has there been anything heard of James Allen?"

"I was going to ask you the same question, Robert. If anyone was to hear from him, surely it would be you."

"So I might expect ; but he has not written a line to me, and from a silly resolution he made, perhaps will not. But I was in hopes that, indirectly, some information about him might have reached P——."

"Not a word that I have heard," answered Lucy.

"Did he know of my poor father's death, James, I am sure, would give up his foolish whim, and write or come to me."

Lucy looked into the face that had become, in a moment, so thoughtful and sad. "Robert," she said, in a subdued voice, "I felt so sorry for you when you lost your father."

"I know you did, my good little Lucy," he answered. "I did not know fully what a good man he was until I lost him. I knew indeed how kind and loving he was to myself ; but, Lucy, after his death a crowd of people, the poor settlers around, came to me, each

telling what the doctor had done for him. It seems they were all under a promise never to divulge any of his acts of benevolence during his lifetime; but absolved by his death from their promises, they told their various stories: how he had helped one to buy a farm, another to pay off a mortgage. There were a number of families he was in the habit of giving warm clothing to coming on winter, and so on. His benevolence knew no bounds, Lucy; I am proud of having had such a father."

By this time they had reached the school-house entrance, and both paused; Lucy's face had become sad from sympathy, as she listened to Robert speaking of his father; and as the young man looked upon it now he felt love's passion kindling in his heart, even more rapidly than when a little while before in the garden he admired it in its fresh, smiling beauty.

"Well, Lucy," said he, as they parted, "if I am not to expect you will steal any more flowers, you cannot prevent me from presenting you with some."

She gave him a friendly nod of acquiescence, and, tripping up the broad steps of the school-house, passed in, while Robert returned to the cottage as much in love as it is necessary for a young gentleman of one or two-and-twenty to be.

While Robert McGregor and Lucy were speaking in the garden, there were four pair of eyes intently watching them from the large brick house on the opposite side of the way. This house belonged to a Mr. Flitters, and the four pairs of eyes were those of Mrs. Flitters and the three Misses Flitters.

This family had come to P—— after the death of Doctor McGregor; and while Robert was away, Mrs. Flitters, by sundry conversations with Mrs. Cass, the housekeeper, had made herself familiar with a good many details of the McGregor family, some of which were vastly interesting to a lady with three marriageable daughters. For instance, Doctor McGregor had left his son quite well off. The young man was of prepossessing appearance, "and quite green, I should judge," remarked Mrs. Flitters, as she retailed the information she had gathered to her husband.

This gentleman may be regarded as the founder of the Flitters family, as none of its members were known to the fashionable circles of the Bowery, in New York, until his time. He was one of those brainless little men that are always fortunate in money matters, without either themselves or anybody else being able to tell why. He had set himself down on a high stool behind the counter of a small grocery store, in the Bowery, New York; and money came to him and stuck to him like barnacles to a rock. Even a spendthrift wife, with a Roman nose and a lofty ambition, characteristic of such a magnificent organ, could not destroy his prosperity; she was a heavy drain upon the till,

but the money came in faster than she could take it out, and every year it increased.

Shrewd, intelligent men, making commercial pursuits a science, went into the market every day to buy, and were frequently ruined. But when, without any calculation or forethought, Flitters bought a large quantity of sugar, lard, butter, or anything else in his line of business, the article he purchased was sure to run up forthwith to a high figure. In his dealings he was strictly honest, and saving in expenses, unless where Mrs. Flitters was concerned.

There was a strong conviction in his befogged little mind, introduced there, perhaps by the Roman nose, that Mrs. Flitters was a superior being, requiring a good many extras, which it was his duty to supply, and which she was very likely to take, anyhow; and as he was, in his mild undemonstrative way, proud of his wife, and there was really nothing mean or sordid in his nature, he let her have her own way in everything, and was as happy as it was possible for a simple, timid little man to be, who was the owner of such a high-blooded animal as Mrs. Flitters. Consequently, when Mrs. Flitters proposed that they should sell out in New York, in order to get rid of the "Bowery trash," as she expressed it, "and move out West, where their money would get them into society, and where the girls would get first-class husbands," Richard Flitters made no objection. He sold out his business stock to great advantage—the man who stepped into his shoes becoming a bankrupt in a very short time afterwards—came on with his family to P——, bought the brick house opposite Inverness Cottage for a dwelling, opened a large grocery and provision store in P——, and the same good luck that attended him heretofore continued with him. Within three months after he had opened his store, he was doing the largest business of any trader in town.

Mr. Flitters was a smooth, polished little man on the outside. He had sleek, black hair, cut close, and coming straight down on the upper part of his forehead. On the top of his head was a polished bald spot. His face was round, shining, and without a wrinkle. He had rosy cheeks, and mild, pleading brown eyes. Never was there another grocery and provision dealer with such an innocent face; and mercantile bummers, on entering his well-stocked store for the first time, were apt to mistake him for a junior clerk, and ask to see Mr. Flitters. Then Mr. Flitters' hand would seek the bald spot on the top of his head, pass from thence gently down his face, and, the brown eyes emerging from the palm of his hand, would seemingly appeal in the gentlest manner possible for mercy, while Mr. Flitters would mildly answer: "That's my name, sir; what is your pleasure?" His family, when he arrived in P——, consisted of his wife, three grown-up daughters, and a little son of about six years of age. In personal appearance Mrs. Flitters might be said literally to stand out in strong

contrast to her husband ; but that I cannot forget I am attempting to portray the personal appearance of an estimable lady, I would say bluntly that Mrs. Flitters was built for strength. Mr. Flitters was heard to say in confidence to friends, that Mrs. Flitters was an able woman, but whether he meant mentally or physically was never known. She was tall and robust, with a stern, but by no means homely face. Her eyes were gray, and her large Roman nose made them appear somewhat too small ; she used to say that this style of nose was hereditary in her family ; though who her grandfather was, was as great a mystery to the good lady as the pyramids of Egypt. The female portion of the Flitters family brought to their new home the polish of the Bowery, with the assumption of Fifth Avenue, and thus armed landed in the West, like Cæsar in Gaul, prepared to conquer.

Before going west, Mrs. Flitters had been deluded by a Bowery legend, to the effect that young English noblemen, tired of the pomps and restraints of a court, frequently came to this country in disguise, and sought adventure and freedom in our Western States and Territories, and there was more than one instance in the annals of Bowery romance, where one of those noble scions of the English aristocracy had, in his assumed humble character of an American citizen, wooed and won a fair Western maiden, and, returning with her to England, knocked her all of a heap—in Bowery parlance—by leading her through a long line of gorgeous liveried menials in plush breeches, up to his baronial castle, where he welcomed her as its mistress ; while his lady mother, the aged duchess, with a jewelled turban on her venerable head, imprinted a maternal kiss upon her plebeian cheek.

Since her arrival in the West, Mrs. Flitters had seen no evidence of the presence of the English nobleman, but she was greatly interested in the details she heard from Mrs. Cass of the McGregor family.

The young man was expected home soon. It was not likely he would go into society while he was away, and he would, no doubt, be still in bad spirits on his return home, predisposed, in fact, to fall in love : melancholy people were always the most likely to fall in love. Lord Byron was always melancholy, and always falling in love. They should certainly make this young man's acquaintance the moment he returned, and bestow upon him all their sympathy. So reasoned and thought Mrs. Flitters.

And here was the young man returned home without their knowing a word about it, receiving sympathy from somebody else, and it seemingly doing him good, too.

Mrs. Flitters and her daughters had not the slightest doubt but that the person dressed in black, and speaking to Lucy Evans, was Robert McGregor, and they would have continued to watch every movement and gesture of the two, who were quite unconscious of the four pairs of eyes gazing at them, but that a sudden scream from the

heir of the house of Flitters, who had tumbled off the high chair he had climbed up, in order to add another pair of eyes to the Flitters group, diverted their attention.

While Mrs. Flitters was endeavouring to repair her shattered idol, who continued to scream and kick violently, Robert and Lucy had passed out of the garden down the street, and in a little while the former was seen returning alone to the cottage. More than once he was seen in the garden during the day, and from inquiries judiciously made, there was no longer any doubt of his identity.

On his return in the evening, Mr. Flitters was made acquainted with the interesting fact of Robert's return home, and it was settled in family council that Mr. Flitters, before going down town to his business the next day, should call on the young gentleman in the cottage.

"You can go over about ten o'clock," said Mrs. Flitters, "and apologise for calling so early, by stating your having to go to business."

Early!" repeated Mr. Flitters, who was in the habit of getting up about five, and thought ten rather advanced in the day.

Early for visitors, Flitters," remarked the able woman reprovingly. "Perhaps you had better give him an invitation to take tea with us after to-morrow. Ask him just in an off-hand way, not to stand on ceremony, we are such near neighbours. And say, of course he will only meet the family—'all in the family way, you know.' You will of course bring your card with you, and present it to Mr. McGregor."

"Yes, my dear," said her husband, driving his hand into his side pocket, and producing a large business card, from which he commenced reading: "Family groceries, lard, butter, eggs——"

"Stop!" exclaimed Mrs. Flitters. Flitters' hand at once sought the bald spot on the top of his head, went sliding smoothly along, made the turn down, and when the brown eyes appeared again, they were quite prepared to say: "May it please the court, I acknowledge myself guilty, and throw myself upon the mercy of the court."

"Is it possible," said Mrs. Flitters, "you would present that card in paying a visit?"

"It is the new card, my dear, I got yesterday;—the printers do mighty good work here in the west."

"But, Flitters, that is not a visiting card;—Polly, bring me my card-case; here are the proper cards;—you remember I made you get them before you left New York."

"MR. RICHARD FLITTERS."

"I have been paying all your visits for you since we came here, and now you must pay one for yourself."

"Very well, my dear;—but I think this other card would be more explan——"

"Flitters!"

"Yes, my dear."

"Don't provoke me."

"No, my dear;" and the family council broke up, Flitters trotting back to his store, in the best of good humour, to enter some invoices, as it was decreed that he was to lose one or two business hours the next day by his intended visit to his neighbour.

"I wish Mrs. Flitters," he thought, as he trotted along, "had fixed the time for this visit at about half past six in the morning; but she knows best."

(To be continued.)

ST. MARTHA'S HOME.*

IT may be remembered that, in the year 1879, a few words concerning the position and needs of the young work-girls of the city of Dublin appeared in the hospitable pages of this Magazine, and over again—we believe last year—it was announced through the same medium that, through the charitable activity of a few kind persons, a Catholic Home had been started, and made ready for the reception of a certain number of the class it was desired to benefit.

St. Martha's Home has, indeed, for the last two years, been very quietly and unostentatiously accomplishing its work, and meeting a want, the existence of which had been for some time recognised. Of the great importance of placing a safe and comfortable Home, such as this is, within reach of the numerous class of persons employed as daily governesses, shop-assistants, and seamstresses, in Dublin, there cannot be question, and it is needless to recapitulate here the advantages which such an institution offers, and to compare them with the expenses, discomfort, mixed companionship, and, frequently, actual danger of chance lodgings through the city. It was a need which had been long supplied among our Protestant fellow-citizens, and the wonder was that St. Martha had not already busied herself on the matter in behalf of her own daughters. That she has at last done so is, however, a pleasant fact, and the object of these few lines is hereby to acquaint those who are interested in the Home with the work it has done during the past year.

From September, 1880, to December, 1881, it has received seventy-four persons, of whom fourteen have been, through its instrumentality,

* Particulars of the Rules, &c., will be forwarded on application to the Matron, 3 Lower Gloucester-street, Dublin.

provided with situations, while others have found employment by advertising and other means. It may thus be seen that the inmates of St. Martha's meet with opportunities of suiting themselves in situations, of which they might not otherwise hear. It is pleasant to know that during the past year one young girl has, through the influence of kind friends, been comfortably provided for in Paris, after having long vainly sought employment at home. It is, indeed, sad to think of the miserably dull state of trade which at present exists in Dublin, and which deprives so many of even the bare means of subsistence. Several of the girls, usually fully employed in business houses in the city, are now entirely, or nearly, altogether without work. In many cases they can only obtain it for two or three days in the week, payment for which is quite inadequate to their support; and when, as is often the case, these poor girls' parents live in the country, they are quite unable to pay for board and lodging in town, and are compelled to return home with the hope of getting to America or Australia in the spring.

St. Martha has, as is to be expected, suffered from the general depression. If only things would happily return to their normal state, and our poor country enjoyed her fair share of prosperity and peace, the Home would rapidly fill with the class for which it is intended, and become nearly self-supporting, which, alas! it has not yet proved to be. It is well managed, and is in every respect what it professes to be—a thoroughly safe and respectable Home, where, on the most moderate terms possible, those who are toiling and working all day may find repose, comfort, and companionship on their return each evening. There is a general parlour, with fire, lights, and books, where they can enjoy a few hours' relaxation after the fatigues of the day, or in which those who have work to do can do it. It is, besides, a reliable place of reference, where, as has been said above, opportunities of hearing of employment and situations may possibly arise; and it is presumed that parents, sending their young daughters to the city, in which they may have no friends or relations to take charge of them, will rejoice in the existence of an institution of this kind, which offers some substitute for their own guardianship and protection.

Let us then hope that St. Martha's may prosper. It has not as yet been quite full, and, at the present moment, there are a few vacancies which, perhaps, some persons reading these lines may see their way to fill. For a character of the Home we may, with confidence, refer to those who have passed some time within its walls, and who have experienced its advantages. Its rules are simple and easy to observe. Its charges are most moderate, and we have every reason to hope that, in proportion as it becomes known, not only in Dublin, but all over the country, its hospitality will be more and more in demand, and its usefulness more widely recognised. It would be well that ladies residing in the country, and sending some protégée up to town, should

remember St. Martha's, where her humble friend, if she has yet to find a situation, may, during the interval, lodge, or if she is already provided with daily work, may have a safe shelter at night, where she will be preserved from the hundred dangers which ruin many a young life, and wreck many a bright promise. We all know, and have frequently thought of and admired, the splendid work which is carried on at High Park, and other reformatories in the city. But, through the agency of St. Martha's, it is hoped that many an inexperienced young person will be spared temptation and trial, and that in the threshold of the unknown world she is about to enter the kindly Saint's sympathy and encouragement will guide her safely along the path of duty and happiness.

We have been requested not to close this brief notice of St. Martha's Home without mentioning two other Institutions or Associations which have lately been established in Dublin, viz., "The Nurses' Training Institution," and "The Prisoner's Aid Association," both of which are under the immediate patronage of His Grace the Archbishop, and are deserving of the warmest sympathy and encouragement.

The first of these will, it is hoped, be in time a self-supporting Institution, and it has been started for the purpose of providing intelligent, experienced, and thoroughly reliable Catholic nurses, to attend the sick, rich and poor, and of all denominations, in hospitals or in private houses. This institution is in connection with Steevens' Hospital, where the aspirants receive their training, and are well prepared and qualified for their work; and a house has been opened on Usher's Quay (No. 26), in which a staff of nurses is maintained, and where business is transacted by the committee. This house is under the care of an experienced matron, to whom candidates for employment should apply; but it is well to mention that while attending the Hospital, the nurses are under the authority of the Lady Superintendent, and are at her disposal. The term for their engagement is three years, during which they are boarded, fed, and paid a salary.

It is, however, not necessary to enter upon details here, where it is only desired to call attention to this excellent institution, the usefulness of which, it may be confidently expected, will soon be discovered. It must, indeed, be a real comfort to us all to know, that we have in our midst a staff of skilled, and thoroughly trained Catholic nurses, wearing a particular dress, bound by certain rules, and responsible for their good behaviour and general efficiency to the Institution which provides them, and where every information concerning them will be cheerfully given. One of these rules obliges each nurse to bring back a certificate of good conduct and efficiency, from the family or doctor of the case she has been attending; and it is trusted that this practical supervision, combined with the due preparation for her work, which she has received, will make her a useful, intelligent, and reliable attendant upon the sick.

The "Prisoner's Aid Association" belongs to quite another category of philanthropic schemes, and is a purely benevolent work, for the forwarding of which much charity, good-will, money, and activity are needful. It is considerably less than a year since it was formed, and yet it has already done not a little good. Its [object, which must appeal to every thoughtful mind and kindly heart, is to afford aid to a certain class of discharged prisoners, to whom kindly assistance and encouragement may prove of incalculable benefit, and save, indeed, from relapse into crime and utter degradation. Its plan is extremely simple. A committee of ladies has been appointed, some of whom go each week to Grangegorman Prison, and ascertain from the matron, and by personal inspection what prisoners, capable of reformation and whose character justifies expectation that attempts to serve them will not be thrown away, will soon be discharged. If such be found, they are brought to the Home, which has been opened in North King-street, and the committee busies itself in either finding situations for those persons whom, upon the recommendation of the matron, and its own judgment, it can trust to fill them properly; or in affording them means to emigrate, and to begin life afresh under new auspices, and with new associations. A few situations have been already found for some poor prisoners, whose crimes belonged to a class not likely ever again to be repeated, and whose repentance was sincere and trustworthy; while in nineteen other cases, the good offices of the committee have procured admission for penitents into some of the reformatories of the city. This, with three or four cases of emigration, may be looked upon as the new beginning of a good work which, as in many other instances, our Protestant fellow-citizens have been before us in establishing in the city. As is pretty generally known, there has been a Protestant Prison Mission for some time in Dublin, at which many ladies have been working with the greatest activity. It is certainly high time that we Catholics should imitate their example. We may not, it is true, be willing or able to join the committee, and take actual part in the working of this truly benevolent scheme, which will infallibly save many a poor erring sister from the cruel and lasting consequences of a fault, into which she may have been betrayed through inexperience, or the dire temptation of extreme poverty. But, at least, we may give our sympathy and encouragement to the practical efforts of those who are labouring so cheerfully and efficaciously for the benefit of a class of persons, whom their efforts will restore to society, self-reliance, virtue, and happiness.*

* Subscriptions in aid of the Prisoner's Aid Association will be received by the "Committee," No. 62, North King-street.

LIFE'S WORK.

TO bend the will to daily toil,
To take what comes resignedly,
To hold the heart from earthly soil,
Is Heaven to win assuredly.

To take what comes, to bend the will—
How shortly said! yet toughest strife
Who tries to climb the holy hill
Shall find this struggle of a life.

And all must climb. *Abnegat se*
Is watchword of the Christian camp.
No craven heart shall win the day—
Who combats self bears heaven's stamp.

A tiring strife, a combat sore,
Where some fail oft, and some are brave.
No dead are here nor human gore,
But crushed desires and prayer must save.

But, oh! the peace of such a life!
Hath selfishness known ever rest,
'Mid plots and heart's unending strife
To have what vain desire holds best?

'Mid racking envy, hate, and spite,
Detractions, theft, and false pretence—
Vile brood that, shrinking from the light,
Bring evil dire and woe immense!

Ah, yes! the peace of not desiring,
Taking what comes as heaven-sent,
With lowly thoughts and prayer untiring—
Thus may our pilgrim years be spent!

The guerdon sweet, *O Jesu mi!*
When the slow sands at length are run,
For all who hold the motto high,
"Not my own will but thine be done!"

F. M. R.

WHO WAS FATHER ARNOLD?

A VERY interesting and learned lecture was once delivered in an Irish country town, on Oelenschläger. The gentleman who moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer said, he had come to the lecture partly to find out whether Oelenschläger was a machine, a man, or a mineral. He found out that he was a gifted Danish novelist and poet, I think, who flourished in the first years of this century.

Our readers will approach our present subject with almost as complete ignorance of what it is: for one must know something about Father Arnold before inquiring who he was. He was the author of one of the most successful ascetic works published of late years. The English translation, very well executed and very well printed, is published by Messrs. Burns & Oates of London; and the title-page runs thus: "The Imitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in Four Books, by the Rev. Father Arnold, of the Society of Jesus; translated from the Latin by a Father of the same Society." Not a word is added anywhere to indicate the country to which Father Arnold belonged or when his book was written. This silence seems to us very undesirable. The translator might, very properly, have given a few words of preface, informing us as to these and other personal matters: for, really, the book is worth such trouble.

We are, therefore, grateful to Father H. P. Vanderspeeten, S.J., for gratifying, at last, our pious curiosity in his "*Notice Biographique sur le Père Pierre Aernoudt de la Compagnie de Jésus*," prefixed to the new French translation of the work.

"Arnold" is a misleading translation of "Arnoldus," and would lead us to take our author for an Englishman or a German, whereas he was an honest Fleming, Peter James Aernoudt, the son of Charles Aernoudt and Colette Van de Velde, born at the village of Moere, in West Flanders, on the 17th of May, 1811. When he was about two years old, he fell into the fire and was so nearly burned to death that the scars remained ever after. Another memento of this accident was the loss of one of the fingers of the right hand, which was amputated by the village carpenter, though a certain Dr. Kelderman had the carriage of the proceedings. His early education was of the simplest kind—picked up, during the months of two or three winters, from an old dame of the village, who broke up school in the summer, to earn her crust by working in the fields. He thus learned the three Rs,— "reading, 'ritin', and 'rithmetic,'"—"Il savait lire, écrire, et calculer," and he knew "*le petit et le grand catéchisme*" when he made his First Communion, before he had finished his tenth year, the third of May, 1821. After that event he was supposed to be mature enough

to begin the work of life, and to contribute his earnings to the family support. Like most of his comrades he learned the art of weaving, at which he became very skilful.

About the year 1830, a good priest of a neighbouring parish heard an edifying account of the youth, and of the desire which still haunted him to become a priest. This M. de Bruine had, himself, been put on the way of becoming a priest by being taught Latin by a good priest, who laid on his pupil the obligation of helping forward some youth similarly circumstanced. As the bishops' seminaries were then closed by the Government, he taught Peter Aernoudt in his own presbytery, and, when times improved, he procured his admission into a boarding-school, opened by the Franciscans at Thielt. For his glory and not his shame we mention that he was received here almost for nothing, undertaking (as emigrants have sometimes done on board ship) to "work his passage out"—taking care of the lamps, serving in the refectory, and making himself otherwise useful in the college. I hope one of his old professors is not deceived when he states that these menial services did not lessen the esteem in which he was held by his school-fellows.

When he had spent three years at this school, his plans were again upset. The Franciscan fathers, in 1834, wishing to conform more strictly to their Institute, gave up the boarding-school, which they had only undertaken on account of the necessities of the time. But Providence opened another asylum for the pious and studious young man. His classical education was completed in an institution which seems to have resembled those Apostolic Schools which have sprung up of late in France, and one of which has just begun its holy work in Ireland, in connection with the Jesuit College of the Sacred Heart, at Limerick. It was with a view to a missionary career that he sought and obtained admission into a school maintained at Turnhout by a very worthy Catholic layman, Peter de Nef, who devoted his fortune to the cause of Catholic education before the "emancipation" of the Belgians : for they, too, were emancipated.

When he had passed through the Rhetoric class, Peter Aernoudt broke to his parents his plan of placing the Atlantic between him and them, in order to obey what he felt to be the call of God. God gave them, also, grace to perform their part of the sacrifice. In September, 1835, the Jesuit postulant quitted his native village, which he was never to see again. He joined, at Turnhout, five companions of his missionary exile ; and they reached their destination, St. Louis, on an auspicious day—the eve of St. Francis Xavier, December 2nd. After resting a little from the very great hardships of travel, the brave young men began their noviceship, on the last day of the year 1835, in the College of St. Stanislaus, not far from St. Louis, the capital of Missouri.

Peter Aernoudt, after his novitiate, was appointed to teach the humanity classes successively in several colleges. He was distinguished for his assiduous application to the higher classical studies, and for his great piety and fervent observance of rule. As the reason why he is mentioned in these pages is because he is the author of a very pious ascetic work, it is edifying to find that, as a professor of classics, he was enthusiastically devoted to classical literature. It would be a false asceticism that would have, in those circumstances, given him a disrelish for Greek and Latin. Among his manuscripts, after his death, were found a Greek grammar, compiled by himself, a Greek epic poem of considerable length, and a collection of odes in the same language.

He was ordained priest in 1843. To this period belongs the composition of his work, *De Imitatione Sanctissimi Cordis Jesu, Libri Quatuor*. Earlier in his religious life he had made the vow "to spread, to the utmost of his power, the devotion to the Sacred Heart," which, after his death, was found written with his own hand and enclosed in the bronze crucifix he had been in the habit of using. To this vow he added the promise never deliberately to commit a venial sin. He had entitled himself to aspire to seek perfection, by the extraordinary piety and fidelity that he displayed in his daily life.

The manuscript of his book was sent to Rome, in 1846, to be submitted to the Father General, John Roothaan, who wrote to thank him for choosing such a subject, adding that he had placed it for examination in the hands of a learned and pious Father. How it happened we know not, but Father Roothaan, though he lived several years, seems to have taken no further notice of poor Father Aernoudt and his book. Perhaps it was the fault of the troubled times; for it was soon after this that the Jesuits, not for the first or the last time, were turned out of Rome, and Father Roothaan took the opportunity of visiting Ireland, among other places—the first General of the Society that ever set foot in our island.* The fact, at any rate, is that for nearly twenty years, during which the Jesuit Missionary might have had, during his lifetime, the consolation of speaking to many hearts through his solid and beautiful book, the manuscript lay forgotten at Rome, till, several years after Father Roothaan's death, it chanced to catch the eye of his successor, Father Peter Beckx, still *feliciter regnans*. Father Beckx, a Belgian, saw the great merit of the work of his fellow-countryman who, during all those long years, had not sent one line of enquiry about his beloved manuscript, concluding, probably, that it had been judged expedient quietly to suppress it. Perhaps the humility that the author thus showed was the source of some part of its fruitfulness. Authors are, sometimes, just a little impatient of delays, and are prone

* See a very lively and interesting account of "Father Roothaan's Visit to Maynooth," in the first volume of Dr. Murray's "Irish Annual Miscellany," or "Essays chiefly Theological."

to imagine that if their book or poem do not burst on the world at some particular date, it will be a serious misfortune for mankind in general. But mankind in general have sufficient fortitude to endure a much longer delay.

However, Father Arnoudt had not passed away from earth before his book began to exercise on pious souls the influence which is sure to continue for many generations. In 1863 it appeared first in the original Latin, at Einsiedlin, in Switzerland, and was quickly translated into the principal languages of Europe. For instance, we have here before us two distinct French translations, and one of them already in a second edition as early as 1867. The English version was probably made by an American Jesuit, for we have made enquiries in vain among the English Fathers of the Society. The English publisher informs us that he has issued eleven large editions of the work in English; and he adds that still larger and more numerous editions have been put in circulation in America. The pious author was spared the danger of witnessing this extraordinary success. He died a most holy death on the 29th of July, 1865.

There is a very great prejudice against those pious books which are like serious parodies on other works of high character. Few can relish even the "Imitation of the Blessed Virgin." The half-inspired "Imitation of Christ" is enough. In spite of this the "Imitation of the Sacred Heart"* has secured a firm hold on the hearts of the pious faithful. Its characteristics are unction and solidity. Every page is full of deep and practical spirituality. Solid learning, also, is displayed occasionally, as in the striking and apposite passages from the fathers of all the centuries consecutively, which are woven together in one of the chapters about confession.

May this brief notice of Peter Aernoudt, or Arnold, professed Father of the Society of Jesus, procure some additional readers for the holy book which alone preserves his name.

M. R.

* Another book with the same title was published in French by the Abbé Cirot de la Ville with the approbation of Cardinal Donnet and of Pius IX. himself, and had reached a third Edition in 1858, five years before Father Aernoudt's book was published.

NEW BOOKS.

I. *A Memoir of the Life and Death of the Rev. Father Augustus Henry Law, S.J.* Formerly an officer in the Royal Navy. Part I. (London : Burns & Oates. 1882.)

ONE of Gerald Griffin's ballads ends each stanza with this cry of a father mourning the death of his son:—

“ *Mo chuma !* Iorn am I,
That death a backward course should hold,
To smite the young and spare the old.”

It is more natural for a son to write his father's memoir than for a father to be his son's biographer. No such complaint as this is made here, yet a very pathetic tone runs through the few modest words of introduction which Mr. Law prefixes to this record of his Jesuit son. This first part reaches only his fifteenth year, and is very properly styled by the reviewer in *The Weekly Register*, “The Boyhood of Father Augustus Law.” He might have added, “as described in his letters.” It is, in itself, very affecting to perceive the tender fidelity which treasured up all the letters of a mere child, beginning with his eleventh year. The editor of the volume is the Hon. William Towry Law, son to the first Lord Ellenborough. Augustus was his eldest son. Those who, like the present writer, knew him in his maturity, will see in this boyish correspondence another proof of the truth of Wordsworth's dictum, “The child is father to the man.” There is the same bright, joyous candour, the same affectionate, kindly nature, and already, the same self-denying manliness of character. We are allowed, incidentally, glimpses at other members of the family group, which betray such goodness and natural piety as make us wonder less at so many of them obtaining the grace of conversion and religious vocation.

Father Law died, under peculiarly heroic circumstances, as a pioneer missionary to the idolatrous natives in the heart of Africa, November 25th, 1880. The latest date reached in the present instalment is October, 1848. We trust we shall be made, as far as possible, equally familiar with this saintly and amiable soul in the thirty-two years which lie between these dates. May Mr. W. T. Law have the consolation of completing his pious task in spite of his “advanced age and very precarious health.”

To the subject of this memoir we are sure to return. We cannot close our brief notice without remarking that the long and delightful letter at page 63 would go far to make *Noverca* an amiable and endearing name.

II. *Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy.* BY A MEMBER OF THE ORDER OF MERCY. (New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1881.)

THE first volume of this work, the only one yet published, relates, of course, to Ireland, the motherland of the Order. The copy which has been sent to us is marked, "Second Edition," though the work has but recently appeared. The writer (we may venture on giving her name in full) is Mother Austin Carroll, the Superior of the Sisters in New Orleans, one of the numberless brave Irishwomen who have followed the Irish race in its exodus to keep it still Irish and Catholic. Besides her very entertaining "Life of Mother M'Auley," to which we have sometimes had occasion to refer with warm appreciation, the title page of the present work describes her as being authoress of a "Life of St. Alphonsus," "Life of Venerable Clement Hofbauer," "Glimpses of Pleasant Homes," "Happy Hours of Childhood," "Angel Dreams," "By the Seaside," &c. The *stociera* includes translations of some solid spiritual works like Father St. Jure's "Treatise on the love and knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." Four of the items of the above catalogue are story-books. They must be more than harmless, and they must be well-written and lively. Considering the insatiable appetite of our young people for tales, and the dearth of tales that are edifying without being stupid, it is strange that Mother Austin Carroll's stories are not better known in Catholic lending libraries and convents in Ireland. We, at least, have never seen them or seen any-one who had seen them.

This well-printed volume of 520 pages consists of fifty-one chapters and, very judiciously, the first pages are occupied by a clear and minute summary of each chapter. No one can read this list of items without feeling his curiosity awakened. No doubt many parts will interest chiefly the members of the Order, and their immediate friends, especially in the localities sanctified by the different convents whose history is given. But the general reader also will find the volume very entertaining, and not a little instructive. As we have said, we shall find ourselves obliged to return to these "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy;" and, therefore, we content ourselves at present with this brief preliminary notice, and warm words of welcome.

III. *Stories of the Christian Schools.* By ELIZABETH M. STEWART, Authoress of "Lord Dacre of Gilsland," &c. (London: Burns and Oates. 1882.)

THE "Christian Schools," of which there is question here, are those taught by the Christian Brothers. We cannot say whether the book is partly a translation. The snippety paragraphs of a French *feuilleton* are unhappily imitated, almost every sentence being dignified with the appearance of a paragraph. On the other hand Irish names are used

in some of the stories, with a good deal of very false brogue. For instance, Irish peasants never say *daps* for *deeps*.

It is hardly fair for an old fogey to criticise what is meant for the young; but the present reviewer has given some of these edifying tales a fair chance of exercising their fascination upon him. They did not avail themselves of the chance to any considerable extent. But the same fate would certainly befall many a book that proves a success.

IV. *Some of the Periodicals.* (Various Publishers.)

THE youngest, perhaps, of our contemporaries has just paid us its first visit from far-off Australia—*The Sydney University Review*, of which No. 1. is dated, November, 1881. We, hoary-headed patriarchs, must patronise young beginners kindly: so we give our cordial *ceade mile faillte* to *The Sydney University Review*, even though only “published three times a year.” Could they not concoct one more number *per annum* and make it an orthodox quarterly? Even four times a year is a slow rate for this go-ahead time. The great Quarterlies have lost their influence in great part. Yet across the Atlantic comes punctually *The American Catholic Quarterly* (published by Hardy and Mahony, of Philadelphia), solid, well-written, and instructive. Almost as large is the monthly *Catholic World*, which the Paulists of New York have maintained for many years at a high standard. In its fiction there is a falling off since the time of “The House of Yorke” and “Pearl.”

Another of our Transatlantic visitors is *The Scholastic Annual*, published by Professor Lyons, of Notre Dame University, Indiana. It is excellent. We have nothing like it at home. It has appeared already for seven years. May it endure through the twentieth century, which is looming nearer and nearer, though many of us will be far away when it comes. We have been specially pleased with Father Hudson’s graceful lecture on Longfellow, and with this sonnet on “St. Cecilia’s Bridal,” by our own contributor, “Ethel Tane,” too long a stranger to our pages.

“Show me the angel, thy unseen defender,
 If such in very truth is by thy side—
 I ask no more!” Cecilia’s bridegroom cried.
 But softly she, with glance severely tender:—
 “Thine eyes, Valerian, cannot bear his splendour.
 Go, seek our priests, that in Rome’s caverns hide:
 When thou returnest, changed and sanctified,
 Perchance that awful glory he will render.”—
 He comes again, and lo! no vision chilling
 Stands, sword in hand, to greet the neophyte:
 Strange, subtle fragrance all the room is filling:
 A gracious spirit waits with garlands bright:
 And fair Cecilia kneels, no more unwilling,
 To pledge with him a mystic heavenly plight.”

Coming nearer home, we welcome cordially *The Catholic Literary Circular*. (London: Burns and Oates.) We are so much pleased with its evident determination to be candid in its criticisms, and not to praise a book simply because written by a Catholic, that we condone a personal passage, across which the editor might judiciously have drawn his pen and written in the margin, *dele*.

The new outlet for Irish literary talent, *Hibernia*, which began its career in Dublin on last New Year's Day, is not a magazine of light literature. It eschews stories and verse, and devotes itself to art and criticism. We welcome it all the more warmly that it belongs to quite a different sphere from our own. *Vivat Hibernia!*

Yet another of our contemporaries must be mentioned here with sympathy, for the simple reason that, though published in London, it enlists the services of many Irish pens. For instance, in the current issue, *Tinsley's Magazine* has an appetising instalment of a lively serial tale by a young Irishman, W. B. Guinee; and a tender and delightful paper on poor Clarence Mangan, by Mr. Richard Dowling, whose last novel, we perceive, has won very high praise from the *Athenaeum*, the *Academy*, the *Standard*, the *Morning Post*, *Life*, &c. Other Irish contributors to *Tinsley* this month are Mr. Nathanael Colgan—whose daintily executed sketches of foreign scene our readers gratefully remember—and our young poetess, Miss Katharine Tynan, who gives the name of "The Lark's Waking" to this very delicious sonnet.

"O passionate heart! before the day is born,
When the faint rose of dawn is on the skies,
Dost thou not wait, couched in long grass that lies
Sweet and bejewelled with the dews of morn,
Till the low wind of daybreak in the corn
Moves all the silken ears with languorous sighs,
And the fair sun, in glorified uprise,
Comes with bright robes of state right kingly worn?
Then dost thou cleave the air on rapturous wing,
Where the far east, with roseate splendours fraught,
Tells that no more can night enshroud thy king,
Or the pale stars his empire set at naught—
Higher and higher, till the clear skies ring
With the wild amorous greeting thou hast brought."

V. Pamphlets. (Various Publishers.)

THE learned Dr. Ward, whose son, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, has made an excellent *début* in the current *Nineteenth Century*, almost in the same field of thought in which the late editor of *The Dublin Review* has distinguished himself so splendidly—Dr. Ward has reprinted his paper in the last *Dublin*, on the Philosophy of the Theistic Controversy. An American Sister of Mercy has forwarded a little drama of the Golden Jubilee, which she calls "Aureas Laudes Catharinae." Mr. Hugh Bonnar has written a small tract on the subject, "How to develop

Irish Manufactures and Industries." (M. H. Gill & Son). Father Anderson, S.J. has made a very telling controversial tract out of two of his recent lectures, "Questions and Answers." (Burns & Oates.)

VI. *Two new School Histories of England.*

THE first is "A Concise History of England, by P. W. Joyce, LL.D., M.R.I.A." (M. H. Gill and Son.) Dr. Joyce's great practical experience has enabled him to produce a book which is sure to be really serviceable, condensing into 150 pages a very clear summary of the chief events from the earliest times to the year 1815. The clearness of style and arrangement is helped by certain details in the use of various sorts of type. The young historical student will find this book a great help.

The other book, by Mr. T. J. Livesey, only brings the history of England down to the Wars of the Roses. It is more juvenile and less practical than its Dublin rival, and has many good pictures, and some ballads, fortunately not original. Messrs. Burns and Oates make this No. 11. of their "Granville History Readers"—so called, perhaps, out of compliment to Granville Mansions, their new publishing house, in which we wish them a long career of utility and prosperity, true to the spirit of the worthy founder of the firm—James Burns.

VII. *The new Portrait of Cardinal Newman.*

THOUGH this paragraph is found under the heading of "New Books," it does not refer to Mr. Jennings's recent biography of the great Cardinal, to which, kindly meant and pleasantly written as it is, we think the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* paid a most extravagant compliment last month. To be noticed at all by "P. M." was compliment enough. The portrait before us now is the only one that represents to us Cardinal Newman as he is, "a man (says *The Times*) bending under the weight of fourscore years, his face deeply furrowed, but with a brightness in the eyes which suggests that his work is yet far from being done." Let us give the venerable man's own words on the subject:—

"It is, indeed, most acceptable to me, and a very thoughtful kindness, that you should have proposed to provide a memorial of me for time to come, and memorial so specially personal, which, years hence, will bring back vividly the remembrance of the past to those who have known me, and will carry on into the future a tradition of what I was like to the many who never saw me. . . . In carrying out your purpose you have had recourse to a man of widely-acknowledged genius, whose work, now finished, is generally pronounced to be worthy of his reputation, and is found by competent judges to claim more and more admiration the more carefully it is studied."

Mr. Oules, A.R.A. is almost the greatest of living portrait-painters, and M. Rajon is, certainly, the greatest of living etchers.

THE FOSTER-FATHER'S ANTHOLOGY.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART I.

AN anthology means a gathering of flowers; and the foster-father in whose honour these flowers are gathered is Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

These flowers spring up most seasonably with the crocuses in March, for March is St. Joseph's own month, for a reason which Aubrey de Vere indicates in one of his *Legends of St. Patrick*, where he allows himself to think of a much earlier saint than our great apostle:—

“Of Hebrew patriarchs last
And chief. The Holy House at Nazareth
He ruled benign, God's warder with white hairs;
And still his feast, that silver star of March,
When snows afflict the hill and frost the moor,
With temperate beams gladdens the vernal church.”

These lines are the only ones in this paper which have a right to be enclosed within what are called, not quite accurately, inverted commas. The other flowers are gathered now for the first time. For instance, Miss Katharine Tynan—whose muse, we perceive, with pleasure, and without jealousy, is acceptable to *The Graphic* and *Tinsley*—has sent us for St. Joseph's altar a tribute which (for the reason another poet has explained for us) she calls “A March Sonnet.”

O thou dear Saint, who bearest in thy hand
A silver-shining lily! now thy praise
Is sung by those who love thee, for the days
Of windy March are in the wakening land.
Beloved of Mary! now I see thee stand
Beside the Crib with wondering raptured gaze,
Or tending the Child Christ through toilsome ways
O'er the far-stretching lonely desert sand.

Beloved of Jesus! would my words were meet
To reach thee in the sunshine of His face
And bloom as pale March flowers about thy feet—
To rise and greet thee in thy heavenly place,
In shape of violets odorous and sweet
And with the late-born primroses' fair grace.

As space is growing scarce, we shall separate this sweet sonnet from the next poem by no more prose than suffices to say that we owe the latter to Sister Mary Stanislaus, and that it might take as its distinctive name, “St. Joseph of Sion.”

The Foster-Father's Anthology.

St. Joseph ! he from whom is named .
 All earth's paternity,
 While yet He dwelt amongst us, claimed
 A father's care from thee ;
 And she, whom " David's mighty tower "
 And " Christian's Help " we call
 Leaned on thy strength in danger's hour,
 And trusted thee for all.

He who upholds the great round earth,
 And speeds the starry train,
 Who gives the little birds their birth,
 And feeds the flowers with rain ;
 Who shines in sun, bedews in shower,
 To fructify earth's soil,
 Now seems a child bereft of power,
 Dependent on thy toil.

See o'er the desert swift they go,
 To Egypt far away,
 St. Joseph's prudence wills it so,
 St. Joseph leads the way ;
 And when once more they homeward wend,
 Not theirs again the choice :
 God's secret guidance they attend,
 And Joseph is God's voice.

In Nazareth, home of peace and prayer,
 St. Joseph still holds sway,
 He bears the weight of toil and care,
 They love and they obey.
 Does any doubt perplexing rise ?
 St. Joseph's voice will guide,
 In every need love trusting cries
 " St. Joseph will provide ! "

O Joseph ! we who in degree
 Would tread the path they trod,
 And make our earthly dwelling be
 Like that dear home of God,
 Entreat thee dwell among us too,
 To aid, provide, defend,
 To give us good in season due
 As father and as friend !

And, oh ! by all thy peaceful years,
 By all the dangers run,
 By all the joys, by all the fears,
 For Mary and her Son ;
 Oh ! by thy peaceful failing breath,
 Jesus and Mary nigh,
 Be with us, Joseph, at our death,
 And help us all to die.

From the banks of the Lee St. Joseph has received two tributes in verse, the offering, however, of one heart. Miss Helena Callanan addresses to the amiable patriarch a sonnet on the eve of Holy Communion:—

Saint Joseph, by the sorrow and the love
So deep, so warm, which, when the infant cry
Of Jesus mingled first with choirs on high
Thy tender sainted heart did thrill and move,
Seeing thy cherished One, thy Spotless Dove,
Heaven's lily fair, our earth-stained race among,
All homeless with her Babe desired so long.
If such dear memories reach thine ear above,
Beloved of God! plead for us at His throne,
That we, our souls made whole and strong,
At morn may sing a glad triumphant song
When in His sacrament He seeks His own,
That we may meet and greet Him as we ought,
Our Love who giveth more than love e'er sought.

Our contributor has neglected two very little exigencies of the strictest sonnet-form, which have been duly observed by her rival sonneteer in a previous page. But no fault can be found with the rhyme or reason of her second poem in a more popular metre, which is headed simply, "To St. Joseph :"—

Bright hidden pearl, more loved and known
Than all save Mary round God's throne.
The days have dim and distant grown
Since first we knew St. Joseph;
Love in our souls was warm and young,
Praise on our lips like incense hung
As with our childish hearts we sung,
"All hail to thee, St. Joseph!"

But now that sin has dimmed the ray
Of happy childhood's smiling day,
Still may we our poor tribute pay
Of love to thee, St. Joseph.
Still be thy kind protection near,
Still to our pleading lend an ear,
Keep us in paths of holy fear
Where thou hast walked, St. Joseph.

Guardian of Jesus, sheltering tree,
Glad toiler for the blessed three,
Our Mother's spouse, ah, have not we
Dear claims on thee, St. Joseph?
Around that tender memory clings
The perfume of such heavenly things;
Thy name is like the whisperings
Of sweetest peace, St. Joseph.

Meeting and Parting.

Our Lord hath favoured thee with power]
 To guard on earth His richest dower,
 Be our strong shield in danger's hour
 And guard us, blest St. Joseph !
 Be unto us a father mild
 Help us to love the Holy Child,
 Companion of the Undeiled !
 Pray for us, pure St. Joseph.

Through trackless wastes of desert sand
 Thy weary feet sought Egypt's land —
 Teach us to hear God's least command
 And bless His will, St. Joseph.
 Journeying far in winter wild,
 From peaceful Nazareth exiled,
 Shielding the Mother and the Child,
 From sinful men, St. Joseph.

Oh ! by the sorrow thou didst feel,
 Beholding griefs thou couldst not heal,
 Help us, when we to thee appeal,
 To bear our cross, St. Joseph.
 Patient, resigned to kiss the rod,
 Treading the way our fathers trod,
 The way that leads to home and God,
 And Mary, and St. Joseph.

But here we must stay our hand, for there is not room for any more of St. Joseph's Flowers during his own bleak month of March. After this gentle winter, shall his month be as bleak as ever, taking harsh vengeance for the unwonted mildness of February ? Perhaps, when his month is over, we shall return to the theme ; for our store of unpublished verse, written in his honour, is not yet nearly exhausted.

MEETING AND PARTING.

LIKE travellers in some distant land,
 We only meet to part ;
 Hand cannot long be clasped in hand,
 Nor heart commune with heart.

But when we touch our native shore,
 And friend again meets friend,
 That union is for evermore,
 That joy shall never end.

And thus although we meet to part,
 We part to meet again ;
 Earth's fleeting joys might win our heart,
 If mixed with less of pain.

D. G.

IRISH WOOL AND WOOLLENS.

BY A DISCURSIVE CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

FOUR or five years ago, having occasion to open a history of Florence in search of some information relating to the trade guilds of that famous seat of liberty and commerce, I came upon an interesting account of the style of living prevalent among the citizens of Firenze la Bella, in the fourteenth century of our era. Their dress, their dwellings, their entertainments were minutely described; and the prices of sundry articles of daily consumption and various materials for clothing and house furnishing were likewise quoted. Among entries of manufactured goods imported by the merchants of the republic, my eye caught the words, "white Irish serge, five and fivepence farthing per ell."

Can it be possible, thought I, that any product of Irish industry found for itself a demand in the luxurious Italy of five hundred years ago!

Forthwith, I looked through all the books I could lay my hand on which seemed likely to furnish information concerning the manufacture and export of Irish serge in days gone by. Not finding what I sought in my calf-bound authorities that talk in type, I addressed myself to a walking encyclopædia of my acquaintance, a gentleman of prodigious memory, whose knowledge of Irish affairs—historical, antiquarian, political and domestic—seems altogether inexhaustible, and whose reservoir of archaic lore overflows in a torrent of living speech in answer to any demand made by an intelligent querist, be he adversary or ally. In a marvellously short time I obtained all the information I could have hoped for anent the woollen exports of mediæval Ireland, and furthermore became enriched with a miscellany of *viva voce* notes on Irish trade in general and the Italian poets of the age of Dante in particular; the illustrious Earl of Charlemont and the flocks and herds of ancient Erin; the patriots of '82, and the historians who *love and make a lie*; the mistakes and misdeeds of which this country has been the victim from A.D. 1169 even to the hour when the query about Irish serge was propounded by the present writer.

However, the ascertained points most germane to the matter are the following: namely, that Fazio degli Uberti, a celebrated Italian poet, who towards the middle of the fourteenth century wrote a description, in *terza rima*, of the countries he explored in the course of his travels through the world, relates in his poem, entitled "*Ditta Mundi*," how, having seen England, he passed into Ireland: a country

worthy of renown, as he says, for the beautiful serges she sends us; that, in the *Dizionario della Crusca* under the heading of "Saia" (serge), an example is given of the use of the term "saia d'Irlanda" from an old ledger, in which is charged "a piece of Irish serge to make a dress for Andrea's wife;" and that, the patriotic Lord Charlemont having, during his lengthened sojourn in Italy, come across a copy of Fazio's extremely rare work, transcribed the interesting passage above alluded to, and subsequently brought it under the notice of the recently founded Royal Irish Academy, as a remarkable evidence of the extent of Irish commerce and the success of Irish manufactures at a remote period of our history.

From that day forward whenever, in the course of desultory rambles over the highways and byways of Irish history, I came on any reference to Irish wool or Irish cloth, forthwith I made a note thereon, without any more definite purpose, however, than to store up, against some possible eventuality in the future, facts which if not seized on the moment might elude research in the hour of need.

Only the other day, when inquiring for a certain statistical treatise in a library stocked with works on arts and manufactures, I learnt by chance that a reader, presumably a gentleman of the press, had just been asking whether some book on the Irish woollen trade could not there and then be laid before him, but had received for answer that no such work was procurable, although the collection numbered several volumes on the cognate subject of the linen trade. I could not but think that, although no special work on Irish woollens might be named by the aid of which an article could be got up in hot haste for a morning paper, there nevertheless exists both in public and private libraries ample material for an essay on that highly important subject, if one had only time and patience to run through histories, pamphlets, statute books, travels, and memoirs; set in order the gathered notes; and reduce the mass of information to a readable form.

The Irish wool trade has a history far from deficient in variety and incident. It was dealt with, in a fair spirit generally, by English legislation from an early period of the Anglo-Norman occupancy to the reign of William and Mary. But from 1699 to 1779 it was proscribed by statutes as inimical to social happiness and public morals, as was the penal code directed against the religion of the majority of the population. Possibly, the laws that annihilated the wool trade wrought more destruction than the legislation that aimed at stamping out the Catholic faith; for the trade Acts snatched bread from the mouth, filched hope from the heart, and wrenched power from the hands of the industrial sections of the community.

But though the trade was sentenced to destruction, the spirit evoked by the deed was not set at rest for generations. Irish wool assumed an importance seldom enjoyed by a staple of manufacture.

First it was a party cry, fierce and minatory; and then it swelled to a national outcry which artillery could not silence. English parliaments were convulsed by it, and Irish parliaments were disgraced or immortalised according as they sacrificed or set free the wool. The question wove itself into the chequered web, one hundred years long, of Irish history. This it was that rallied the Volunteers. The air they marched to had words set to it with a refrain ringing of the wool; and Napper Tandy acted under the same inspiration when he suspended from the necks of the Volunteer guns labels inscribed with the words, *Free Trade or Speedy Revolution!* If not dyed red as scarlet on ensanguined fields, the wool had at any rate a tinge of romance imparted to it by the adventures connected with its contraband transport to foreign countries, and its association with the flight of the Wild Geese and the escape of hunted priests under favour of the smuggler's sail. Popular songs kept alive the pathos and the pain of the story. In the winter evenings beside the hearth, and on summer nights beneath the moon, the peasants sang to strains of native music, wild and plaintive, the lament of the hapless maiden ruthlessly robbed of the *Suisti Buidhe*, the—"Yellow Blanket"—which cloaked in allegory the legend of the ruined trade.* Literature, too, had a thread of wool run through its pages. An essay of inconsiderable length, but a masterpiece of the English tongue, thrown off in obedience to a generous impulse to retrieve the fortunes of the injured wool, received the distinction of being branded by a grand jury as a scandalous, seditious, and factious pamphlet. A small volume dictated in a singularly calm and reasoning spirit, as would be thought in our days, but discoursing plainly of the wool, earned a yet severer penalty and was publicly burned by the hands of the common hangman. And these pieces of "dangerous" and ill-treated literature were not the production of men undistinguished by their character, capacity, and position, but were the work respectively of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, and John Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College.

It is not my intention, I need hardly observe, to endeavour to write an exhaustive paper on Irish wool and woollens, though I fancy I can discern the lines on which such an essay might run, and very much wish that some one would do the industrial cause so good a service. But as at this moment the subject of home products and manufactures occupies a good deal of attention, the wool as usual coming to the front, I think it just possible that readers of the *IRISH MONTHLY* may not be unwilling to refresh their memory of past read-

* The air of *Suisti Buidhe* will be found in the valuable and enlarged edition of Bunting's "Ancient Music of Ireland," published in 1840. "Very old; author and date unknown," is the note given in the margin by the compiler of the work. There are persons still living who remember in their childhood hearing the country people singing with extraordinary feeling the lament set to this sweet strain.

ings, and to lend me their attention while I run through some rough notes and open at marked passages a score or so of volumes lying conveniently at hand.

In the day when Lord Charlemont wrote his paper on the antiquity of the wollen manufacture in Ireland,* it was thought a great deal to cite, in support of the thesis, records of the date of Edward III., bearing evidence to the high repute, at home and abroad, of Irish friezes, serges, and stuffs in that monarch's reign. Further inquiry led to the conclusion that woollen garments were in use among the natives many centuries before the English landed on these shores. Not, however, until our own day were proofs positive forthcoming of old Erin's possession of a home manufacture of cloths of great value and beauty, as well as of fabrics of coarser style. Within the last forty years the labours of our antiquaries, the publications of our archæological societies, and, above all, the deciphering of the ancient laws of Ireland, have revealed as existing in the past a state of things hitherto unimagined, and thrown a strong light on the social and domestic life of the primitive, but by no means barbarous, inhabitants of the land of the Gael.

References to the teasing, carding, combing, and other processes by which the wool was prepared, and to the spinning, weaving, napping, and dyeing of the cloth, occur in the Brehon Laws. The woollen manufacture in all its branches was carried on by the women of the tribes; and these laws lay down very precisely the divisions of the raw material and of the cloth in different stages of its manufacture which a woman should be entitled to take with her in case of separation from her husband, the proportions being adjusted evidently by an estimate of the amount of labour expended by the wife on the wool or on the fabric. Equally with the fleeces, the dye stuffs were of home growth, and great attention was devoted to the procuring of pure and beautiful colours, in a variety of shades. A fine blue was much admired, green was a favourite colour, and a plant, now unknown, was grown in ridges for dyeing cloth a "splendid crimson red." Party coloured, striped, and spotted cloths were also esteemed. Industry and art enabled the spinning and weaving women not only to keep up the stock of material required for the ordinary clothing of the tribe, but also to provide the splendid mantles in which the kings and chiefs figure so conspicuously in song and story. These mantles were considered princely presents, when offered by one great man to another; and the provincial kings, valuing them as so much treasure, took them in form of tribute from their subordinate chiefs. In fact, as an article of revenue, manufactured cloth appears to have ranked next to live stock. In the "Book of Rights" wherein "the revenues of the principalities and the laws of the rights of the provincial kingdoms and of the tri-

* "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy (1787)."

butes and rents given to them and by them" are precisely stated, we find cloth and cattle set down together. Thus, the King of Cashel is entitled to receive from one of his tributaries 1,000 cloaks and 1,000 milch cows; while from others, together with hogs or cattle, he exacts cloaks with white borders, or napped cloaks trimmed with purple, or mantles all variegated. Connaught is not behind hand in the quantity and quality of the cloth produced by her petty states. One tributary is taxed to the amount of thrice fifty superb cloaks, and others must find royal cloaks, or cloaks of strength, or speckled cloaks, or purple cloaks of fine brilliance. Dye stuffs were likewise taken in tribute. Ancient legends, poems, and lives of saints also abound in references to the manufacture and use of woollen garments in Ireland, and to the importance assigned to the princely mantle. For example, in the *Táin Bó Cuailgne*, an epic poem of considerable antiquity, a description occurs of the personal appearance and dress of the Ulster chiefs as they arrive with their hosts at the camp of Connor. A comely champion, with deep red yellow bushy hair, and sparkling blue laughing eyes, appears on the scene with a red and white cloak fluttering around him fastened at the breast with a golden brooch; while another warrior, dark visaged and black haired, proudly advances leading on his company and wearing a red shagg cloak with a silver fastening. A white-hooded cloak with a flashing red border, and many other varieties of the ample and splendid garment, are also described. Other ancient MSS. are also rich in word pictures of this kind. The ladies' flowing mantles are of course not left out of the tableau. For instance, the poet does not forget to record that the heroine of a story appeared in all the splendour of "a lustrous crimson cloak of dazzling sheen."*

For centuries succeeding the heroic period, Irish kings and warriors continued to display in court and camp these much-prized mantles. Sometimes, too, the splendid garments strewed the field when their owners lost a battle. Thus, it is recorded that among the spoils left by the sons of Brian Roe, when they fled from Mortogh, in 1313, were "shining scarlet cloaks." Military mantles of a style better suited to a rough campaign were adopted on occasions by soldiers equipped for hard service. Mr. Halliday in a posthumous work,† notes from the Annals of Ireland that in A.D. 938, a chosen army of 1,000 men marched from Aileach prepared for a winter campaign by sheep-skin mantles provided for them by Muirchedach, who thus gained the name of Muirchedach of the leather mantles.

* O'Curry: "Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," (1873). "Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History:" by the same author (1861). The "Book of Rights," edited by Dr. O'Donovan, and published by the Celtic Society (1847).

† "The Scandinavian Kingdom of Dublin." Edited, with some Notice of the Author's life, by J. P. Prendergast (1882).

While the upper ranks in Ireland prided themselves throughout the middle ages on the fine texture, rare fringes, costly trimmings, and elegant clasps of their mantles, and, moreover, indulged in a profusion of linen, the humbler classes of the population were habited in a garb almost entirely composed of woollen material, heavy or light in substance according to necessity. A thin stuff answered for shirting or vest; a thicker composed the tunic and the *trouse* or trousers; and of a heavy rug or frieze was fashioned the cloak which was as indispensable an article of attire to the peasant as to the chief. The women had longer mantles than the men, and wore them over a kirtle or gown which reached to the ankle.* A short cloak or cape having a conical hood terminating in a tassel, was much worn by the men and went by the name of *Cochal*, hence the English *cowl*, almost universally used for a hooded cloak or cape. "In the 8th century" observes Dr. W. K. Sullivan in his introductory volume to O'Curry's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," "the *Cochal*, in the latinised form of *Coccula* was considered in Wales and other countries as a characteristic of Irish dress, and the coarse long-napped woollen cloth of which it was made continued to be an important export of Ireland up to, at least, the middle of the 14th century." The learned author adds that the hooded cloak, until lately so common in this country, and still much worn by women in the South and West of Ireland, may be regarded as a modified descendant of the ancient *Cochal*; and that the frieze still corresponds to the description of the ancient material.

Not very long after the Anglo-Norman adventurers had made good their footing in the island, the governors of the Pale became alarmed at discovering in the new settlers a dangerous tendency to adopt the Irish style of dress. So objectionable did this fancy to appear in habit like the Irish seem to the maintainers of English rule, that active measures were taken to retain liege subjects in their proper apparel, and induce the native chiefs to favour foreign fashions. John, King of England and Lord of Ireland, who had had fair opportunities of becoming acquainted with the state of affairs in the latter kingdom, adopted means, which it must be acknowledged were not unprincipally, of giving a desirable turn to the fashion of the day in clothes. Soon after he ascended the throne of his father, he addressed an order, as we read, to the Archbishop of Dublin, directing him to buy such a quantity of scarlets as he should judge sufficient to make robes (after the English mode it is conjectured) to be presented to the kings of Ireland, and others of the king's liege men natives of the kingdom.

Whether these personages wore with a good grace the "scarlets,"

* J. C. Walker: "Historical Essay on the Dress, Armour, and Weapons of the Irish" (1788).

cut after the pattern that seemed good to King John, history does not record; but there is abundant evidence to show that they transmitted no taste for novelty to their descendants, who stoutly adhered to ancestral and suspicious modes. "The barbaric splendour and quaintness of the Irish chiefs seems to have caught the fancy of the English settlers in the reign of Edward III., as we find the use of the Irish dress prohibited to them in the celebrated Statute of Kilkenny, passed during the administration of Edward's son, the Duke of Clarence. One clause in this Act ordains that the English in Ireland shall conform in garb and in the cut of their hair to the fashion of their countrymen in England: whosoever affected that of the Irish should be treated as an Irishman, which obviously meant ill-treated."*

This war of the Plantagenets was made not on Irish manufactures, be it noted, but on Irish tailoring. The red and white cloths of the country were on sale in England in the thirteenth century, and pieces of this description are enumerated as comprised in the effects of King John himself.† Amongst the different articles of dress stolen at Winchester, by Walter Bloweberme and Hamon le Stare, and which afterwards occasioned the celebrated duel between those gentlemen, about the close of this reign, was a tunic of Irish cloth.‡ Edward III., who did more to encourage trade in England than any of his predecessors on the throne, and who made Ireland an equal participator in the advantages offered by his protection, showed particular favour to Irish frieze, for a statute passed in the twenty-eighth year of his reign exempts it from duty under the description of *Drapes appellees frizeware queux sont faits en Irlande*.

However, even the Statute of Kilkenny, though renewed in every parliament till the year 1452, had little permanent effect in reforming the manners of the liege men of the Pale, who continued to find an irresistible attraction in the society of their neighbours across the border; and while delighting in the music, the sports, the story-telling by the hearth, and the pleasant freedom of the Irishry, shaped their beards, and arranged their hair, and cut their cloth after the fashion of the native Gael. Wrapped in their Irish mantles these degenerate English refused to change their garments of predilection or conform in such matters to the wishes of any king of England or any lord deputy of Ireland. An Act passed in the reign of Henry VI. asserts that now there is no diversity in array betwixt the English marchours and the Irish enemies (*Irreys enemis to nostre seigneur le roy*), and proceeds to correct this evil.

In the reign of Edward IV. another advance was made, and not

* Planché: "Cyclopædia of Costume."

† Gilbert: "Historical and Municipal Documents of Ireland" (English Rolls, A.D. 1172—1320). *Preface*.

‡ Quoted from "Bymer's Feudera" by Lord Charlemont, and others.

only the English of the Pale but the Irish dwelling in certain counties were commanded to go appparelled like Englishmen.* And still it seems to have been all in vain, for in the reign of Henry VII. the very lords of Ireland were wont to attend Parliament in the vesture of Irishmen. An Act was then passed ordering these personages to appear in the same parliament robes as those of England, under the penalty of a hundred shillings—a round sum in those days to levy off a lord.

Galway, a great commercial port, and a staunch English town in the main, did, nevertheless, give cause for displeasure, inasmuch as that the clothes of its inhabitants were not found of a piece with their principles. In an Ordinance “gyvyn at our manor of Greenwyche, the 28th day of April, in the 28th year of our reign” Henry VIII. (the first English prince, by the way, who assumed the style and title of King of Ireland) among other directions for the government of the town of Galway, enjoined, “that no man nor man child do wear no mantles in the streets, but cloaks or gowns, coats, doublets, and hose shapen after the English fashion, but made of the country cloth or any other cloth it may please them to buy.”†

Other sumptuary regulations of the same reign had a more general application than the Ordinance issued by the king to his well-beloved lieges of Galway. In one of these Acts, it is enjoined that no loyal woman should wear any kirtle or coat tucked up or embroidered with silk, or laid with uske after the Irish fashion; and that none should wear mantle, coat or hood, of the said pattern.‡

Waterford, also a prosperous and loyal town in those days, does not appear, from anything that I know, to have given the Government serious trouble on the subject of costume, although the manufacture of woollen cloths flourished on the banks of the Suir. Stanihurst, whose account of Ireland is published in Hollinshed’s “Chronicles,” speaking of Waterford, says, “as they distill the best *aqua Vita*, so they spin the choicest rug in Ireland;” and he gives a curious instance of the value of this peculiar cloth in cold weather and its close resemblance to a bear skin. “A friend of mine,” says the historian, “being

* “In order to counteract the efforts made by the English Government to destroy their ancient manners, the Irish exerted all their obstinacy to preserve them. They showed violent aversion to the politeness and refined manners of the Anglo-Normans; ‘making no account,’ says the historian, Froissart, ‘of any amusements and polite behaviour, nor wishing to acquire any knowledge of good breeding, but to remain in their pristine rudeness.’ This rudeness was but seeming: for the Irish knew how to live with foreigners, and to make themselves agreeable to them, especially if they were enemies of the English.”—Augustin Thierry: “History of the Conquest of England by the Normans.” Conclusion, section iv.

† The king’s Ordinance is given in Hardiman’s “History of Galway.”

‡ See reference to this Act in Dr. Sigerson’s “History of the Land Tenures and Land Classes of Ireland.” Chapter vi.

of late demurant in London, and the weather by reason of a hoare frost being somewhat nipping, repaired to Paris Garden, clad in one of these Waterford rugs. The mastiffs had no sooner espied him, but deeming he had been a beare, would fain have baited him: and were it not that the dogs were partly muzzled and partly chained, he doubted not that he should have been well tug'd in this Irish rug, whereupon he solemnly vowed never to see bear-baiting in any such weed."*

This is not the last we hear of the Irish rug or the Irish mantle. Spenser devotes some space—to use a phrase not known to the author of the "*Faerie Queen*"—to a description of the obnoxious garment; and Shakespeare alludes in a very marked way to the rug and the kernes who wore it. In fact, the advance of learning brought into action another engine for attacking a style of dress disapproved of by the party that had the press on its side. The mantle was stigmatized; arguments in favour of its suppression were advanced; "the Iryshe men, our naturall enemyes," had an objectionable way of concealing things, weapons and the like, under their mantle, "fit cloak for a thief;" they had a custom of wrapping the folds hastily about the left arm when attacked, "which serves them instead of a target;"† in a foray they would draw the hood or the cloak itself over their head, making it do service as a helmet: hence the epithet "rug-headed" as applied to the Irish;‡ nay more, this barbarous head-gear was only a too effectual mask when the worst villainy was in hand: "hooded men" meant assassins.

The mantle was written down, in a word, and became more than ever an object of peculiar abhorrence to the English. To strip the chiefs of their handsome mantles and the people of their comfortable, water-tight, much-prized frieze cloaks would have been looked on as a good stroke of statesmanship and equal to a general disarmament of the common enemy.

But, though new means were adopted to bring the native costume into discredit, the old were not relinquished. It is amusing to read how Sir John Perrot, Queen Elizabeth's trusty Lord Deputy, took a leaf out of King John's book, and, having intimated that members habited in the Irish mantle and trouse should not be allowed to attend the parliament he convoked in 1586, he proceeded to use the gentler

* Paris Garden, it will be remembered, was a place of public amusement in London, where the citizens enjoyed the barbarous pastime of bear-baiting. The passage from Stanihurst will be found in the work of Planché already quoted.

† In the "*Encyclopædia of Costume*" it is observed that this is a common practice in Spain at the present day. When looking through Doré's "*Spain*" lately, I was myself struck with the resemblance of the peasant's cloak, so frequently pictured in the book, with the Irish mantle, heavy, ample, and fringed as described in historians' and poets' views of Ireland.

‡ "We must supplant those rough rug-headed kearna."—Richard II., act ii. scene i.

arts of persuasion, and "bestowed both gownes and cloakes of velvet and satten" on some of the country gentlemen. "And yet," adds the historian, "the Irish chiefs thought not themselves so richly, or, at least, so contentedly attired in their new costume as in their mantles and other country habits."*

Strange, indeed, would it have been, under these circumstances, if the Government of her majesty's successor, "the Solomon of the age," did not devote some attention to the study of this philosophy of clothes. Anyhow, the importance of the question was not ignored. Reform was once more proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the island. "The circuits of the judges were not now confined within the narrow limits of the Pale, but extended through the whole kingdom, and the Lord Deputy Chichester, in 1615, directed that all sheriffs, justices of peace, jurors, and other officers of justice, and freeholders, should attend all Sessions and Sitting Terms, wearing English attire and apparel, and that all who appeared at them in mantles, or robes, or wearing glibbs, should be punished by fine and imprisonment."†

Stranger still would it have been, considering all the force and sapience expended in the attempt to reduce the Irish to a "conformitie, concordance, and familiaritie in language, tongue, in manners, order, and apparel with them *that be civil people*," if some persons in high office had not been able to persuade themselves that good government had triumphed at last, and the dawn of civilisation appeared. Accordingly, we find Sir John Davis, of happy memory, rejoicing in the successful carrying out of the late enactments. "These civil assemblies at Assizes and Sessions," writes his Majesties Attorney Generall of Ireland, "have reclaymed the Irish from their wildness, caused them to cut off their glibs and long haire; to convert their mantles into cloaks; to conform themselves to the manner of *England* in all their behaviour and outward forms." Furthermore, Sir John was led on to "conceive an hope, that the next generation will, in tongue, and heart, and every way else, become *English*; so as there will be no difference or distinction, but the Irish Sea betwixt us."‡

This interesting example of official complacency and the art of *prophesying to us pleasant things*, would furnish a choice heading to a

* See an interesting note, in which this bit of history is given and a description of the trouse appended, in Archdeacon O'Rourke's "History of Ballysadare." Chapter iii.

† See in Fitzgerald's "History of the county and city of Limerick," vol. i., a preliminary view of the progress of Civilisation, in which a great deal of Walker's information on Irish dress is confessedly embodied. The glibbes, so often mentioned with opprobrium, meant the Irish mode of wearing the hair in long locks hanging behind on the neck, and falling over the forehead in a manner resembling the "fringes" which ladies wear at the present day. In Ware's "Antiquities" those who are curious in the matter will find a woodcut representing an Irishman with the long glibbes and dependent mustache so fondly cherished by the natives.

‡ "A Discoverie of the State of Ireland," (1613).

chapter of the history of Ireland in the seventeenth century. Meanwhile, the women of Ireland continued spinning, and weaving, and dyeing the wool, and cutting the clothes of the nation according to the pattern handed down by their ancestors;* the men, and men children went on displaying, on every convenient occasion, a very decided and most "uncivil" preference for Irish versus English behaviour and costume; and the Fates, deaf to the thunders of royal ordinances, and the sweet persuasion of Elizabethan English, never ceased weaving the thread of Ireland's destiny into a fabric of quite another hue and texture from that contemplated in the provision of the inspired law officer of "the wisest fool in Christendom."

LENT.

COMES the quiet time of year—
Now the gray road doth appear
Which reluctant feet must tread
'Midst the ashes of the dead.

Gray and chill, yet safe and sure,
Fringed with snowdrops pale and pure
Underneath a sky that grieves
O'er barren boughs and fallen leaves.

Harsh and frozen is the earth,
Distant summer's flowers and mirth;
Gleams alone in thickets damp
The daffodilly's yellow lamp.

One by one the pilgrims go
By the pathway, sad and slow;
Each one thinketh in his heart
How he doth his daily part.

* Sir William Petty, Surveyor-General of the kingdom of Ireland, speaking of the dress of the Irish peasantry in his day, says: "Their clothing is far better than that of the French peasants, or the poor of most other countries; which advantage they have from their wool, whereof 12 sheep furnisheth a competency to one of these families. Which wool and the cloth made of it doth cost these poor people no less than £50,000 per ann. for the dying it, a trade exercised by the women of the country."—"The Political Anatomy of Ireland" (1672).

Sorroweth for the sin that kills,
Mourneth o'er the will that wills
Evil 'gainst the high and good
Hero of the holy rood.

Weepeth for a wandering world,
Out of light to darkness hurled ;
Pray h that all feet may come
To the Everlasting Home.

Museth on a brother's pain,
Planneth for another's gain,
Giveth dole to sick and poor,
Out of great or little store.

Traineth self to stand aside,
With denial satisfied ;
Smiling on another's bliss,
Adding to his happiness.

Thankful for an ampler share
Than he knows of pain or care,
Counting each a step of light
Reaching to a fairer height.

Pilgrims we will travel there,
Through the biting wintry air,
On the narrow Lenten road,
Leading o'er the hills to God.

As we wend, it groweth sweet,
And unwearied are our feet
When at last the bloomy spring
Comes to end our travailing.

May we, each one, keep this tryst
With the ever-blessed Christ,
Who will in one fateful day
Meet us on a lonelier way.

R. M.

DEAD BROKE:

A TALE OF THE WESTERN STATES.

BY DILLON O'BRIEN.

AUTHOR OF "FRANK BLAKE," "WIDOW MELVILLE'S BOARDING-HOUSE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER VII.

A WEDDING.

THE next morning Robert was out in his garden early, and had a bouquet ready to hand Lucy when she was passing; but she did not make her appearance, and he, disappointed, lingered out of doors until the hour for Flitters' visit had arrived. Punctual to the minute, the little man left his house, crossed over the street, and entered the garden. Seeing him do so, Robert advanced, while all the members of the Flitters family in the house, intently watched the meeting, Mrs. Flitters having a tight hold of Master Flitters by the waist, to prevent a renewal of yesterday's accident.

"Oh, look, Anna Maria," exclaimed Mrs. Flitters, in her excitement giving short jerks to Flitters Jun., who, in his turn, commenced striking out frantically at his sister Polly's head, it being the nearest head to him; "look, there is your pa standing before the young man, with his hat off, like a menial."

It was true, in all cases of emergency, Flitters had to seek inspiration from the bald spot on the top of his head, and as he could not get at it through the crown of his hat, he had taken the latter off. Having passed his hand along its usual line of travel, he felt much more at his ease, and Robert was at once prepossessed by the brown eyes, and innocent round face, turned up to his.

"I believe I am addressing Mr. McGregor," said the little man.

"Yes, sir," answered Robert.

"My name is Flitters," continued the little man, fumbling in his pocket for the card. "I have called by the direct—ahem—I have called to see you."

"Very kind of you, Mr. Flitters," said Robert, putting out his hand; "how do you do, sir? We are near neighbours, I find, Mr. Flitters, and hope we shall be good ones. Pray come into the house," and Robert ushered his visitor into the parlour. "Be seated, sir," he continued; "you are in business here, I believe, Mr. Flitters; I think I passed by your store yesterday."

"Yes," replied Flitters; "family groceries, provisions, butter, lard;—I deal in live feathers, too."

"Indeed," said Robert, bowing his head as if this was a very interesting piece of information to him.

"He's a very nice young man," thought Mr. Flitters, "and not a bit uppishish." Then he delivered his wife's invitation to Robert, to take tea with them the following evening. "No one but ourselves, Mr. McGregor," he concluded.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you and Mrs. Flitters," said Robert, "and certainly will do myself the pleasure of calling and making the acquaintance of Mrs. Flitters; but I think you must excuse me for to-morrow evening."

With a rapid gesture Mr. Flitters went behind his hand, and when the brown eyes were again visible, they were filled with sorrow and apprehension. "Mrs. Flitters will be greatly disappointed," he said.

"Oh, as you are so kind to say so," said Robert, "why, I will not disappoint her; I will go over. At what hour did you say?"

"Half-past six," answered his visitor, rising briskly, and bidding Robert a cheerful good-morning, he hurried to his house to be delayed a quarter of an hour longer from business, in detailing to Mrs. Flitters the result of his visit, and answering some leading questions which suggested themselves to the mind of that very able woman.

When Robert McGregor rang the bell, the following day, at Mrs. Flitters', the door was opened by a servant maid, who showed him into the sitting-room, telling him at the same time that Mr. Flitters had not as yet returned from the store, but she would inform Mrs. Flitters of his, Robert's, arrival.

In the middle of the room was Master Flitters, endeavouring to build a house with blocks. The moment the door was shut, he stopped his work, and looking at Robert, said, "I know who you are."

"Intelligent boy," said Robert, who was too young to be an admirer of precocious babyhood. "Well, who am I, Solomon?"

"I aint Solomon, but I know who you are."

"Well, who?"

"You're the man that lives in the cottage, and you're going to marry Polly."

Robert was still laughing at the answer, when the door opened, and there sailed into the room, like a proud frigate with three full-rigged schooners in her wake, Mrs. Flitters and the Misses Flitters. With a dignified air the lady of the house advanced and extended her hand to Robert, as she said, "Mr. McGregor, I am very happy to make your acquaintance; very kind of you to come to us without any ceremony; Mr. Flitters will be here immediately. My daughters, Mr. McGregor,—Anna Maria, Louisa Jane, and Polly."

"My intended," thought Robert, as he bowed to the young ladies; "well, she is the prettiest of the lot."

Presently Mr. Flitters came home, and shortly afterwards they all adjourned to supper, where Mrs. Flitters presided with great dignity, engrossing much of the conversation, while the young ladies smiled

and exchanged glances, and Flitters strictly attended to what brought him to table.

"You take sugar, Mr. M'Gregor?" asked the hostess.

"Sugar is rising," said Mr. Flitters, looking up from his plate.

Mrs. Flitters turned one look upon him; he laid his fork down; the brown eyes became filled with an expressive plea for mercy, and then seemingly with fresh appetite, Mr. Flitters renewed his attack upon the viands before him.

"And how do you like the West, Mrs. Flitters?" asked Robert.

"Oh, pretty well, Mr. McGregor; it would not do to tell you, a Western gentleman, anything else; but we miss the society of Fifth Avenue, Mr. McGregor; don't we, Anna Maria?"

"I should think so, ma," replied the young lady appealed to.

"I miss the Bowery, Mr. McGregor, I can tell you," said Mr. Flitters, quite sincerely.

Mrs. Flitters gave him a glance, but her husband was at that moment engaged with a piece of beefsteak on his plate, and did not notice it, so the lady said in explanation: "Mr. Flitters kept a store in the Bowery, at one time, Mr. McGregor."

"Yes, and a mighty small store at one time; ha, ha, ha," said Flitters, jocosely.

There are some people that eating, like the moderate use of wine, exhilarates. Flitters was a full-blooded, healthy little man, with a fine appetite and healthy digestion, and the succulent beefsteak he was eating warmed him up, made him feel good, and careless of consequences; but no sooner had that reckless laugh passed his lips, than a premonitory cough brought him sitting straight up in his chair; Mrs. Flitters' gray eyes were fixed upon him; Mrs. Flitters' Roman nose pointed at him. The beefsteak intoxication passed away, his hand sought the inspiring bald spot, then slowly passed down his face, and the brown eyes resignedly put in the plea of guilty on every count, immediately after which, Flitters commenced briskly to help himself and Flitters Jun., to large slices of pound-eake.

By the time supper was over, Flitters Jun. had fallen into a profound sleep, and was thus disposed of for the rest of the evening, and Robert and the young ladies retired to the drawingroom, where the two oldest Misses Flitters sang and played duets on the piano, Mrs. Flitters having whispered to Robert to insist on their doing so—while Polly, her long black curls now and then brushing his hand, showed him her album, a cunning artifice by which she was enabled to take advantage of her sisters behind their backs; "just like Polly," said Louisa Jane, afterwards. Altogether, Robert spent a very pleasant evening; he had never mixed in what is called society. Yet, accustomed to the quiet refinement of his own home, and to the ease of manner of an educated gentleman, like his father, he was not for a moment deceived.

by the over-done fashionable airs of Mrs. Flitters; but neither was he inclined to be a very severe critic, for he was flattered by the attention he received, and consequently disposed to be pleased.

When he rose to leave, Mr. Flitters, emerging from a corner where he had been enjoying a comfortable nap, proposed to walk across to the cottage with him. When they reached the gate, Robert opened it and asked Mr. Flitters to enter, but he would not, so they two stopped a few minutes leaning on the fence and chatting. Just as Flitters was about returning, he looked over at his house, and seeing the door shut, and judging that Mrs. Flitters was safely on the other side out of hearing, he pulled his business card out of his pocket, and presenting it to Robert, said: "Drop into the store, Mr. M'Gregor, and if you want anything in our line, we will be happy to supply you. Family groceries, provisions, lard, butter, soap, rope. Good-night, good-night."

There is no positive record of Robert M'Gregor dreaming of Polly Flitters that night, but it is certain that it was Lucy Evans, his old schoolmate, he was thinking of when he awoke the next morning. He had not seen her now for two days. The flowers he had gathered for her were lying on his dressing-table faded, and Robert, fixing his eyes upon them endeavoured to get himself into a poetic melancholy, by repeating, "Faded flowers, faded hope." But whether it was that he could not find a line to correspond with this one, or that in trying to get a word to rhyme with hope, Flitters' enumeration of family groceries, soap, rope, &c., the night before occurred to him, or that his youthful spirit, overflowing with animal life, would not be tamed down, whatever the cause, he suddenly broke forth into a merry laugh, and tossing the bedclothes aside, jumped up and commenced to dress.

"It was very ridiculous of me," thought Robert, as he hurriedly dressed, "to suppose that Lucy would be coming round here to receive bouquets from my hand; the little gipsy must have taken the lower street on her way to school. It is certainly my business to call to see her; I will be just in time to pull a few flowers, meet her before she leaves Mrs. Sims, and have a walk with her to the school-house. She is the only one I can have any pleasure in talking over the happy past with, the only one left that had any share in that past. What a queer matched pair Mr. Flitters and his wife are! I like the little man, but he is terribly hectoring, and the two oldest girls are the image of their mother. Certainly I am very much obliged to that interesting child, who has such a capacity for pound-cake, for selecting Polly for me. Will there be anything strange in my calling on Lucy so early? Oh, no, we are old schoolmates. I suppose she has lots of admirers. Of course she has, for she is downright beautiful."

Robert was just in time to meet Lucy as she was leaving the

house, and the blush and smile with which she greeted him well repaid him for his short walk.

"I have brought you the flowers, Lucy, that you would not come for," he said.

"I am very much obliged to you," she answered, taking them from his hand. "Oh, how beautiful! why, Robert, you have shown excellent taste in your selection."

"Well, you know, Lucy, I have always displayed good taste, even at school." The emphasis with which this was said, and the look which accompanied it, brought another bright blush to the girl's face. And so, happy in the sunshine of the young day, and the sunshine of their young lives, shining through the glamour of first love, they chatted and walked, side by side, until they reached the school-house, where they parted as on the former occasion.

For the next two weeks or so, Robert usually met Lucy in the morning, and walked with her to the school-house; and when vacation came, they had many a stroll together to places in the neighbourhood that were favourite resorts of Robert and James Allen in their boyhood years.

On these occasions, Robert McGregor spoke frequently of his father and James Allen; and indeed the young lovers—for lovers they surely were—seemed in their words and thoughts, to be busy with the past rather than the present or future.

This state of feeling in lovers may be termed the luxury of melancholy—the Indian summer of love, with its soft, warm, hazy atmosphere, through which a gentle happiness pulsates, and like the Indian summer of our northern clime, it is ever too beautiful and calm to last long. In position these two young people were singularly independent of Mrs. Grundy. They had no one's wishes to consult, no particular or exclusive set to please or vex, and in means, Robert was equally independent. In his daily intercourse with Lucy at this time he never broke out into passionate words of love, nor had he asked her to be his wife. Respect for his father's memory kept his lips sealed for the present, but he felt in his heart how truly he loved her, was conscious that his love was returned, and looked forward without doubt to the time when he should call her his wife. Under the guise of the best friends, they were they best of lovers.

I have said that Robert McGregor and Lucy Evans were singularly independent of Mrs. Grundy—a fact that was very aggravating to the old lady; so she set about doing them as much harm as she could. They were not so far beyond her reach but that she could make them feel uncomfortable and unhappy for the time being. What mortal is?

Mrs. Flitters was the primary mover on the part of society. From the time of making Robert McGregor's acquaintance she had

been unremitting in what she termed "delicate attention," and as Robert really liked Mr. Flitters, he frequently called on the latter after business hours, to have a friendly chat or to bring him over to the cottage, where Mr. Flitters would surreptitiously enjoy a mild cigar, and then by rinsing his mouth with water, eating cloves, and taking other precautionary measures, endeavour to destroy all evidence of his dissipation before returning to the family domicile.

Mrs. Flitters perceived from the first that of the girls Robert evidently preferred Polly, and though, as a match-making mother, she would have wished to hand out her daughters in regular rotation, beginning with Anna Maria, to expectant young men with good prospects, still she made up her mind to submit without a murmur to circumstances, and to bestow Polly on Robert McGregor. Nor were there any objections to be apprehended on the part of Polly to this arrangement; consequently, when Robert called, she was left alone with him as much as possible. As possible, I say; for the stupidity of Flitters did much to counteract the strategic movements of that able woman, Mrs. Flitters: he was continually appearing at the wrong time. His habit of going off with Robert to spend the evening at the cottage showed a callous disregard to the interests of his family, which was most disheartening. On such occasions, Mrs. Flitters would remark to her daughters: "Of course, my dears, the young man would have spent the evening here, had not your father dragged him off."

The abject repentance of Flitters, when reproved for his conduct, and his lively promptness to commit the same offence at the first opportunity, were evidences going to show that permanent change of heart was not to be expected from him; but despite Flitters playing the part of a Marplot, Polly and Robert had plenty of opportunity to become intimate friends. How pretty she used to look, when, at the suggestion of the parent bird, she fluttered across the street, and perching on the first rail of the first fence, begged of Robert, in the garden, "just a few of those beautiful flowers." Those little, flying visits, made at first at the suggestion of her mother, were continued by Polly from inclination, until the poor girl had almost given away her heart before she discovered that she had no return. And love, that blinds to all else, made her vision clear in this. The moment she began to love, she saw that Robert did not. He flirted with her, romped with her, played with her, but he did not love her. His very familiarity and self-possession in her presence, his pleasant, indifferent manner at their parting or meeting, showed that he regarded her as a pleasing acquaintance, one whom he would likely come to esteem as a friend but only as a friend. More than this, scarcely had love dawned in her heart, than by intuition she surmised that Robert McGregor loved somebody else, and this surmise she confided, not without a few little sobs heroically kept under restraint, to her mother.

Poor Polly !

This information startled Mrs. Flitters on a tour of discovery. Remembering the first morning she saw Robert in his garden speaking to a young lady, she started from that point, and had no difficulty in finding out who Lucy was, and the great intimacy that existed between herself and Robert. Indeed, when she went seeking information on these points, such a flood of light poured in from all the newsmongers' lanterns, that the only wonder was, she had not heard all about Lucy and Robert long before.

"They were seen frequently walking together in all outlandish places, since school closed, and before that he walked with her to the school-house every morning since his return home."

"Oh, such goings on, Mrs. Flitters," concluded another gossip, "I hope all will end well; but that Lucy Evans was always a bold, forward thing."

Number three gossip, "Knew very well that if Dr. McGregor was alive he would not allow his son to be keeping company with the niece of a woman that took in washing when she lived in P——." And number four gossip, "Hoped at one time, my dear Mrs. Flitters, that Robert McGregor's becoming intimate with your respectable family, might lead to a match between him and one of your sweet girls. It would be such a suitable match in every way."

Whereupon the Roman-nosed matron, taken off her guard by the honeyed flattery of these words, revealed the secret of her maternal bosom, in regard to Polly and Robert, to number four, and the latter rewarded this feminine confidence in a truly feminine way, by putting on her sun-bonnet the moment Mrs. Flitters disappeared round the corner of the street, and hastening to Lucy Evans with an embellished and exhaustive report of what "she said," and "she said," until it appeared to poor Lucy that all the female tongues in P—— were suddenly let loose, and in full cry after a little orphan girl, that had never as much as hurt a fly intentionally.

Leaving Lucy in a satisfactory state of unhappiness, number four returned to the bosom of her family, with a complacent consciousness of having done her duty, and the next Sunday Mrs. Grundy went to church and sang the Doxology.

The same day that Lucy had heard of the great interest that Mrs. Flitters and other good ladies in P—— were taking in her welfare, Robert called to bring her out to walk, and very soon perceived that something was the matter. In meeting him, her manner was restrained and confused, and, as he looked anxiously in her face, he detected signs of tears.

"Something has distressed you, Lucy," he said; "tell me what it is, my little girl."

"I think I shall, Robert," she answered, as the tears came swimming into her eyes, and her face crimsoned. "You are my only friend

here, and I will tell you, although it is hard, and I don't know how to do it. You won't misjudge me?"

"Will you misjudge me, Lucy, by asking such a question?"

"No," she answered, "I will not;" and then she told him about the inquiries Mrs. Flitters had been making among her lady friends, and all the reports and insinuations which that able woman had set afloat.

Lucy hurried over the recital, now and then catching her breath to prevent a sob, but when she came to speak of the happiness that Mrs. Flitters had intended for Robert, by becoming his mother-in-law, Lucy stole a glance at her lover, and a quizzical smile parted the lips that had been quivering the moment before.

And what did Robert say to all this? Well, nothing in words, but, with a pleasant joyous laugh, that blew Mrs. Flitters and all the gossips of P— clear off into space, he drew Lucy towards him in the ecstasy of first love revealed. "And now, Lucy," said Robert, "be off and get your bonnet, and we will pay a visit to Mrs. Flitters, or, if you like it better, we will take a walk to Prince Charlie's tree."

And beneath the broad-leaved branches of Prince Charlie's tree, on whose trunk the jackknives of the boys—Robert McGregor and James Allen—had cut Lucy's name when she was their little playmate at school, the youth and maiden sat, weaving in the sunlight of youth their bright woof of love, happily unconscious in this, the summer of their lives, of the winter whose tempests should dim its colours and test its strength.

The delicious prattle of lovers is silly jargon to other ears, but it is necessary that I should give a portion of Lucy's and Robert's conversation, which took place during a lucid interval.

"Out of respect to the memory of my dear father," said Robert, "I did not intend, Lucy, to ask you to be my wife for some time longer, but our friends have made it necessary to hasten our happiness. Your idea of paying a visit to your good aunt, who wishes you to do so, is excellent. Be sure I will soon follow you. I will spend the summer and fall in roving over those broad prairies we hear so much of, and then, darling, we will begin the new year as man and wife."

Here followed an insane interval, the incidents of which are only known to the squirrels that squatted on the overhanging branches, and watched the happy lovers.

"And you will not be ashamed to take me from so poor a house as my aunt's, Robert?" asked Lucy.

"No, Lucy; and the busybody spoke false who said, as it was reported to you, that if my father lived he would not consent to my marrying you. My dear father," continued Robert, with heightened colour, "was a true republican in all his ideas; he honoured labour, scorned what was mean in prince or peasant alike, and prized worth,

honesty, and intelligence wherever he found them. And who are the Flitters', do you think, Lucy?"

"Well, no," continued Robert, laughing, "I don't believe that even to you I ought to divulge the confidence Flitters reposed in me when he found himself beyond the ken of the old eagle; oh! if she knew she would swoop down upon the poor little man's shining bald head," and again Robert laughed heartily. "I half suspect, Lucy," he continued, "that once upon a time, and no distant time either, a certain near relative of Mrs. Flitters was in the habit of paying business visits to the ash barrels in a certain district in the Bowery in New York. Oh, it is too ridiculous; come along, little girl, set about packing your trunk when you get home, and be off to Iowa, or Bowery Uppertendom will crush you under the wheels of its spick-and-span new carriage."

In the commencement of the new year Robert M'Gregor and Lucy Evans were married in Iowa, and, after a short bridal trip, returned to P——, to commence housekeeping at the cottage. At this time Robert was worth thirty thousand dollars in cash, and about twenty thousand in real estate. "Sufficient for all their wants," he said to Lucy, "and so they would live happy and tranquil, letting others strive after wealth and fame, and find how barren and cold the goal was when reached."

Lucy kissed her young philosopher, and the idyl of their lives ran so smoothly into the prose that they were unconscious of the change.

Among their first visitors was the Flitters family. Mrs. Flitters was altogether too old a campaigner to show any evidence of chagrin at the manner in which her matrimonial plans were defeated. So, as I have said, she and the Misses Flitters were among the first to call and tender their congratulations to the young couple.

If you wanted evidence of Christian forgiveness and love, you should have heard the detonating smack with which Mrs. Flitters saluted the bride's cheek. Then Anna Maria and Louisa Jane followed suit; but Polly merely shook hands, and Lucy felt better pleased with the warm pressure of her soft hand than with the metallic kisses that might as well have been bites. With their hands clasped, the bride and Polly stood for a moment looking into each other's eyes, and from that time forth they were friends, and very true and dear friends, as time advanced.

CHAPTER VIII.

J. J. JENKINS, ESQ.

As time sped on, Robert McGregor was by no means as popular in P—— as his father had been; nor, indeed, did he deserve to be so.

Doctor McGregor had been an enterprising, useful, benevolent

citizen; but, with his son, the old day-dreaming habits of the boy remained with the man, and, though he fully inherited his father's goodness of heart, he lacked the opportunity which the latter's profession afforded for active benevolence. With the exception of improving the farm he had opened shortly before his father's death, he embarked in no business, and, as yet, the expenses of this farm exceeded the returns. But this did not give him any uneasiness, as his income was quite sufficient for his modest way of living. Quiet, gentlemanly, sensitive, and reserved, unless in his own house, where he was prodigal of his smiles and laughter, he was far more popular with the poor than the rich, and the former, with whom he was much freer, understood him better.

In Europe, living on his estate, he would have been a model gentleman; living in his western home, on his income, which he neither diminished nor increased, he was looked upon by his neighbours as an idle gentleman, a very unpopular character in the west, ranking far beneath a successful knave.

As he had money, the politicians of P—— made advances to him. "He was just the man they wanted. They would send him to Congress." But Robert McGregor had no taste for politics, nor ambition to go to Congress; so he declined their advances and thereby saved his money and reputation. The only one redeeming point that the public of P—— saw in the man was that, for public enterprises, town improvements, and good objects, he was always most liberal with his money. So the busy, active little world of P—— settled down to let him have his own way, neutral in regard to him in its like or dislike. If a loving happy home is a desirable thing, Robert McGregor's was not a bad one after all, and if the public of P—— had little difficulty in discovering his imperfections, his wife had still less in finding out his perfections. Nor did the charge of idleness lie at his door, when he worked, under Lucy's supervision, in the garden; but, then, in pushing work through, there is a great deal in a boss, and such a boss as Robert had. The love-light in her blue eyes, her laugh that set all the birds a-singing, the clapping of her little hands when a piece of work was successfully gone through, were all equal to draughts of wine to the labourer, and very often during the day did he rest upon his garden spade, and look at the boss, and very often during the day did the boss refresh him.

I strongly suspect that a good deal of Robert's unpopularity was caused by the jealousy of those fellows who had shrews at home, and envied him his happiness.

The second summer Robert worked in the garden he had two bosses, "baby and I." But the new boss was only a sleeping partner in the concern, and, as his judgment could not be depended upon, it was fortunate he never gave it.

At this period of his life, Robert M'Gregor enjoyed as much happiness as can fall to the lot of a human being, and the principal drawback to that happiness, was his anxiety to hear of, or from, James Allen. "What had become of him; was he dead, or did he altogether forget his early friend?" These were questions that Robert and Lucy frequently discussed, without being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, with the exception that they acquitted James of want of friendship. We are all apt to judge others by ourselves, and, as Robert's friendship for James was as warm now as when he bade him farewell, he never doubted but that the latter's sentiments also remained unchanged. "No; the poor fellow was dead, or, being unsuccessful in California, kept his foolish resolve of not writing—which was it?"

Robert often almost resolved to set out for California in quest of his friend, but to this Lucy objected, and his disinclination to leave his family for the time such a journey would occupy, and the distance it would separate him from them, made him not urge the point. Was he unmarried he would assuredly have gone in search of James, and finding him, have told him that he, Robert, had enough for both.

Although Robert was prevented from making personal search for the friend he never ceased to think of and love he was unceasing in his inquiries in every quarter where he thought it at all likely he might obtain some clue that would lead to the information he sought. He had several advertisements inserted in the California papers, and, even when seven years had elapsed since James' departure, he still kept up his inquiries. Not, perhaps, that he had really much faith in these efforts, as that by them he strove not to allow all hope to abandon him.

During the first five years of Robert's marriage, with the exception of the birth of three children, respectively named Robert, James, and Mary, no incidents occurred to break in upon the tranquil life of happiness he had, seemingly, mapped out for himself. He had launched his boat upon a summer sea, never giving thought to the storm that might arise, and, consequently, was all unprepared when its force actually broke upon him; the young passengers that came on board from time to time, but made the voyage the more pleasant.

The second boy was named after James Allen, and the little girl after Polly Flitters, who was her godmother.

Polly was now the only unmarried daughter left in the brick house opposite; yes, fate had smiled on that able woman, Mrs. Flitters, and robbed her of her two oldest daughters, within three years after the family had settled in P——. They were taken off in regular order after all, which fact mollified Mrs. Flitters' feelings towards the inmate of the cottage very much. The first to go off was Anna Maria, who married a young man who had been clerking for Mr. Flitters, and who

went further west to set up in business for himself. And, from accounts, the young couple were doing well in their new home. But the great event of Mrs. Flitters' matrimonial schemes was the marriage of her second daughter, Louisa Jane, to J. J. Jenkins, Esq., a western speculator, and a man worth millions in prospective.

Building cities was Jenkins' speciality. At leisure moments, just in the lull of the rush of business he was always in, he would pay a little attention to corner lots, pick a few (out of his portmanteau) nicely marked on highly coloured plates, and sell them to you "for merely nominal prices;" but his regular business was to build a city out of hand. He had stepped off the train at P——, on his way to Lake Superior, where one of his largest cities was going up, just to get a tooth filled, and "thought he would look round a little to see if he could not make a couple of hundred thousand dollars or so now that he was here." While looking round he got acquainted with the Flitters, and, indeed, with almost all the people of means in the town.

He was the sensation of P——. When he stood on the steps of the post-office, with the lappels of his coat thrown back, displaying in full his white vest and broad chest, he was sure to have a group of admirers around him, and how contemptible seemed the small safe business some of them were engaged in, compared with those great undertakings which Jenkins spoke of so carelessly. His dash, display, and great expectations had a bewildering effect on Flitters, without exactly impressing him with any great amount of confidence.

He supposed it was all right in the regular way of business, that Jenkins should roll out new cities as he, Flitters, rolled out sugar and molasses barrels; but, as the matter was out of the family grocery and provision line, he did not pretend to know how it was done.

Mrs. Flitters was completely fascinated with the dash and style of Jenkins; she had given up the idea of finding the disguised English nobleman out west; but Jenkins actually surpassed her ideal, and he was "cap in hand" with all the English nobility, having paid flying visits to England, and talked of having Lord Tom and Sir Harry out to spend a month, fishing with him on Lake Superior, in a manner that showed on what intimate terms he stood with those distinguished men. And he had really promised Lady Blanche, Lord Tom's sister, "that, should he get married one of these days, he would bring his wife over to England, on a visit to Lady Blanche."

Now, it must not be supposed that Jenkins was a common lying cheat; he had been in England, had met with live lords, had made them believe in him and in his great schemes, because he believed in them himself.

About the time I am writing of western speculation was at fever heat. The rapid growth of Chicago, on Lake Michigan, had set people crazy. Wherever there was a sheet of water, or a stream that could

turn a mill-wheel, all that was necessary to commence the building of a city there, was as much money as would pay for the survey and maps of the town site; those maps, plentifully furnished with black lines, representing railroads in perspective—everything was in perspective—had only to be shown, when numbers rushed forward, either to take shares in the new company that had secured the site, or to buy lots at ridiculously high prices.

Was the history of this speculative mania written, some of its incidents would surpass the wildest romance, and afford materials for tragedy, comedy, and farce. While there was an innumerable number of knaves that committed the most barefaced swindles, there were others who entered upon the wildest speculations, fully as duped by their own heated imagination as the dupes they brought in after them.

Jenkins belonged more to the latter than the former class; he had already sunk some thousands, all he was worth, in one of the new (prospective) cities on Lake Superior, and his real business in Michigan was to settle some of the shares of the company.

He was a man about thirty-five years of age, with an open countenance, clear voice, ringing laugh, and a singular adaptability of manner and perception of character. Had he been born an English nobleman, he might have been one of Her Majesty's ministers, or a fashionable blackleg; being an American, he came West, and expanded into a western speculator—a character that frequently combines and harmonises traits that are found distinct in the two former characters.

Being introduced to the Flitters, Jenkins, as he said himself, "realised the situation at once." Mrs. Flitters, vulgar, ambitious, vain, and foolish. Two marriageable daughters, some dash about the elder, more in his style than Polly. Flitters, no doubt, under the pressure of Mrs. Flitters, would come down handsomely, and he was the stamp of a safe kind of a father-in-law to fall back upon; one, too, that you could leave a wife with for an indefinite time, while you were attending to business. Accordingly, the friend of Lord Tom, Sir Harry, and Lady Blanche, and owner of countless wealth in perspective, proposed, and was accepted by Louisa Jane, to the triumphant joy of Mrs. Flitters, Flitters making no objection. He had with the most vacant stare, looked over several maps that Jenkins had set before him, and spent the rest of the evening violently polishing the bald spot. When the morning of the wedding arrived, Flitters presented his son-in-law with a check for two thousand dollars, which the latter stuck carelessly in his vest pocket, merely remarking, "Thank you, father-in-law; it will help to buy the cigars."

Flitters retreated, rubbing, if possible, more violently than ever, the polished crown.

"I don't exactly understand it," he said; "but I suppose Mrs. Flitters does, and I have followed her directions. We had quite a settlement drawn up, binding Simpson (Anna Maria's husband,) and I don't believe there is a steadier young man in the county. To be sure, he never thought of building a city, and that's where the difference is, Mrs. Flitters says."

After a short bridal tour to Niagara and back, Mr. Jenkins left his wife at her father's, and went to see after the new city he was building on the shores of Lake Superior. He returned with five thousand dollars, his share of the sum realised by the company by the sale of a few outstanding lots. He reported the most fabulous prices offered and refused for lots in the business parts of the new city. The speculative fever increased; new companies started all over the country; and heretofore staid, sensible men gave their money to build large hotels in places where there was not a human being residing within many miles, or a road chopped out. Almost the only one in P—— who was not susceptible to the excitement, or in any way affected by it, was Flitters. "It was out of his line," he said. Even Robert McGregor was seized with a desire to speculate just a little. The contrast between himself and the bustling, active, energetic Jenkins, whom he frequently met, began to appear to him as in favour of the latter. Without in the least becoming tired of his quiet life, with its love and peace and simple joys, the example of the restless energy of Jenkins affected him now just as Jim Allen's restless spirit used to rouse him out of his day-dreams when both were boys.

However, there were difficulties in the way of his speculating. He had firmly resolved that his cash capital in bank, and which was drawing six per cent. interest, should never be interfered with. This he had set apart for his wife and children, and not the most tempting allurements could alter his mind. I must do Jenkins the justice to say that he had used no direct influence to induce Robert McGregor to enter into any of his (Jenkins') speculations.

"If you have your mind made up, McGregor,"—Jenkins called every man by his name, without any prefix to it, half an hour after he got to know him,—"if you have your mind made up about keeping your funds in bank, why, it's all right; but before I would have money, only drawing six per cent., I would play pitch with it; however, as I have said, that's your business; but you have real estate, have you not?"

"Yes," replied Robert, "several lots, and some land close to the town."

"Well, sell some of your own property in this humdrum little town, and invest the money in a city that, not yet two years old, is destined to have its hundred thousand inhabitants before ten years, and its round half million in twenty years."

Accordingly, Robert sold some property, a small amount at first, and invested it in the new city. Within a-month he was offered three times the amount he paid for the property he purchased. Like others, he grew excited, he sold out, with the exception of the cottage and the ground it was built on—all his property in and around P——, and invested every dollar of the money realised in Jenkins' city.

I suppose fate has decreed that we are to be rich folks, after all, Lucy, he said,"

"Or poor, Robert!"

"Why, you little croaker. But really, Lucy, I have only risked what was bringing us little or nothing. I have not risked my greatest treasure, my little wife," and he playfully caught her in his arms.

"Mr. Jenkins would tell you I was not negotiable paper, Robert," replied Lucy, disengaging herself from her husband's arms, and blushing at that praise which is ever sweet to a true wife.

This was in 1856, and in the following year came the financial crash of fifty-seven, so widespread in the West that it had the appearance of a national bankruptcy. Banks and bubbles broke alike; embryo cities and towns went back to their normal state—portions of the primeval forests, and bears and wolves lodged unmolested in "Lafayette Avenues" and "Washington Squares."

Jenkins' great city, on Lake Superior, met the common fate; residents who the year before used actually to keep out of the way of speculators that every steamboat that arrived landed on the wharf, in quest of corner lots, now offered their properties to captains of steamboats for a passage to Detroit, Buffalo, or Chicago.

One of this class said to the writer, in '57, on board the ill-fated *Lady Elgin*, from whose good-natured captain the late wealthy,—in prospective—citizen of Jenkins' great city, was getting a free passage: "They, the speculators, were shaking the bags of gold at us, until we got frightened, and ran away."

He was running away in 1857, not from gold, but from the ruin, the stagnation, the utter poverty that had fallen upon the place.

In this collapse of the bright bubbles of speculation, Robert McGregor was ruined; in his case, indeed, it appeared that irretrievable ruin had overtaken him. In the case of such a man as Jenkins, it was but a knock down and a jump up again, but with the other, it was the first and final blow.

The first news that came to Robert, was the failure of the bank in which his money was deposited. It seemed that owners heretofore esteemed as safe, honourable men, had speculated with their own capital, and the funds entrusted to their keeping, in the most reckless manner, and their liabilities far exceeded their assets. It was fortunate, perhaps, for Robert that he did not immediately recognise

the full extent of his losses. Some little time elapsed before he gave up all hope of recovering some portion of his capital lodged in the bank. Then he wrote to Jenkins, who, with his wife, had gone to New York, telling him that he wished to sell out, at any sacrifice, the real estate he had purchased in the new city, on Lake Superior. He received a characteristic reply from that gentleman.

"It is all up, McGregor," he wrote. "I don't believe you could get a man who would take the property off your hands on condition to pay the taxes. It is devilish unlucky; the cleanest sweep I ever knew; but we'll pull through and come out yet right side up. *Entre nous*, was not that stupid little father-in-law of mine wise in his generation? Fortunate, wasn't it? He can help me a little to get on my legs, for I feel slightly groggy. Nasty weather here, all slush and rain.

"Yours to command,

"J. J. JENKINS."

(*To be continued.*)

THREE FAIR RIVALS.

THIS is an age of competitive examinations. It has so chanced that three of our poetesses have unwittingly entered into such a competition by sending to us, almost on the same day, three poems on the same sacred theme. They are rivals also as representatives of three countries and of three states of life—an Irish maiden, an English matron, and a Scottish Sister of Mercy. Let us set their poems forth in the order thus indicated. Their subject is the one that Lamartine sang in his earliest and best days. "*La Lampe du Temple*" is the fourth of the first book of his "*Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses*." Even in a tame prose translation it delighted one eucharistic soul years ago, in the appendix to some pious book which called it "the exquisite effusion of a celebrated French poet." Why was not Lamartine named plainly, even if they could not give the poem in French as we think it well to give it to our readers now?

Pâle lampe du sanctuaire,
Pourquoi dans l'ombre du saint lieu,
Inaperçue et solitaire,
Te consumes-tu devant Dieu ?

Ce n'est pas pour diriger l'aile
De la prière ou de l'amour,
Pour éclairer, faible étincelle,
L'œil de Celui qui fit le jour.

Ce n'est pas pour écarter l'ombre
Des pas de ses adorateurs ;
La vaste nef n'est que plus sombre
Devant tes lointaines lueurs.

Ce n'est pas pour lui faire hommage
Des feux qui sous ses pas ont lui ;
Les cieux lui rendent témoignage,
Les soleils brûlent devant Lui.

Et pourtant, lampes symboliques,
Vous gardez vos feux immortels,
Et la brise des basiliques
Vous berce sur tous les autels.

Et mon œil aime à se suspendre
A ce foyer aérien,
Et je leur dis sans les comprendre :
Flambeaux pieux, vous faites bien.

Ten other stanzas follow these six, but they grow still more vague and mystical ; and one would find it hard to learn from Lamartine the real significance of the Lamp of the Sanctuary. Faith speaks more clearly in these lines of Miss Cassie M. O'Hara, which she calls "The Sanctuary Star."

It beats not from the quiet heart of night,
Athwart her vest of deep'ning blue ;
It weaves no fitful, fiery path of light
Through woodlands wet with tears of dew.
It swims not, pearly herald of the day,
Up from the lonely orient deeps ;
Nor doth it shroud its ever constant ray
When noon is thron'd on Heaven's steepa,
But nearer far than sky, or cloud, or zone,
Calming fierce wills that fret and war—
Luring lost hearts back to this altar-throne,
It shines, sweet Tabernacle Star.

High o'er cathedral shrines ; in cloisters dim ;
In coral-girdled isles that rest
On tropic seas ; where floats the Indian's hymn
In forest chancels of the West ;
Amid the broad Savannah's verdant bloom
By mount and stream and jewell'd mine :
Where'er the victor-cross hath broke the gloom,
It lights the path unto God's shrine.
The magnet-ray of ev'ry heart and eye,
Guiding weak feet that stray afar,
Hope's rainbow gleam, when dark despair is nigh,
It shines, sweet Tabernacle Star.

Three Fair Rivals.

All pure and calm, it streams above the din
 Of restless human wills and ways,
 List'ning the varied tales of woe and sin
 Sobbed out beneath its ruby rays.
 The broken hearts of earth come *there* to sigh,
 The wounded waits for healing balm,
 And falt'ring wills beneath its steadfast eye
 Are girt with God's own strength and calm.
 And virgin brows are wreathed with its light,
 And pure young hearts grow purer far
 And scale with generous step perfection's height
 Beneath thy smile, sweet altar-star.

Then shine, shine on, by weary day and night
 Shine on, through life to hopeful death—
 Athwart the shadows of our ebbing sight,
 Arise, pale star of love and faith !
 When voices hushed proclaim Him near, arise
 And thrill the calm with thy soft rays ;
 Shed o'er that hour of tears, and breaking ties
 The peace of life's communion days.
 Oh, shine, shine on, till glorious light above
 His sacramental bondage rends—
 Till hope is lost in full fruition's love,
 And faith in fadeless vision ends.

Still more of the simple, practical tone of real prayer is discernible in the lines which Mrs. Pentrill addresses to "The Altar Star." Her expression "How gladly turn away !" reminds me of words which she cannot have seen, for no one ever saw them. They occurred in a "Visit to the Blessed Sacrament," in which the worshipper begs our Divine Lord to grant him "a more vivid faith, a more burning love, and a keener pang of self-reproach at feeling it a relief to retire from his presence."

O happy lamp ! O happy life !
 Ever to watch before the Lord,
 Away from all our fears and strife,
 Our sorrows, our discord.

You see the angels in the night,
 Adoring *glorias* hear them sing ;
 You see the holy mystic light
 That shines around the King.

You hear the plaints of Jesus' Heart,
 That Heart so patient, so forsaken,
 Whose cries of love can on our part
 An echo scarce awaken.

You hear our footsteps heedless pass
 Beyond the church's open door ;
 You hear us laugh—we laugh, alas !
 While Jesus' Heart is sore.

You know how short a time we kneel,
How few and cold the prayers we say,
You know how soon we weary feel—
How gladly turn away.

My lamp of love 'mid earth's dust lies
The world's cold winds around it blow,
And 'neath their breath it all but dies
And flickers to and fro.

Dear, faithful lamp! then plead for me
In thy lone watches of the night,
That I in heaven may burn like thee,
With pure, undying light.

Finally, it is thus that the Scottish Nun, working among the Irish poor in London, speaks "To Jesus on the Altar."

Most gentle Eyes! from out Thy curtained dwelling
Watching thy spouses with unceasing care,
Thy winning glance all fear and doubt dispelling,
We lift our earth-dimmed eyes to Thine, and dare
To keep them fixed upon Thee all the day
Letting Thy stillness quiet our unrest,
Thy peacefulness our tumult, and alway
Seeking that all we do by Thee be blest.

Dear wounded Hands! the cruel nail-prints wearing,
All eloquent of ransom dearly paid—
Now richest graces to Thy children bearing
As they are gently on each bowed head laid.
We stretch our trembling hands beseechingly
Towards those sacred ones once red with blood,
That, touching them, our poor vain gifts may be
Made holy offerings of gratitude.

Sweet Lips Divine! forever gently preaching
Mysterious wisdom all earth's lore above,
In soft and tender accents only reaching
The ears made delicate by faith and love.
Cleanse our stained lips in waters of compunction
From all that could assail their purity,
Till they too speak—touched by the Spirit's unction,
Heart meeting heart in sweetest colloquy.

Spear-riven Heart! whose pulses ceaseless beating
Are living voices changeless love to tell,
From whose calm depths where all delights are meeting
We drink as from a cool exhaustless well.
We bring to Thee our human hearts all throbbing
With varied impulses of joy or pain;
Now light and gay—now in deep anguish sobbing—
Always secure Thy sympathy to gain.

Where the strain is so sacred, it seems wrong to notice a mere technical fault; but surely the ear would be better pleased if Sister

Mary Agnes had managed to get rid of the two exceptions which occur in the two first of these stanzas and had made all the odd lines end with unaccented syllables. Do our three poetic specimens in this paper form a climax or an anticlimax, or neither? Fortunately, we are not called upon just now to decide this very delicate question.

* * *

The foregoing trio of eucharistic pieces had been sent to the printer when some other pages on the same divine theme fluttered accidentally out of a pigeonhole, where they had lain since last September. The writer, "G. E. M." begged that the Editor, if forced to reject her verses, would, at least, give his opinion of them in his next issue. But we have no department for "Answers to Correspondents," and this "school-girl of fifteen" has probably, months ago, ceased her look-out for some editorial reference to her "Evening Visit to the Blessed Sacrament."

Sweet eve has come. The lovely gleams
Of sunset pour in gorgeous streams
Upon the altar-throne where He,
Our God, our Love, has chosen to be.

Here, Jesus, will I come to pray,
My burden at Thy feet I'll lay;
Thou wilt my grief with love allay,
And take my care and pain away.

The red lamp burns before Thy shrine—
Would that its happy lot were mine,
To be for e'er before Thee here,
To tell all men that Thou art near.

Before the tabernacle I
Will linger, and will softly sigh,
Because my heart is cold towards Thee
Who here dost wait for love of me.

Oh! hear my prayer, sweet Jesus, hear!
Give me the love that "casts out fear."
Thy Heart is pure, thy Heart is mild—
Make mine the same, Redeemer kind!

Forgive me for my want of love,
By her who reigns as Queen above.
She loves Thee as no creature e'er
Has loved Thee, O Thou Lamb most fair!

Bless me, O Lord, before I go!
Poor though I am, and mean and low;
Thou lovest me—and I desire
To love Thee with a quenchless fire.

Help me to vanquish all my foes,
And guide me through this world of woes;
Grant, though afflictions on me fall,
That I may ever on Thee call.

Thus lead me, Jesus, Saviour mild !
Keep free my heart from aught defiled,
Until I reach that home above ;
Where coldness *must* give place to love.

As "G. E. M." is now half a year nearer to her sixteenth birthday than she was when she wrote these lines, she is probably able to detect a certain poverty and sameness in her rhymes, though they are all correct, except *mild* and *kind*. As regards the substance of the little poem, it would have more merit if it had more faults. Many of the couplets are vague, general, and impersonal ; and after the first stanza our young poetess forgot altogether that she was paying an "*Evening Visit to the Blessed Sacrament*."

M. R.

A CHAT ABOUT MONTREAL.

BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

IN these days of quick travel, and constant communication between the two worlds, my little sketch of Montreal and its ways is likely to be a "twice-told tale;" but, as one likes talking of a dear far-off friend, and dwells tenderly on that friend's every look and gesture, so do I love to linger over the memories of that city by the St. Laurence.

You leave New York in either the morning or evening, and arrive in Montreal in twelve hours. The evening train seems to me preferable, as the sleeping cars are comfortable, and you can sleep away hours of the journey otherwise tedious. If, during the long days, you have the daylight far up the picturesque Hudson (the American Rhine); and, by the time the dusky shadows are falling, Poughkeepsie is reached, and there is a pleasant interlude of supper. By nine o'clock the negro porter begins to make the beds, which he accomplishes with marvellous celerity, and, presently, people are diving beneath the heavy curtains in a way amusing to lookers on. You are awakened in good time, and struggle through your toilet under many difficulties, and soon after arrive at the town of St. John's, where the placarded notices in French remind you that you are in Canada. Still on for some distance through a most uninteresting country, and then, during a pause of some minutes, at the entrance to the celebrated Victoria Bridge, to ascertain

if it is empty, the eye naturally travels to Montreal, across the river, lying quiet and picturesque in the morning light. The dear old towers of Notre Dame stand out clearly against the sky, like sturdy sentinels keeping watch over the river; and much lower, but distinct, the little belfry of Notre Dame de Bon Secours may be seen, where, through all weathers, Our Lady of Good Help keeps a look out for her absent sailors, and greets them on their return from the dangers of the sea. Farther back arise a host of spires of glittering tin, or warmer red roofs of the town, and, above all, the solemn Mont Royal, at whose feet the city nestles.

A rush into the bridge, dense blackness, with intermittent flashes of light from the air-holes over head, a choking smell of gas, not pleasant to inhale, and then out again into the light, and through dreary suburbs, till Bonaventure Station is reached. Anyone who likes Montreal thoroughly, and is very *very* glad to get back there again, looks cordially on the wretched old barn dignified by the name of station; but, to a critical observer, it must be dreadful, as also the narrow lanes of streets, lying around and about; but, once away in the Windsor omnibus, in one of the extraordinary gilt and painted cabs (miniature Lord Mayors' coaches), and up the steep hill to the civilised portion of the city, one forgets the station and finds plenty to admire in the appearance of the place.

After a bath and an excellent breakfast (if at the Windsor one is very apt to enjoy one's breakfast), the outside world looks so tempting, that to set out in one of those comfortable-looking sleighs at the door seems the first thing to be done. The ever-officious cabby helps you in, piles a quantity of fur rugs upon you, and goes off at a break-neck pace; along Dorchester-street and down Beaver Hill, to the business part of the town. As you fly along you catch glimpses of rows of gray stone houses, with double windows, and red weather-strips—of the St. James's Club, where, if you belong to the masculine gender, and have any friends in town, you will be, probably, made welcome in a day or two—and, further down the hill the Metropolitan Club, where the convivially disposed youth of the city spend many of their many idle hours. A few seconds more and you are in St. James's-street, whereon are most of the banks, the Post Office, and many handsome buildings; the well-known Bank of Montreal, a solid, Grecian-looking structure, perhaps the most imposing. It fronts (as does also the French Cathedral, Notre Dame) on a square called Place d'Armes.

This cathedral is built far back from the side-walk, and is approached by a series of terrace-like steps. You push open, with difficulty, the heavy swinging doors, and find yourself in a vast church; the roof lofty and blue, star-studded; everywhere masses of eastern-looking decoration. There are a great number of altars about the church, and an exquisite marble statue of the Blessed Virgin, presented

by Pius IX. The choir of this church is composed of boys' voices exquisitely trained. Their rendering of the Passion music in Holy Week is something to remember.

Coming out into the wintry air again, you find yourself in Notre Dame-street, also devoted to business, but consisting principally of smaller retail stores. A block or so away from the cathedral is an archway, through which you see the tiny chapel of Notre Dame de Pitié, belonging to the ladies of the "Congregation de Notre Dame." It is a pretty little shrine, and is famous for its miraculous statue, before which numerous votive offerings speak of successful petitions. To your left, as you go out, a small gateway in a high stone wall leads into the grounds of the convent, and, through the open door, is visible the quaint old house, one of the real antiquities of Montreal. The Order was founded by Marguerite Bourgeois,* in the early days of Canada. She and her nuns are very conspicuous in the history of that time, by their pious labours among the settlers and the Indian tribes. The principal convent school of these nuns is Villa Maria, situated on the mountain-side, outside the city, and it is worthy of a chapter in itself.

The next place on your route is, probably, the Bon Secours, of which you caught a glimpse awhile ago from the other side of the river. You drive along Notre Dame-street for several blocks, turn a corner down a steep hill, and find yourself at the entrance, not by any means prepossessing. In close proximity is the market; and behind lie the wharves: it is, therefore, anything but an aristocratic locality. Within it is still dirty and unattractive; the kneeling figures scattered about do not add to its charm, artistically speaking; but there is a feeling of devotion about the place which holds one. The altar is handsome, of solid-looking gilt work. Before it hangs a silver ship (the lamp of the sanctuary), a votive offering from some pious souls, who, in imminent danger of death at sea, vowed to send a model of their ship to Our Lady of Good Help if rescued. To the left of the altar is a picture, commemorative of the awful time of the ship fever. Under the wretched sheds, thrown up hastily for them, lie the miserable victims, attended by their ministering angels, the Gray Nuns, who are

* While we were in the act of handing this paper to the printer, the *Tablet* of March 4th, gave us the latest information about this venerable woman. On the 9th of February, the Holy Father, Leo XIII., ratified a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites which confirmed the judgment of the Bishop of Montreal on the veneration paid to the saintly Foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame. The cause of her beatification will, therefore, be commenced forthwith. Father Captier, Procurator-General of the Sulpicians, is named by the Holy See postulator of the cause. The part of promoter of the Faith (or Devil's Advocate, as he is commonly called), whose duty it is to sift the evidence, cross-examine witnesses, and say everything that can be said *against* the servant of God, was taken at the recent meeting of the Sacred Congregation by the learned Monsignor Laurence Salvati.—*Ed. I. M.*

one of the boasts of Montreal. In the background one sees Monseigneur Bourget, then the bishop, now ex-bishop, of Montreal, administering the last sacraments to one who is evidently dying. *Apropos* of the fever it made such ravages among the Gray Nuns, that it became necessary to seek further help. The nuns of the Hotel Dieu are strictly cloistered, but they applied for and obtained permission to come forth from their seclusion, and take the places of the dead "Sœurs Grises." One recalls, while looking at this picture, the harrowing events of the plague, and the many instances of heroism connected with it, till the tears rise unbidden. Many of the children of these emigrants, left orphans, were adopted and cared for by charitable people, and occupy good positions in Canada to-day. The altar of the Blessed Virgin here, as in most of the churches of the city, is aglow with tapers, burning for the myriad intentions of the people.

On your way up town again you see something of the wholesale business streets—St. Peter and St. Paul. If you go up by Bleury-street, and have still time before luncheon, there is the beautiful Church of the "Gesu," the fashionable church of Montreal. The interior decorations are all in neutral tints, restful and harmonious to the eye. There are two fine paintings on either side of the grand altar: one, St. Aloysius receiving his First Communion from the hand of St. Charles Borromeo, while his father and mother kneel reverentially outside the rails. On the other side, an angel giving the Blessed Sacrament to St. Stanislaus Kostka, in a Protestant church, whither he has strayed in mistake. He is in his pilgrim's garb, and his face wears a rapt expression of adoration. There are, besides the altars of the Sacred Heart, and the famous one of Notre Dame de Liesse, two side altars dedicated to different saints of the Society of Jesus. Next door to the church is St. Mary's College, under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers.

Not very much out of your way home is the Chapel of Nazareth, attached to the Blind Asylum. It is an exquisite little gem; the beautiful frescoes were done, as a labour of love, by a French gentleman of Montreal, who is poet, painter, and musician all in one. It is very touching to see the blind children groping their way to the altar; there seems, however, no lack of light-heartedness among them; for on summer mornings, while praying in the chapel, you can hear their voices singing and shouting outside, happy as the birds, which so thickly populate the trees about the place. The time to go to the Nazareth is at five in the evening, when the Gray Nuns come in to say the Rosary. There is such an air of peace and rest about it, that you almost forget the cold world and its storms beyond the chapel-door.

By this time the morning is gone and you return to the Windsor Hotel to luncheon, ravenously hungry and pretty well tired out.

The only exploring you are likely to do in the afternoon is the hotel itself, through which you wander lazily admiring the luxury and comfort of the appointments. Even the elevator is worth a glance: it took the prize at the "Centennial," and is generally a well-behaved, and in all respects excellent arrangement; but it has its weak movements, and has been known to remain absolutely suspended between earth and heaven, like Mahomet's tomb, till fresh steam, put on below, enabled it to go on its way. Hard by the elevator is Notman's, the great Canadian photographer's show-room, fitted up in thoroughly artistic fashion; here are to be seen most of the celebrities who have honoured Montreal from time to time, from the Marquis of Lorne, and H.R.H. Princess Louise, down to the last new actress. There are several pictures of Lord and Lady Dufferin (Canada's prime favourites), and numerous groups of people engaged in the national amusements of snow-shoeing, skating, and lots of gaming. In a glass-case are displayed specimens of Indian work and curiosities; the room is well worth a visit; and one is not always expected to buy, but can go looking about in peace. You have already, no doubt, observed the grand dining-room and ladies' ordinary, both remarkably handsome rooms; the drawing-rooms, splendid corridors, and the Rotunda, after that, with the exception of the bridal apartments, the rooms are much the same, comfortable and thoroughly well kept.

Glancing from the window over the ladies entrance you see the unfinished Bishop's Church. In the east end is the beautiful new Church of Lourdes, another of the sights of Montreal, the frescoes of which are by the same artist who painted the Nazareth, and are wonderfully beautiful. In other parts, the Irish have their own St. Patrick's, and there are many other interesting churches.

The afternoon drive in Montreal, well wrapped in furs, is thoroughly pleasant. On a real Canadian day the sun shines out brilliantly till the icicles on the trees turn to diamond-wreaths, and the snow crunches under the horse's feet as you whirl along Sherbrooke or Dorchester-street, or Union-Avenue, and sometimes out past Montreal College, belonging to the Sulpicians, leaving the toll-gate and the city far behind. There it is nothing but a great expanse of snow, varied by the dark shade of the pines. If you drive around the mountains you get back into town when the West is aglow with the setting sun; the glimpse of the exquisite rose-hues seen along the vista of bare, snow-laden trees, with perhaps a tender moon coming out overhead, lingers long in the memory. All along the streets go merry groups in snow-shoeing costume, blanket coats, red woollen sashes, and blue or red caps, dragging their toboggans or shouldering their snow-shoes, sometimes singing in subdued voices. If one had time to follow them, they might presently be seen on the hills outside the town, taking their breathless course down the hill,

on toboggans, or striding off in their snow-shoes, so outlandish looking to unaccustomed eyes. There is a heartiness, a freshness in these enjoyments, very delightful, the only drawbacks to tobogganing being the tiresome walk up hill, which amounts to drudgery, and the far more important one of accidents, not unfrequent and sometimes very serious.

Earlier in the afternoon, the beauty and fashion are visible above their furs in their handsome sleighs, driving up and down town, through the fashionable quarters; but by dusk, they have disappeared from the vulgar gaze, behind the portals of the gray stone mansions along Sherbrooke and Dorchester-streets, and up the mountain-side, where the lights of Ravenscrag, the palatial residence of Sir Hugh Allen, the eminent ship-owner, shine out over the snowy landscape. Very pleasant, indeed, do the lights of home look to those hurrying towards them, with noses and finger-tips unromantically red; and they are well able to appreciate the blazing fires, and well-spread boards awaiting them.

I remember one Christmastide, some years ago, when a small party of us, staying at the old St. Laurence Hotel, went to the Skating Carnival at the Rink. Lord and Lady Dufferin were there, the former in snow-shoeing costume; Lady Dufferin only a looker on. It was, I think, the coldest night I experienced in Montreal or anywhere else that I have ever been; but it was such glorious moonlight, that we were foolishly tempted to send our sleighs away and walk home. We had scarcely gone a block before we bitterly repented our rashness, but it was too late, as the sleigh bells could only be heard tinkling in the distance, and there was not a conveyance of any kind, except those previously engaged, to be seen in the streets. We arrived at the hotel in a miserable condition. One of my fingers and both ears were frost-bitten, and the latter stuck out for some time afterwards in a way alarming to behold. By judicious rubbing with snow, any serious effects were prevented, and we were dosed with hot negus and sent off to bed; but I shall never forget the walk home, I do not think the Arctic regions could possibly be any colder. Two days after we were in New York, where it was quite mild, and scarcely a trace of snow on the ground.

There are one or two places besides those I have mentioned which all visitors go to see: such as these are the great old Catholic Hospital; the Hotel Dieu, for all diseases, contagious and otherwise; and the Gray Nunnery, devoted to the care of infirm old men, women, half idiot people, and little children.

The principal convents are Villa Maria, before mentioned, the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Sault au Recollet, picturesquely situated near the river; and Hochelago Convent, a short distance from the city. Villa Maria, the only one with which I am well acquainted, is, I have

said, under the direction of the Ladies of the Congregation of Notre Dame, so beloved in Canada. The low, rambling house in the centre between the fine new buildings was the viceregal residence of Lord Elgin when in Canada; and its quaint carvings and old-time look, were very delightful to the more romantic girl pupils of my time. What had been the ball-room, was of late years one of the music-parlours where we "*clinged clanged*" all day at our "practising;" but sometimes at dusk, when we were assembled there for some purpose or another, we would whisper mysteriously about the bygone dancers, and work ourselves into a delightful state of terror, fancying that we could see their spectral forms gliding up and down outside in the glazed promenade, which ran along the front of the house, and peering in through the windows. There was a legend connected with the place which had a peculiar interest for us. It was whispered that at a ball given there long ago, an ardent young lover took the opportunity of declaring himself to the object of his passion, and being rejected, went away, and was not seen again until the guests were departing, when his lifeless body was found hanging to one of the trees outside; even in those credulous days we had strong doubts of its truth, but it fitted in well with our vivid imaginings on those dusky winter evenings. The grounds belonging to this convent are very large and fine. A short walk from the house brought us to a little lake, on the margin of which we were wont to disport ourselves during the early summer days and evenings. Sitting in groups beneath the shade of the maples, or wandering up and down singing hymns or snatches from the little operettas, which we sometimes performed with immense success and delight on grand occasions: dear, happy, girlish days, how they come back to me as I write three thousand miles away! To this day nothing would delight me more than a drive out to Villa Maria, and a long, long talk over old times with the nuns, who remember every trifle, and are always so cordial, and so glad to see you that you are almost sorry to come away again. Bells ring, and girls go up and down, just as it all used to be; but the girls of our generation are women grown, with, perhaps, a good many sorrows separating them from their girlhood. These strangers in our places look at us, and whisper among themselves, that "that is So-and-So, who used to be here long ago;" and they watch us from the windows with no little envy as we get into our sleighs, and away to unknown delights in the city beneath them. Well their day will come, and if they realise one twentieth of their imaginings, they will do well, *pauvres enfants*.

I have rambled on while talking about Montreal and its associations, and yet have not told of half its beauties or its charms. Socially it is very pleasant. As elsewhere, there are little cliques and coteries. The French and English are in the main divided as completely as if

the boundary-line, Bleury-street, between the East and West End, were a high mountain or wide river. The English are decidedly the more fashionable: they give the grand balls, dinner-parties, amateur theatricals, and the usual amusements of society people; live as a rule in handsomer, and more modernly-furnished houses, drive better turn-outs, travel more, and are more of the world altogether. The French live quietly, though very probably quite as substantially, if not more so; give large entertainment but seldom, and, for the most part, lead dull and uneventful lives in the domestic circle. They possess however wonderful talent for music in all classes; and some of the quiet musical evenings at French Canadian houses are among my pleasantest memories of Montreal. Some few of the French living in the West End, or by some combination of circumstances, have drifted into English society, and are more English than the English themselves, and as a rule much more interesting.

Very many people from different countries have said, that once one has lived in Montreal, even for a short time, and learned to know the place and its way, that, in spite of many little shortcomings, when compared with other cities, one never altogether forgets it, or loses the desire to visit it again. An enthusiastic girl wrote to me once from one of the Southern States: "I love even the old gray stones of Montreal—no where else seems like home." There is a home feeling I think, which one sometimes misses in larger cities: touches of the old world, its legends, and quaint customs, and yet all the glorious feeling of space and new life, the vivid sunlight, the bracing freshness of the air, and the sense of almost infinite space, of dusky pine woods, and endless tracts of untrodden country, stretching out solemn and silent under the sun.

The greatest defect of American cities, their newness, is not evident here. One may at any moment turn from a block of modern houses to a picturesque narrow street, which looks as if it were transplanted from old France or Belgium; and in the surrounding villages linger the traditions and many of the fallacies of bygone days. The Americans look upon Canada as behind the age. Perhaps it is, a little; that may be the secret of its charm.

AN OFFERING.

BY HELEN D. TAINTER.

I WAS a weary sorrowful woman
As I crept into church to pray ;
Outside there was noise and confusion,
And the heat of a summer's day.

Inside there were pleasant shadows,
Where the great dark arches fell ;
The air was fragrant with incense,
And I heard the chimes of the bell.

There were flowers giving perfume,
As in loneliness they bent ;
Their sweet breath seemed an offering
That earth to heaven sent.

A light burned near the altar,
And the great cross hung above ;
From there our dear Lord watched me,
With eyes full of pitying love :

The worshippers coming and going,
Each bowed before the shrine ;
Everyone brought a costly gift,—
But what had I for mine ?—

Ah ! nothing worthy to offer,—
Oh ! what had I to give ?—
For my heart was full of trouble,
And life seemed hard to live.

I had nothing to lay on the altar,
My hands were empty and bare ;
I was poor, and tired, and tempted,
Yet it seemed so sweet to be there.

I knelt with unsatisfied longing,
With memories sharp with pain ;
But on my soul fell the stillness,
Like cool drops of summer rain.

An Offering.

"Peace" whispered the lovely flowers,
And softly the quiet stole,
Till it filled with peace and devotion
My earth-bound, troubled soul.

I forgot all my fret and grieving,
That I had no gift to bring—
No gold, nor incense, nor flowers,
Nor any precious thing.

I laid at the feet of my Saviour
An earnest and loving prayer;
I had nothing else to give Him,
So I humbly placed it there.

I turned to go out in the crowd again,
In the world to take my part;
I left on the shrine my only gift—
My poor, weak, wandering heart.

One backward glance at the altar,
As I moved towards the door;
My heart on the shrine was lying,
But it sparkled with jewels o'er.

Drops of blood from Christ on the cross
Changed into rubies rare,
And tiny pearls for the tears I'd shed,
When grieving in meek despair.

Great diamonds, with hidden fire,
Shone for each battle's gain,
When the fight was hard, and the foes alert,
And the victory won through pain.

There were opals of flashing lustre
For every earnest prayer;
Each penitent thought blotted out a fault,
And set a jewel there.

So poverty was turned to wealth
By Love, rich, generous, free—
And my poor gift received, indeed,
By Him who died for me.

THE MONK'S PROPHECY.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER VIII.

BREAKING NEW GROUND.

CAPTAIN MacMahon was with his mother when she died; so were Mrs. Hassett and Eustace. After the funeral, Mrs. Ormsby and Sydney returned to the Hut; Mrs. Hassett went to Dublin, and, after another week, Castleishen was shut up, and the two brothers departed also. The carriage that was taking them away stopped at the Hut, to bid farewell to its weeping occupants. Father Moran walked up and down clearing his throat after they were gone.

Sydney wept as if her heart would break. "Oh, what shall we do, mother? What shall we do? How can we live here and all of them gone?" she cried through her bitter sobs.

"Take courage, my girl," said Father Moran, "take courage. The world is before you, dear. You won't be lonely always; but 'tis lonesome enough now, I must say, very lonesome."

Sydney did not feel much comforted by the promise of better days. She laid her head in her mother's lap until, wearied by her emotion, she fell asleep, while her mother and Father Moran talked about the dead and gone.

"I intended to send Sydney to school this spring," said the widow; "but I feel so broken down by the loss of my dear friends, that I don't know what I am to do."

"I have been turning it over in my mind," said Father Moran, "and, do you know, I think it would be the best plan if you went with her, and let her go to a day-school."

"How could I manage?" she replied, with a startled, eager look. "It would be what I should like; but it never occurred to me."

"Well, I don't see but you could be able to manage," said Father Moran. "I think it would come to about the same. And your being together would be good for both. You can calculate and see if it would answer. Women are clever at counting cost."

Mrs. Ormsby grasped the idea at once, and, weighing monetary concerns with careful nicety, concluded that if she could get reasonably cheap lodgings she could manage to live, and keep Sydney at her studies as a day pupil: so it was determined that she would try it instead of separating from her.

She wrote to Mrs. Hassett, telling her about her plans, and asking

her assistance in procuring lodgings. She received an answer in ten days. Mrs. Hassett apologised for the delay, but she was so occupied she had not a moment to herself. She told her she had no chance of getting lodgings on the terms she proposed, and that she thought the whole scheme rather a foolish one. Girls do so much better when completely under the control of their teachers; boarders are less distracted, and have far more advantages. She herself was just about to send Winnie to an English convent. If Mrs. Ormsby took her advice, she would place Sydney at the Green; she would find it much less expensive; for living in Dublin was really something appalling.

Mrs. Ormsby felt the letter was anything but encouraging or friendly; and she was a gentle-natured woman, that was liable to be affected by a blanket that was even damp; but, like many gentle-natured women, her affections and her sense of duty were very strong; and they helped her to overcome her sensitiveness. She instinctively realised that Mrs. Hassett did not want her as a neighbour in the city, and her instinctive reasoning led her to a just conclusion. Mrs. Hassett did not want her in the city. She felt that she ought to notice her in some way; and how was she to do so, if she took up her abode in shabby lodgings, and turned out in pre-Adamite clothing? The widow was puzzled how to manage, when a letter came from Eustace, saying he heard she was looking for apartments. A friend of his had passed his examination, and was leaving his rooms; they were comfortable, moderate, and near the convent to which she intended to send Sydney, and would be vacant in a fortnight. After making all necessary inquiries, she desired him to engage them, and commenced her preparations for departure. Mrs. Gale asked her to stay with her for a few days, before she went away, and accordingly she did so.

The woods of Rathmoylan were clothed in the beauty of early summer. There was a gladness in the air; a presence, as if of young life, waiting impatiently to burst into visible form and colour, and make the face of nature fresh and beautiful. The pearly clouds lay tumbled together in soft confusion in the sapphire sky; the streams rushed onward to the great ocean with a joyous murmur; the rocks cawed noisily in the swinging tree-tops; and the ancient world lay as young and lovely in the sunlight, as on that wondrous day when the first of men opened his eyes and gazed with ardent vision on an earthly paradise.

Sydney wandered contentedly about the grand old house and place, examining everything, even to the haunted room. Over the chimney-piece was the portrait of its former occupant, the unfortunate Charles Butler—a pale, dark young face, with sad, earnest eyes, that followed the movements of the beholder. His dog was by his side, and he was dressed in the elaborate garb of a bygone age. There were many as

handsome faces among those hung in the occupied rooms, but there was a halo of romance and misfortune round this one that captivated the fancy of the girl. She turned from the picture to look at things in the room that, possibly, those slight, delicate hands had touched. There were fancy pictures—likely he had chosen them; old whips hung against the wall; a hunting-horn; various articles that had never been removed, because of the superstition attaching to the chamber. In one recess stood an old Indian cabinet, inlaid with coloured wood, and beautifully gilded. Sydney tried to open it, but found it was locked; and, on appealing to Mrs. Gale for knowledge of its interior, learned that she never had the key; it was supposed to be empty; there could be nothing of any importance in it; it was never opened since she came to reside in the house. It was the portraits of former generations that adorned the walls of Rathmoylan; those of later times were hung in their English home.

Occasionally one of the tenants, seeking some personal favour from the Earl, went over to England, and returned with glowing descriptions of his grandeur there, and of the hospitality and consideration with which he was treated. They had all been kind landlords. As they had great wealth, they did not feel necessitated to put high rents on their lands, and so purchase luxuries by lessening their tenants' necessities.

Mrs. Gale felt very lonely for the loss of the Castleishen family; and Mrs. Ormsby's departure would leave another blank in her circle of friends. She had one son, who was married, and a successful attorney in the county town; but she preferred retaining her independent position at Rathmoylan to residing with him. She enjoyed having a little occupation, and she was putting by money, that she considered would be very acceptable to her grandchildren.

The days slipped by. They bade farewell to their sorrowful hostess, and returned to the Hut. Nellie was to be left in charge of it. The few articles of furniture were not worth selling. "I'll make the rent of it with a couple of pigs," said Nellie; "an', as ye are laiving the little cow, shure, I'll have the price of the calf, an' butther, an' eggs, an' fowl to send ye up;—my hand to ye, I'll do well."

The day came for departure. Nellie sobbed and wept over her nurseling, and the weeping widow went out of the tiny, rose-covered little home, where she had spent fifteen years of tranquil happiness. How pretty and how lonely it looked in the pleasant morning light. There seemed to be a sorrowful cadence in the music of the falling waters; and very lonely she felt as she turned away her tear-dimmed eyes from that peaceful spot, to walk forth again into the hurrying world. She had to think of Winnie Wyndill over and over again, and the good prospects of her child, to console her for the loss of those who were laid in the quiet grave, and for this painful uprooting. It

was sad to go; and yet she felt it would be sadder to remain. Father Moran went with them to the station. Sydney clasped her hands round his arm, and pressed her wet cheek to his. "Cling to our Divine Lord, my child," he said, "and no evil will ever reach you. Let your trust in Him never fail."

He stood looking after them till the train vanished under the railway-bridge, and then he slowly returned home. "They come and go, the good and the bad," he said; "but Thou, O Lord, remainest." He went into the chapel and knelt for some time before the tabernacle, and then went forth to attend to his business.

When they arrived in Dublin, they found Eustace waiting for them at the Terminus; he got a cab, looked after the luggage, and in half an hour they were seated in their lodgings, quite prepared to do justice to the chops and tea their young escort had thoughtfully provided.

"Here, Syd, is a pot of your favourite ambrosia," he said, producing a pot of strawberry jam. "I never thought of it till I was going to the station. I have invited myself to dinner; I feel at present as if earthly happiness were enclosed in a mutton chop."

"O Eustace, how glad I was to see you," said Sydney. "I felt bewildered among all the strange faces. I thought your's was like an angel's, when I saw it among the crowd."

"Your conception of angel's faces are quite false, Syd. Was there ever an angelic intelligence could boast of such a promising mustache? Isn't it rewarding me for all my care, Mrs. Ormsby? Am I not growing handsomer every day?"

Mrs. Ormsby smiled, while Sydney assured him he was not improved at all, and was growing conceited. "O Eustace," said the girl, "wouldn't it be horrible if you became like one of those stupid fellows in books, thinking of their dress, and how they looked, and talking nonsense? I'd hate you."

"No, you would not, Syd; don't use strong language; you could not work yourself up into such a ferocious state of mind. Thank goodness, here are the chops."

After dinner, Mrs. Ormsby and Eustace talked of himself and their friends, far and near. He hoped to pass his examination soon, and the moment he had done so he would go out to the Wyndilla. He spoke of Mrs. Hassett in a sort of desperation: she never had a moment to spare, and you would not know on earth what she was doing; fussing about nonsense. She was taken up now about some fancy ball, and it was a perfect nuisance to listen to her; her dress took as much thought from her as would solve all the problems in Euclid. Edison could not be in greater mental throes over his next invention ending in *phone*.

"Well, dear, dress is of great importance to people in society," said Mrs. Ormsby.

"Oh, who makes it so but foolish women like Carrie? I like to see people nicely dressed myself; but they go to the deuce with it, making such guys of themselves, and disgusting guys, too. Don't talk of the people on the stage; I think they are twice as decent as the ladies in the boxes. Wait till you see Carrie in all her glory. I'm becoming a misanthrope, Mrs. Ormsby; I hate society, parties, balls, and everything savouring of civilisation."

"I should like to go to a party," said Sydney. "I fancy it would be lovely."

"Carrie is giving one next week," said the young man, in a dubious tone.

"It is a long time before you can go to a party, Sydney," said her mother; "but we will go to the theatre while the English Opera Company is here."

"What night?" said Eustace. "I shall get tickets."

"No, my dear, I will get them myself," replied Mrs. Ormsby.

"Well, you will let me go with you, I suppose; come to-morrow night. 'Lurline' is grand. Syd will fancy forever after that water spirits are lamenting her in Poulanaass."

"Very well; come for us to-morrow night," said Mrs. Ormsby. "We shall be very glad of such an escort. I am so unaccustomed to the world now, I am as great a child as Sydney."

"There will be a promenade concert at the Exhibition after to-morrow. You might as well come there, too," he said.

"No, my dear, we can't go out every night. I hope you don't," she said, inquiringly.

"Well, indeed, I do; almost every night," he replied. "They are always going somewhere or other, if they have no one at home; and one easily falls into the habit of it. I am dead tired of the city; but it will be more home-like now that you are come."

"I hope you won't be very long in it, Eustace dear; I need not counsel you to work hard and gain an independence as quickly as you can."

"I am doing my best," he said. "I am eager to be at a man's work, in a new world. If I were well off at home, even, I think I could not content myself at present; I like to try my wings in a new atmosphere, and see a little of the world; but I should not mind settling down in the *ould* country in years to come, if any kindly disposed person made it worth my while."

"That would be very good of you," said Sydney.

"Well, I have an amiable disposition, Syd, and if you meet any wealthy old gentleman looking for a worthy heir, mention me, will you?"

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE IN THE CITY.

WHEN Eustace had taken his leave, they examined their rooms more carefully. They bore unmistakable evidence of the student life they had accommodated. Everything bore the marks of hard usage: well-worn moreen-covered furniture, dingy carpets, china shepherd and shepherdesses reflected in a very unbecoming looking-glass—but all were scrupulously clean. A folding-door opened into a bedroom, in which were two iron bedsteads. Mrs. Ormsby, who was accustomed to circumscribed space in the hut, was pleased to find the rooms such a good size. She unpacked her hamper of country produce, and arranged its contents in an angle press in the sitting-room. Mrs. Cosgrave, her landlady, a sad-looking woman, middle-aged, and rather untidy in her person, came up to know did she require anything, and quite allayed any fears her lodger might have had on the matter of aggressive landladies.

In the morning, Sydney was aroused by the clash and clangour of bells, and sprang up with a rush of pleasant sensations, that delighted feeling of being in the midst of the great, full, rushing world, which thrills through a young or emotional nature, when one wakes in the heart of a city and feels life, sentient, human life, throbbing at every side. There *must* be happiness where there is so much action and intensity. The girl looked out through both the windows. Through the back one she saw the smoke of a train curling in soft wreaths, while the shrill scream of the whistle smote upon her ear; through the front one she looked out on the streets where already the bustle of business was commencing: cars, cabs, and tramcars, were in motion; noise of every description mingled in inextricable confusion; and in the midst of all, a city crow hopped and pecked about the street as much at home in his disturbing surroundings as his country cousins in the lonely woods of Castleishen.

"O mother, it is splendid to be here," said Sydney. I wish Winnie Hassett would come to-day: we could have a long walk; she knows every place."

"Sydney, dear, you mustn't expect Winnie to be running with you here as in Castleishen, she is greatly occupied with her studies, you know, and you will be equally busy next week; so you must not be disappointed if you do not see her often. You and I will be able to explore a great deal."

"I'll make you walk, mother, until I have seen everything; I did not think there was so much in the world as there must be here. I feel as if life got suddenly full of music and movement. Ah! dear Poulanass, I am sure 'tis singing a sad song this morning."

In the afternoon they went to the convent, and made all arrangements for Sydney's becoming a pupil the following Monday. The Reverend Mother was pleased with the widow's winning manners, and the innocent face of the young girl, and made things as easy as she could for her. They went to the shops and procured the necessary books and sundry articles of dress, which Mrs. Ormsby's deft fingers were to make up into demi-fashionable garb, to hide the too evident fact that they were recently from the country.

That evening Eustace arrived, as had been agreed upon, to bring them to the theatre; he wished to take them to the boxes, but Mrs. Ormsby was firm in paying for their tickets, and in being moderate in her expenditure, so he was obliged to yield and they were seated in the second-circle, watching everything with pleasant interest. In a short time they saw Mrs. Hassett enter one of the boxes in striking attire and with a costly bouquet in her hand. Her daughter Winnie was with her, another lady and gentleman composed the party. Mrs. Ormsby looked down at her, and smothered a sigh as it struck her what an immeasurable distance there seemed to be between them. In the country it could not be brought so forcibly home to her, they were on the same natural level there; but here, in society the occupant of the handsome box, gorgeously dressed, with her child beside her, swinging her fan in her delicately gloved hands, seemed far apart from her in her old-fashioned clothes and country millinery.

"Mother, there is Mrs. Hassett and Winnie," said Sydney; "does not Winnie look sweet? I wish she would look up."

"Look at the stage now; they are going to raise the curtain;" and Sydney's attention wandered no more.

They nearly came in contact with Mrs. Hassett's party when they were leaving the theatre. Mrs. Ormsby perceived Eustace instinctively draw back and flush hotly. She looked up and saw Mrs. Hassett just descending the last steps of the grand staircase so near, that but for Eustace's movement they would have come face to face, and so near that Mrs. Ormsby thought she must have seen her. She made no sign, however, and went on before them, talking with great animation to those around her, until she and her party got into a carriage and drove away.

"Why did you keep me back when I was going to speak to Winnie Hassett?" asked Sydney.

"You foolish girl; don't you know you came to the theatre *incog.*," said Eustace with an embarrassed laugh. "You would not care to be seen in your Ulster coat and cap, would you?"

"Indeed I should not mind," replied Sydney; "why should I?" and she opened her eyes in astonishment.

"You have many things to learn beside your lessons, Syd, and one of them is, that ladies going to the undress circle don't want to

be recognised by their friends in the boxes. Did you not see some there closely veiled, lest the tip of their noses would betray them?

"Indeed I did; I'm sure I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't put a veil between me and Lurline for all the boxes and people in the world."

Next day Mrs. Hassett called, rustled up the staircase, and looked in the commonplace sitting-room like a gorgeous parrot in the wicker cage of a blackbird. Sydney was disappointed, for Winnie did not make her appearance; she had some other engagement. After some desultory conversation, Mrs. Hassett said: "It must put you out very much coming to town. Will you remain long?"

"I will remain for six months, at all events, and possibly all the time Sydney will require at school."

"Dear me, and you were teaching her so well yourself. You will find it very expensive. I suppose you hear still from Winnie Wyndill?"

"Yes; I hear from her constantly."

"You and she were always great friends, but I wonder she has time; I know I never have a moment. How lucky she was! Fancy her a Governor's wife; such a position is almost thrown away upon such a quiet, easy-going person."

"I think she is just the person to fill it worthily," said Mrs. Ormsby; "she will make herself beloved and respected; and she who wins love and respect is not out of place in any position."

"Oh, I don't mean to say she is out of place; but I daresay she would be just as content in Castleishen."

"She does not place her happiness in external things," replied Mrs. Ormsby. "She has a large and a loving heart, and would be satisfied anywhere with those she loves."

"Those externals are very necessary, for all that; 'tis only those who have them without an effort, or those who can't attain them at all, that go in for such lofty indifference. My goodness, how late it is!—and I have several other visits to pay. You will come and dine with us some evening, and Sydney, of course;—my young people will be glad to meet her again."

"I am sure Sydney would like to see them," said Mrs. Ormsby.

"I unfortunately have engagements for the next week or ten days," continued Mrs. Hassett; "but after that I will fix a day and let you know. Good-bye;—don't trouble yourself to come down; good-bye." And gathering up her silken train, she took her departure.

"Mother, is not Mrs. Hassett very disagreeable?" said Sydney, when the carriage rolled away. "I don't like her at all; I hope you won't dine there."

"I don't know yet, dear," replied her mother. "I think if we do we want new dresses."

On examining the black grenadine which had been her only

evening dress for several years, she shook her head ruefully, and concluded it would be a dangerous experiment to test Mrs. Hassett's organisation by appearing in it at her dinner-table. With sundry misgivings she bought a black silk dress for herself, and a white muslin one for Sydney. She intended to accept the invitation, not because of any personal pleasure to be derived from it, but for Sydney's sake; besides she was a woman who was influenced by old associations. It required incontrovertible fact to destroy her belief in old faiths, and old illusions. She did not depend much on Mrs. Hassett; instinctively she felt she was not to be trusted; yet she shrank from admitting even to herself, that the fashionable woman of the world was quite indifferent to her and Sydney—she who had been so intimate with and so beloved by all the family;—and then it was such a disadvantage to the young girl not to have someone of her own class to associate with. It would be lonely for her; she might feel slighted; it was better to keep on with the Hassetts, even though the lady's manners were not calculated to produce pleasurable sensations in those acquaintances who had to walk on lower levels.

Sydney was attending school before the promised invitation came, and, having forgotten Mrs. Hassett's disagreeable mode of expression, she was quite delighted at the proposal of seeing her companions again. From the way in which she had been brought up, she was singularly innocent and utterly ignorant of the complex ways of the world: there were no social competitions, no rivalries, no delicate shades of caste in Castleishen to awake her sensitiveness. No one reflected on her and she reflected on no one. There was little self-consciousness in her. If Mrs. Hassett were disagreeable, she attributed such manifestation to some peculiarity in the lady which she did not dream of analysing. It never occurred to her as possible that *she* was acting on the aforesaid lady's temperament, and that the manifestations were specially meant to impress her with a proper sense of her inferiority.

When the evening arrived, Mrs. Ormsby and Sydney drove to Mrs. Hassett's, and entered that sanctuary for the first time. When they had returned her visit previously she was out, as they were in ignorance of the fact that she had an "At home day." When they reached the drawing-room, the hostess, in all the pomp and circumstance of an elaborate toilet, received them with great suavity and forbearance, while Mr. Hassett was quite cordial. The dinner was very grand, though the guests were few. There was every appearance of wealth; and Mrs. Ormsby thought of the amount of hard brain work it took to pay for all this luxury. Mrs. Hassett treated her with all the politeness and attention due to a guest: there was no familiarity, no private chat, and when the widow returned home that night, she entirely realised that she was unnecessary. 'O Mrs.

Hassett's well-being. The woman of the world merely tolerated her; her eyes were too accustomed to the blaze of society to recognise objects in the darkness of obscurity, and Mrs. Ormsby felt it was useless to try to keep on with her. Her prophetic intuitions were proved correct by time. Mrs. Hassett's visits were angelic in their occurrence; and, as the months rolled away, they almost died out.

However, in not unpleasing monotony the time wore on. Sydney became absorbed in her school life, and her mother managed and counted cost, weighing carefully the capabilities of every sixpence before she laid it out. How she wished she could earn a little money just as much even as would take off the strain, the necessity for the interminable mental process of calculation; and the never-ending attempt to make sixpence be as productive in its results as a shilling. Money makes unto itself wings, and in six months she found everything combined had helped the pinions of what to her was a considerable sum.

One of the few with whom she had established friendly relations was Mrs. Barry, her laundress, a cheerful, middle-aged woman, who was recommended by Eustace MacMahon. Her visits on Monday and Saturday were welcomed by the widow, as the visits of one whom she could trust. One morning she was mending a piece of old lace, when Mrs. Barry entered. "'Tis well for you, ma'am, to be able to do it so grandly," she said. "I'd make a little fortune if I could do it."

"I wish I could make one, Mrs. Barry," replied the widow, "and I would begin to-day."

"Iyeh, a lady like you would be above making it that way, ma'am, if you could itself."

"Indeed I would not," said Mrs. Ormsby. "I wish I had any honest way of making a little money."

"'Deed, then, you could make it by the lace for certain, ma'am. I am often asked to do it by the ladies I washes for, but I doesn't know how; an' 'tisen't easy to trust valuable laces to everyone. I tore a piece myself this week, an' I don't know in the world what to do with it."

"Bring it to me, Mrs. Barry, and I will mend it for you, with pleasure."

Mrs. Barry did so; the lace was mended to her perfect satisfaction, and it came to pass that the washerwoman found occasional work for the lady: trifling, no doubt, to those who take large views of monetary matters, but quite sufficient to raise the widow's spirits, and give her a feeling of positive usefulness. It is a certain fact that no recognition of our work, bodily or mental, is so satisfactory as getting so much money for it; being paid is the proof that we are worthy to be paid. A young author giving his productions to papers for nothing argues merely a disposition to behold himself in print;

when those productions enable him to open an account at his banker's, his friends and acquaintances become much more appreciative of his talent; and nothing gives such an impetus to a young worker's genius and necessary self-confidence, as that tangible, pleasant proof of his ability—a cheque.

The months passed. Nellie used to send an occasional hamper of country produce, swelled to a respectable size by Father Moran; but, still, the widow found it hard enough to make ends meet, and she began to wonder would her little store of pound-notes be sufficient to keep Sydney the allotted term at school. She had to draw some of it occasionally for other expenditure. She got a slight cold which rendered her nervous and depressed; and a letter from Mrs. Wyndill, in which she said she had not been well, and was still delicate, added to that depression.

What would become of Sydney if she died? And if Mrs. Wyndill failed her?—that was the thought for ever haunting her—she would be left friendless in the world, with a few pounds a year until she was twenty-one, and then nothing. She was utterly alone. "The poor make no new friends," she would think. What could Sydney do to help herself? Her teachers were pleased with her progress. She was getting on very fairly. Still, she realised that girls who make quite a brilliant display in society, and are highly educated, as the phrase goes, are wholly incompetent to earn their bread. Alas! how she shrank from having her soft-natured, beautiful child exposed to the rough ways of the working world. She was not either by disposition or culture fitted for it; it was as easy to deceive her as a little child who takes all things for what they seem.

The mother's mind became almost morbid with anxiety. She began to dislike the visits of Eustace, though no two could be more like brother and sister in their frank relations, than he and Sydney. The last time she and Mrs. Hassett had met (now some months ago), she perceived by her manner that her sense of prudence was aroused. She was elaborately expressive of surprise at the frequency of his visits, and took occasion, *apropos* of some other unwise individual, to comment on the danger of familiar intercourse between two young people, when there was no possibility of marriage. It was only her sense of duty made her go out to walk with Sydney; she liked to go by lonely ways, where the severity of her style of dress would not come in contact with excessive contrasts, and where she would be unlikely to meet Mrs. Hassett, who, more than once, was wilfully oblivious of her proximity. She lay awake at night, thinking, praying, calculating, sending up passionate cries to God to save Mrs. Wyndill, and to spare her own life until she saw her child with a friend, who would shield her from the coldness of the world.

Sydney was growing more lovely every day, and the attention she

attracted in the streets was a cause of alarm to her sensitive mother. The girl's very unconsciousness pained her, and made her question the wisdom of leaving her so innocent. Would it not have been better to make her aware that there was falseness, and deceit, and sin under the fairest appearances, and so prepare her lest they touch the whiteness of her life? Over and over again she examined her past mode of acting, though she had only the one conclusion to draw—that there was no other way she could have acted with a better result. If she had continued on at the Hut, she would have been in nowise better off if she died. Sydney could not have existed there on the pittance which would have been her's. No; Mrs. Wyndill, if God spared her, was her one hope; if another year was past, they might be going out to her.

Sydney knew nothing of the inner workings of her mother's mind; for her mother was anxious not to have a saddening influence on her. and she made an effort to be cheerful before her. It is an easy thing to make youth happy; and Sydney was oblivious that care and sorrow were possibilities in her future. She loved the nuns, and enjoyed her school life. They had a pleasant walk in the evenings, and Eustace often came to see them, and despite Mrs. Ormsby's denials, insisted in taking them to some place of amusement; so with youth's joyous, instinctive relish for the present moment, Sydney extracted happiness from all things surrounding her, and was repressed by no regrets for the past, or fears about the on-coming years.

Some time after her arrival she made the acquaintance of the landlady's daughter, Julia Cosgrave. Mrs. Ormsby wanted some hot water, and Sydney went down to the kitchen to procure it. A very pretty, dark-eyed girl was ironing some dainty cuffs and collars at the table.

"You ought to iron my caps, Julia, as your hand is in," said Mrs. Cosgrave.

"Can't you do them yourself, instead of reading them old novels?" was the answer.

"Old novels!" said Mrs. Cosgrave, "they're the only amusement I have, and I here all day by myself;—very little of your company you give me."

"'Tis a pity I don't spend my few hours' liberty listening to you grumbling about father," answered the girl, "after my hard day. 'Twas a great compliment to get out early to-day. I told the walker I had a toothache." She put down her iron as she perceived Sydney standing at the door. "Can I do anything for you, Miss?" she asked.

"I wanted some hot water," replied Sydney. "Don't let me disturb you; I'll hold the jug, and Mrs. Cosgrave will pour it out for me. How useful you are! Have you not made up your things beautifully!"

"I must have them nice at my place of business," said the girl, "but washing and ironing spoils one's hands so."

"It has not spoiled yours," answered Sydney, looking at the girl's hands, which were pretty and white.

"They are not so bad," said the girl, stretching them out, "but they are red now from the heat of the iron. If you saw the hands I have to fit sometimes, Miss, you would long to have nice ones—so big and horrid vulgar. You have sweet ones;—sixes would fit you, I'm sure."

"Are you in a glove shop?" asked Sydney.

"I am at present," answered the girl.

"She is always changing from one thing to another," said Mrs. Cosgrave, "and no good ever comes of going on that way. I tell her, she'll be sorry she didn't stick to one place, when it will be too late; but she must have her way."

"I never get a place I like," replied Julia. "If I did, maybe I'd stop in it. Where do you get your gloves, Miss Ormsby? I'd like to fit you."

"I don't often get a new pair," said Sydney; "mamma buys them wherever she likes."

"And you do everything your mother likes, because you are a nice young lady," said Mrs. Cosgrave, taking occasion to give a moral lesson to her daughter by an implied contrast. "I hear you laughing together at night."

"Well, I am not a nice young lady," replied Julia, pertly, "and I'd be a good many nights at home before I'd have anything to make me laugh, except at the wrong side of my mouth."

Sydney perceived the unpleasantness without quite comprehending it; and, taking the jug of water, she said: "Thank you, Mrs. Cosgrave, I'll carry it up myself." With a bright smile she bade them good-bye; and, as she went up stairs, she heard Mrs. Cosgrave's complaining voice and Julia's sharp, half-laughing retort.

(To be continued.)

NEW BOOKS.

1. *The Confederation of Kilkenny*. By the REV. C. P. MEEHAN. New Edition. (Dublin: Duffy & Sons, 1882.)

THE youthful Editor of the *Nation*, in the hey-day of its fame, dedicated his celebrated "Ballad Poetry of Ireland" to Thomas O'Hagan, Q.C., "in earnest admiration of his heart, his intellect, and his principles;" and when, some thirty years later, the ex-editor, who had meanwhile become Premier of Victoria, was asked by the publisher to superintend the fiftieth edition of the same little book, he repeated the original dedication on the plea that, in all his varied experience in the interim, he had found no truer or worthier friend. We have been reminded of this edifying fidelity by seeing Sir Charles Gavan Duffy himself experience a similar fate at the hands of the Rev. Charles Patrick Meehan. His history of "The Confederation of Kilkenny" was one of the last volumes of that "Library of Ireland," which was really inaugurated by the famous "Ballad Poetry," though M'Nevin's "Irish Volunteers," was nominally volume the first. The new edition just issued begins with these words addressed to the Hon. Sir C. G. Duffy: "Dear friend, after an interval of thirty-six years, I avail of your permission to re-dedicate to you this volume."

Father Meehan has shown fidelity of another kind, in devoting himself for so many years to the elucidation of Irish history, studied with the spirit which must animate a faithful Irish priest. But we do not feel justified in adopting the tone frequently taken by reviewers, who imply that such writers make a great sacrifice by devoting themselves to Irish subjects. Their toils may be ill rewarded in a commercial sense; yet even in that way they succeed better than if they addressed the world at large instead of a special audience; and they have other rewards.

Many and valuable extensive additions have been made to the original work. One which will catch the eye most is the frontispiece—the portrait and autograph of Rinuccini, of which an authentic copy was transmitted to Father Meehan by the Nunzio's twelfth successor in the see of Fermo. Twelve episcopal careers seem few to fill up more than two hundred years. Have there been only twelve bishops of Dromore between Oliver Darcy, the Dominican Friar, who (Father Meehan tells us) died Bishop of Dromore in 1670, and his present living successor in that see, another member of that same illustrious Order, which was never more firmly rooted in the soil of Ireland and in the heart of Ireland than now?*

* The man who has done most to verify this assertion would, while living, have a right to complain of the ingratitude which is generally reserved for the illustrious

We are glad to add that a copious index has been furnished, to save us trouble in finding our way among the treasures of minute and varied learning stored up in the text and notes. In the new appendix the author of the "Flight of the Earls" has received graceful aid from Denis Florence M'Carthy's skill in metrical translation, and from the marvellous genealogical lore of Father Shearman of Howth.

II. *Stephanie*. By LOUIS VEUILLOT. Translated from the French by Mrs. Josephine Black. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1882.)

To secure attention for this excellent translation of an excellent book, we confine ourselves at present to two simple expedients. The first is to establish a "solidarity" between the translator and *Miss* Josephine Macaulay, already favourably known as an original writer and as a translator. The other expedient is to transcribe the brief preface:—

"This is the first English translation of a very successful tale by one of the most famous of French Catholic writers,

"So good a judge as the late Father Faber says, in one of his private letters:—'I know of no writer so thoroughly Christian as Louis Veuillot. It is this which so makes me delight in his books. The very love-story in *Cà et Là* is so intensely Christian. It oozes out like blood from a living man: it is not trotted out, nor consciously expressed. So with the *Parfum de Rome*: its very nonsense, and wit, and fun are indelibly Christian.'—*Life and Letters*, p. 497.

"The writer of these few words of preface spent some years among Frenchmen, and used to make inquiries about French tales which were harmless without being too silly. One of his friends gave him the original of this book as among the very best of its kind. It has gone through many editions; and to the later editions M. Veuillot has prefixed an Introduction, giving an account of the circumstances under which it was written, and which form a pleasant story in themselves.

"To the newspaper world Louis Veuillot is known as a most vigorous and trenchant journalist, the famous editor of the *Univers*, resembling Frederick Lucas more than any other public man in these countries. But he has, besides, a high place in the literary world; and even his bitterest enemies—he is too outspoken and too *Roman* not to have enemies in France—concede to him the possession of an exquisite freshness and originality of style.

III. *The Heart of Jesus of Nazareth: Meditations on the Hidden Life*. (London: Civil Service Printing and Publishing Company, 1881.)

We suspect this holy book has itself been too much devoted to a hidden life, whereas our Lord would bid it allow its light to shine before men. To be sure, it is not long in existence, but even for its time it ought to have found its way to more of the hearts to which its very name would be an attraction. Some of these were interested in a series of meditations on the subject some ten years ago in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, then edited by the late Father William Maher. It was he who

dead, if the Irish people and priesthood, all the world over, did not eagerly grasp at the opportunity now offered of contributing towards the erection of a suitable Church for the Dominican Priory of Tallaght, in the Dublin mountains, which is the home of Father Thomas Burke.

counselled their republication with the addition of ten meditations which make the volume in its present form a complete "Month of the Sacred Heart," of a somewhat novel kind. The reflections are very spiritual, and by no means commonplace. As a solid theological introduction, an essay of some thirty close pages on Devotion to the Sacred Heart is prefixed, translated here for the first time from the Jesuit theologian, Cardinal Franzelin. [Then follow thirty meditations on such subjects as the grandeur of the Hidden Life, its meaning and purpose, its utility, its happiness, its occupations, its sufferings, its loneliness, its humiliations, its silence, its obedience, its mortifications, its joy, its tranquillity and peace, &c. Others of the meditations propose the Hidden Life as the model of our preparation for heroic action, or consider it as reproduced in the Blessed Sacrament, in the contemplative orders, and in hidden souls. And then, after discussing the means for acquiring the spirit of the hidden life, the two last meditations of all are on the recompense of the hidden life in sorrow and at death, and in eternity.

In the next edition, the title-page ought to be simplified by reserving sundry particulars for the preface, and we ought at least to be told that the author is an English Carmelite. The excessive use of italics will show that that name is used in its French gender—not "*Carme*," but "*Carmélite*." Moreover, if it hailed from Sackville-street, or Portman-street, it would be more likely to be disturbed from the hidden life to which its present unusual and impersonal address might help to consign it.

MISPRINTS IN "A CHAT ABOUT MONTREAL."

A SERIES of mischances have combined to leave uncorrected several grave mistakes in the pleasant paper named above. The gravest of these, or rather the most ludicrous, occurs in page 211, line 15. "*Lots of gaming*" is the compositor's ingenious version of the Canadian amusement called "*tobogganing*"—a word which we have sought in vain, even in American dictionaries, but which means, we believe, sliding down a frozen declivity, while seated with another in a peculiar kind of sleigh that is dexterously piloted by one of the adventurous voyagers.

In the fifth line of the same page, "*movements*" should be "*moments*," and the seventh line from the foot ought to speak of "*a vista of snow-laden trees*." The penultimate paragraph of the whole article was meant to end with "*endless tracts of untrodden country beyond the city, stretching out solemn and silent under the snow*."

The catalogue of errors in that luckless proof-sheet is not yet exhausted. Can the same be said of our newest contributor's powers of forgiveness?

O'CONNELL:

HIS DIARY FROM 1792 TO 1802, AND LETTERS

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.

PART I.

O'CONNELL! What historical name of the nineteenth century can rival this name in the extent and degree of its fame, real fame? Even those who refuse to love and revere O'Connell's memory give him the tribute, at least, of their wonder. No matter how much the story of Ireland may be condensed—even to a mere paragraph containing a few names and dates—two of those names, inseparably linked with her own, must always be St. Patrick and O'Connell.

Mr. Morgan O'Connell, the eldest surviving son of the Liberator, has with very great kindness authorised the publication in this Magazine of many most interesting letters and papers of his illustrious father, which strangely enough have hitherto escaped publicity. That they have done so may partly be accounted for by the circumstance that no biography of O'Connell has yet appeared under the auspices of the O'Connell family, except the two volumes of his "Life and Speeches," which John O'Connell compiled in 1846, when, of course, during his father's lifetime, many of the most interesting materials could not be used.

As we are thus so fortunate as to be privileged to give, for the first time, many circumstances of O'Connell's career, and many of his thoughts as recorded by himself, we shall introduce them also in an autobiographical form by stating the earlier facts of his life, and as far as possible in his own words.

"I was born," (he wrote to a newspaper in 1828, as we find it quoted in Miss Cusack's "Life"), "on the 6th of August, 1775, the very year in which the stupid obstinacy of British oppression forced the reluctant people of America to seek security in arms, and to commence that bloody struggle for independence, which has been in its results beneficial to England, while it has shed glory and conferred liberty on America."

Writing in the beginning of 1841 to the *Belfast Vindicator*, which a clever lad from Monaghan, called Charles Duffy (afterwards to be heard of), had just established, O'Connell gives us another bit of autobiography:

"I am the son of a sainted mother, who watched over my childhood with the most faithful care. She was of a high order of intellect, and what little I possess was bequeathed me by her. I may, in fact, say without vanity, that the superior situation in which I am placed by my countrymen has been owing to her. Her last breath was passed, I thank heaven, in calling down blessings on my head; and I valued her blessing since. In the dangers to which I have been exposed through life, I have regarded her blessing as an angel's shield over me; and as it has been my protection in this life, I look forward to it also as one of the means of obtaining hereafter a happiness greater than any this world can give."

"It is not death alone, but time and death that canonise the patriot." Time and death have already gone far towards canonising O'Connell, even for those who, when he was living, would be more disposed to act in his regard the part of devil's advocate—to pick out as many flaws as possible in his character and to discover or invent mistakes and weaknesses. Among the mean sneers that once were fashionable, some "scribbling anonymuncles" of the London Press pretended to disparage the social standing of O'Connell's family and ancestors. Even if this were true, if the mighty Tribune were a *novus homo* and the first of his race, this would but enhance the brilliancy of his career. Yet, according to the Archbishop of Cashel, it was fortunate that it was far otherwise. In the Centenary Sermon at the Marlborough-street Cathedral, Dr. Croke said that O'Connell "knew, and no man knew it better, that the Irish Celt is of his nature, ardent and excitable, highly sympathetic, daring, devoted, and generous. He loves the green fields, the groves, the streamlets, the rushing rivers, except one, the mountains, the old ruins, the songs, the sacred shrines, the romantic traditions—and most of all, perhaps, after the old family roof-tree, the graveyards and the battlefields of his country. A real Irish chieftain seen in the flesh, and not simply read of in story, of imposing stature, noble presence, and warlike mien—the living representative of an ancient sept that took an equal part in smiting the Dane and shaking the ascendancy of the Saxon, would for him have singular fascinations." O'Connell would not have exercised the same fascination that he did if he had lacked any of the qualities that he possessed. Of another popular leader of our day, or rather of a day that is over, it was said that his influence with the people would have been greater if he had been less of a Smith, and more of an O'Brien. O'Connell was—O'Connell!

It is no part of our plan to copy, from sources already published, the genealogies which give the ancestors and ancestresses of the O'Connells of Darrinane for many centuries. The point now alluded to is abundantly proved by the unpublished letters at present in our hands, from the year 1740 onwards, the very style and handwriting of

which, especially at that date, evince the high social position of the writers; and the same is evidenced by the tone in which the Knight of Kerry of that day addresses the contemporary O'Connell. It is a mystery how this sturdy Catholic sept managed to hold their heads so high among the gentry of the kingdom of Kerry in spite of the iniquitous grinding persecution of the Penal Laws. For instance, when the future Liberator was a little boy four years old, these are the terms in which his uncle Maurice answers a letter of Robert Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry. The Knight's letter will be given hereafter.

"Darrinane, 10th February, 1780.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am extremely happy to hear by your favour of the first instant, that you are well, and I assure you there is not among your many friends one who more sincerely wishes you an uninterrupted continuance of happiness and prosperity.

"I have had Jermyn to view the mountain of Drung, but could not at that time attend myself, owing to a cold which confined me. The enclosed billet, being a copy of one he left with me, will let you see his estimate and also give you some idea of his plan. His line forming a sweep round the mountain must undoubtedly not only take off the present enormous pinch, but render the whole much easier and more convenient for carriages. The sum mentioned is indeed heavy: but still I perfectly agree that the work should be executed in a style of solidity and durability which cannot be expected without an adequate expense. Nothing on my part shall be wanting to promote so useful a work; but it rests entirely with you to set on and give success to the subscription, the aid of which will be indispensably necessary.

"The observations you make with respect to the barony of Iveragh are very just. It is very much to be wished that the land be purged of outlaws and vagabonds, and not only that, but that it should possess some little force which may be the means of repelling the pillaging attempts of scampering privateers. You were in the country when Paul Jones was off the coast. Had he taken it into his head to land with only twenty men, might he not have plundered and burned the whole barony, naked and defenceless as it was, without arms for ten men. From end to end of it the terror of the inhabitants exceeded all powers of description.

"The very distinguished services of the armed Volunteer corps are universally known, and gratefully acknowledged through the whole kingdom; and I am fully convinced that the Roman Catholic gentlemen of Iveragh would readily unite with their Protestant neighbours, as you say, to form a corps, did they think that such a measure would meet the approbation of the legislature. They would, in common with every Roman Catholic of standing in Ireland, be exceedingly happy by every possible exertion to give additional weight, strength, and security to the kingdom. But, then, what can they do while the laws of their country forbid them the use of arms? Under such circumstances I look upon it to be their duty to confine themselves to the line of conduct which the legislature has marked out for them, and with humility and resignation to wait for a further relaxation of the laws, which a more enlightened and liberal way of thinking, added to a clearer and more deliberate attention to the real interest and prosperity of the kingdom, will, I hope, soon bring about.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"MAURICE O'CONNELL."

The little four-year-old nephew of the writer of this letter, bold and high-spirited for the time, was destined to show the Catholics of

Ireland that the "humility and resignation," here inculcated, could be carried too far and might sink into cowardice and sloth.

To reach O'Connell's unpublished diary and letters the sooner, it seems prudent to disregard chronological order, and to hold over one or two curious letters written thirty years before he was born.

In 1788 Daniel O'Connell, with his brother Maurice, who was then twelve years old, (a year younger than himself), was sent to a school kept at Cove (to be called long afterwards Queenstown), by a Father Harrington; but the next year* they were sent to finish their education on the continent. As St. Omer's was once a college of the Society of Jesus, the Jesuits are believed by many to have been O'Connell's teachers. That glory was denied them, though this was the wish and plan of all concerned. A little before this the Jesuits had removed from St. Omer's to Liège; and to Liège the two O'Connells went. If the good Fathers had foreseen the destiny that awaited the eldest of the lads, they might have stretched a point to admit him in spite of his having passed the age for entrance into the College. They were thus kept waiting for six weeks at Louvain till fresh instructions could come from home.

At this point Mr. John O'Connell contrasts his father's studious employment of his unwilling leisure with the lighter conduct of his younger brother. Maurice himself tells a different story in a letter which we copy here from the brown old dishevelled sheet of paper, now ninety years old:—

"MY DEAR UNCLE,

"I received your affectionate letter of the 22nd ult., and take the first opportunity of answering it. The letter which came to your hands last month was, I assure you, given by me to the President on the 29th or 30th of October, who said he would write some lines in the end of it, which, until I received yours, I thought he had done, and also sent you the college bill and his directions. For our college duties I refer you to the letter Dan wrote you on the 5th of December. When I wrote first, I was not acquainted with them. Our route from Louvain to Ostend you have seen in the directions given us in Cork. The expense was about two guineas each. From Ostend we came to Jurens, from thence to Dunkirk, from thence to this town: the expense two pounds, ten shillings, each. We attended the University schools whilst at Louvain, and had recourse to the library of the Dominicans (to whom we had letters), who were very civil to us, as also were the Franciscans. I should have mentioned these circumstances before, if I thought you would have been pleased with it. I hope you will have no cause to be offended with me for the future. I assure you, my dear uncle, the ties of gratitude, duty, and affection, bind me too close to you, that I should willingly give you the least pain, and I find myself very unhappy at being the cause of your past trouble. I hope our future conduct will be such as to merit your entire

* So John O'Connell says (vol. i., page 6). But the first year the O'Connells spent at St. Omer's was 1792, when Daniel was 17 years old; therefore he must have been more than thirteen when sent to Mr. Harrington, or he must have spent more than one year at the Irish school before being removed to the continent.

approbation. The hope of giving you satisfaction will be a greater inducement to our labouring to fulfil our college duties than the profit arising to ourselves thereby. We are all obliged to speak French; our regulations are well observed, and our living sufficiently good. Give my duty to my grandmother, father and mother, my love to my brothers and sisters, and to all other friends.

"I remain, my dear Uncle,

"Your grateful and dutiful nephew,

"MAURICE O'CONNELL.

"*St. Omer's, January 17th, 1792.*"

This letter is folded up in the old, old style, and addressed to "Maurice O'Connell, Esq., Darrinane, near Tralee, Kerry, Ireland." Another letter, dated the following fifth of March, reports that "we both continue in very good health. Dan joins me in my duty to my grandmother, father and mother, and in love to all other friends." Mark here the reverential distinction between love and filial duty.

The letter we have printed was accompanied by a few lines from the President of the College, Dr. Stapleton, who ends with these prophetic words: "With respect to the elder brother, Daniel, I have but one sentence to write about him, and that is, that I never was so much mistaken in my life as I shall be unless he be destined to make a remarkable figure in society."

Dr. Stapleton's very striking testimony to young Dan O'Connell's promise as a schoolboy is corroborated by another excellent witness—O'Connell himself. He said once, to O'Neill Daunt, "I was in childhood remarkably quick and persevering. My childish propensity to idleness was overcome by the fear of disgrace: I desired to excel and could not brook the idea of being inferior to others."

Owing partly to the disturbances on the continent, the brothers came home from their exile in Artois in the last days of the year 1793, starting for Calais on the 21st of December, the day that Louis XVI. was beheaded at Paris. This brings us down very near to the date of O'Connell's first diary which we are now going to print for the first time.

In 1792 the exertions of the Catholics, under the leadership of John Keogh, whose name ought to be held in popular remembrance, procured certain relaxations in the penal laws, and amongst the rest it was made lawful for Catholics to practise at the Bar. We should be curious to know how many of the Catholic youth of Ireland had availed themselves of this new privilege before O'Connell. In 1794 he became a law student, not in Dublin, but, according to an atrocious piece of centralisation, which is still partly kept up, at Lincoln's Inn in London. A journey to London was a greater hardship and a heavier tax in those days than it is at present.

O'Connell's first London lodging was at a Mr. Tracy's, in a court off Coventry-street; but he soon removed to Mrs. Rigby's, in Chiswick, for in the first entry in his diary he speaks of losing time by coming

to town in order to take part in the proceedings of a certain Debating Society. This must apply rather to Chiswick than to Coventry-street. No date is prefixed to the first entry of the Diary; but the second is dated, as we shall see, "December 11th, 1795," when O'Connell was twenty years of age.

O'CONNELL'S DIARY, 1795-1802.

I met De Vignier to-day. He is about to go off to San Domingo, and told me that the emancipated French Negroes were tired of liberty; that they wished for, nay, called for, their ancient slavery. I will not detail the causes which, according to him, have stirred up this unnatural hatred of freedom in the bosoms of men who certainly experienced few of the sweets of Despotism: I have nonsense enough of my own.

I have almost entirely lost this day owing to my being in town. I believe it will be better for me to attend the society no longer. It is true that I there acquire a great fluency of speech, but the loss of time and money which my attendance occasions makes me conceive it preferable to go there no more. I sent off a letter to my father by this day's post, and am now going to finish one I have already commenced, to John.

Friday, December 11th, 1795.—I went to bed last night at a quarter after twelve and did not get up this morning until five minutes after eleven. I remain in general too long in bed; this I must endeavour to correct. It is a custom equally detrimental to the constitution and to the mind; it destroys the vigour and energy of the one, and prevents, by its consumption of time, the other from acquiring the strength which information inspires.

Bower, the attorney, got me served with a copy of a writ for the amount of Eugene Mac Carthy's bill. I owe this to my own negligence. I have the bill for near six weeks, always resolved to send it off without delay, and still it remains as yet unsent. I remark a great deal of neglect, or at least a dilatoriness, which seems a constitutional failing of mine. I must endeavour to be more than usually active for some time to come in order to get rid of this bad habit. I have another observation to make in Bower's business. It is that I have no right to charge E. Mac Carthy with the expense of the writ.

I read this day 13 chapters in the Bible, 6 pages of Espinasse's "*Nisi Prius*," and 35 pages of Gibbons' "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*." I have this day begun the Bible. I have never read it through. I did not read law enough. I will, at least I intend for the future, to read 12 pages, if not more, a day. When I have occasion to mention Espinasse in future I will do it thus: E. N. P., Blackstone's "*Commentaries*" thus, B. C., "*Coke on Littleton*," C. L. I mean to study until I go to bed; it wants 5 minutes to 10, so that

this is not the whole work of the day—"sed dum loquimur fugit invida ætas !"—I sent off a letter to John.

Saturday, December 12th, 1795.—I went to bed last night a few minutes after 12 and got up this morning at 9. This is giving too much time to sleep; however, I hope we shall improve as we go on. I have written part of a letter to my Uncle Maurice.* My reading consisted of 15 chapters of the Bible, 15 pages of E. N. P., and 34 pages of Gibbon to page 1132. I have also written a page of a book equal in size with this of extracts from the last-mentioned author. I may here remark that I do not intend to mention everything I read. I conceive the trifling productions of the day unworthy of my notice. It is true, time is lost in reading them, but it would be adding to the loss to write down their names. I am now at a loss for materials to swell this number to the size of the others; I shall therefore discourse a little on style. The greatest fault of mine is want of due connection; my letters and writings in general have the appearance more of a jumbled mass than of a united train of ideas. The defect has, I believe, two sources—the one an inherent shallowness of conception, the other frequent interruption. The first can be remedied by the attainment of a more enlarged stock of ideas; the latter, being only a bad custom, may be laid aside with the assistance of care.

Sunday, December 13th, 1795.—I went to bed last night at about half-past eleven, and got up at half after nine. Since I wrote yesterday's number, which was at a late hour last night, I have read from

* This is the only letter of this period given by John O'Connell in the memoir of his Father. Though already in print, unlike the rest of these pages, we copy two paragraphs which contain a sufficiently striking programme of life to be drawn up by a young lad just out of his teens.

"I have now two objects to pursue—the one, the attainment of knowledge; the other, the acquisition of those qualities which constitute the polite gentleman. I am convinced that the former, besides the immediate pleasure that it yields, is calculated to raise me to honours, rank, and fortune; and I know that the latter serves as a general passport: and as for the motives of ambition which you suggest, I assure you that no man can possess more of it than I do. I have indeed a glowing and—if I may use the expression—an enthusiastic ambition, which converts every toil into a pleasure and every study into an amusement.

"Though nature may have given me subordinate talents, I never will be satisfied with a subordinate situation in my profession. No man is able, I am aware, to supply the total deficiency of ability, but everybody is capable of improving and enlarging a stock however small and, in its beginning, contemptible. It is this reflection that affords me consolation. If I do not rise at the bar, I will not have to meet the reproaches of my own conscience. It is not because I assert these things now that I should conceive myself entitled to call on you to believe them. I refer that conviction which I wish to inspire to your experience. I hope—nay I flatter myself, that when we meet again the success of my efforts to correct those bad habits which you pointed out to me will be apparent. Indeed, as for my knowledge in the professional line, that cannot be discovered for some years to come; but I have time in the interim to prepare myself to appear with great *eclat* on the grand theatre of the world."

the 132nd to the 348th page of Gibbon—216 pages. Let me observe that it is the second volume which is mentioned as having afforded the subject of my reading during a part of the last day. The extracts mentioned in page 4 were taken from the 1st volume: when I change either I will set the alteration down. In concluding last night I made a few observations on my style; that subject I shall now take up again. In my letters I perceive that I am too fond of commencing my sentences with "I do this" or "I do that," thus disuniting phrases; they cannot run into one another as they should. I remember having read a remark on Cæsar's "Commentaries" that in them he shows his modesty by never using the word "Ego." If the contrary is a proof of vanity, I am well aware that it would be hard for me to acquit myself of the charge.

I should have finished my letter to my uncle this day and have not done it. This is another instance of the neglect with which I have taxed myself so justly. The fact is, I did intend to terminate the letter, but put off executing my intention from hour to hour; and so while I was resolving to act, the day stole away. So true it is that procrastination is the thief of time.

Bennett is to be married to-morrow—within a short period that is to befall him which at least to one of my way of thinking is the source of pure happiness or unmixed sorrow; for it is my opinion that there is no medium in the marriage state. To it I look forward for my felicity in this life. Indeed we are generally looking forward. I should express my meaning better by saying that it is my opinion men always look to some future period of their lives, to some future event for their happiness. "When I have done this or that, then I will be happy;" such is the usual language of men, but when the period of the completion of their wishes arrives, with one it is an advantageous marriage, with another the acquisition of a fortune, with a third the restoration of health, &c. The much-desired object once enjoyed, happiness not found in it is placed on some other unattainable desire, which, when come at, is found as vain and empty as the former—happiness again removed and again sought for in vain. This pursuit has been well compared by Goldsmith to the endeavour at reaching the circle which bounds the horizon. I read two chapters in the Bible.

Monday, December 14th, 1795.—I went to bed last night at a quarter before twelve, and got up this morning at a quarter before nine. I finished my letter to my uncle, and read 32 pages of Gibbon. Just off to London, so that the transactions of this day will afford subject for part of to-morrow's number.

Wednesday, December 16th, 1795.—I would have written something yesterday but for what I am going to mention. After returning from town I put it off for awhile, then deferred until after supper. I found

it oppress me as a disagreeable task—in fact, it occasioned some sensations which I used to feel when formerly I intended on a day to go to confession—now, I mean that this Journal shall only give me pleasure and profit; therefore, I resolved to write nothing last night, as I felt writing a burthen. In the foregoing paragraph I have expressed myself very ill: I have not said what I meant; that I shall do the same now seems to me scarce doubtful. There is a kind of cold hanging about me these two days which dulls my faculties. Besides, my trip to town has put very much out of sorts; it has deranged my plans of study, and I do not yet feel myself at home again. I will go to town as seldom as possible, since I feel the pernicious effects attending my journeys thither. They are productive of no benefit, yet they make me spend a great deal of money. I went to the play on Monday night at Drury Lane. The tragedy of *Alexander the Great* was acted, with the farce of *The Devil to Pay*. I did not, on the whole, admire the acting; Kemble, who played Alexander, did not give the lines the smoothness for which, and for which alone, many of them are remarkable. Let me instance the lines beginning with—

“When glory like the dazzling eagle stood—”

lines which contain a tissue of false, unmeaning, or exaggerated images. There is, indeed, a smooth flow of numbers in them, pleasing to the ear: to render them palatable, they should receive from the speaker this, the only beauty they possess. Now Kemble, on the contrary, pronounces them as if they consisted of a number of disjointed half-sentences. In the mad scene he appeared too tame; in the cold fit which the poison occasions, he puffed and blew, and swelled his cheeks to puff and blow, in a manner truly pantomimic and highly ridiculous.

Mrs. Siddons, I find, is not much admired in the character of Roxana. It is not, in my opinion, because she plays the part ill, but because it ill suits her style of playing. The strength and modulation of her voice render any character doubly interesting in her hands. With our modern actors it is no small difficulty to understand the dialogue of a tragedy; but Mrs. Siddons has the faculty of making herself clearly understood in every part—and to this faculty, I conceive, she owes no small share of her high estimation.

Benson, in Clytus was more chaste than he usually is. The character seems adapted to his manner of acting; that stern gravity of the veteran Greek was happily displayed.

As for Charles Kemble, I believe he possesses no other requisite for a theatrical hero than a large stock of impudence: and impudence, unaccompanied by merit, is not very captivating in any condition.

Miss Miller will, in my opinion, be a good actress.

I read this day and last night 85 pages of Ossian's Poems, 108 pages of Goodwin's "Political Justice," and 234 pages of Pindar's Poems.

After the preceding entry, there is a fortnight's break in the young law-student's diary, owing to a quarrel with a certain Douglas Thompson, son to a brewer of Chiswick. How serious the matter threatened to be will appear from the reflections with which the future antagonist of D'Esterre closes a minute history of the adventure:—"All I have to fear is precipitation in plunging myself in future into quarrels. I know that duelling is a vice; yet there is a certain charm in the independence which it bestows on a man that endears it, even to many thinking minds. I have, however, made a resolution not to fight a duel from the time that I become independent of the world."

(To be continued.)

LUX PERPETUA!

O SOUL, be not so sore afraid
 To see the coming night;
 Go forth to meet it undismayed,
 For—after the darkness, Light!

The clouds lean down, the shadows close,
 Dear eyes fade out of sight;
 But under the black earth hides the rose
 And—after the darkness, Light!

The stars are quenched, the path is lost,
 Feet fail to move aright;
 But, harvests wait beneath the frost,
 And—after the darkness, Light!

Heart-broken, blind, oh! strive no more,
 With shadows cease to fight;
 See! dawn is breaking on yon shore,
 And—after the darkness, Light!

The prostrate will accepts of death
 The soul submits to night.
 Rise in thy splendour, Sun of Faith—
 After the darkness, Light.

R. M.

THE MONK'S PROPHECY.

A TALE,

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER X.

EUSTACE SEEKS PASTURES NEW.

ONE evening, Mrs. Ormsby sat in her easy-chair, crimping Sydney's muslin frills, and the girl was bending over her books, when Eustace MacMahon, bounding up stairs, three steps at a time, burst triumphantly into the room with the intelligence that he had passed his final examination. The widow warmly congratulated him. "The only drawback to my satisfaction, Eustace dear, is that you will be leaving us," she said.

"O Eustace, won't it be dreadful?" exclaimed Sydney. "When must you go?"

"Before a month, Syd, but we'll have a few jolly days yet. Oh, won't it be splendid, over the rolling sea? I feel as if I had caught that fabulous oyster; and, of course, when I open it, I'll find the biggest pearl out."

The widow smiled. "The exercise of opening it may be better for you than the actual pearl, Eustace. Work is very wholesome, and they say the pleasure is in the pursuit, even in love affairs."

"Carrie is already speculating for me," said Eustace. She talked to me like a modern Moses on the subject of matrimony to-day; gave me sage advice on the advisability of not throwing myself away, and made me aware of all the man-traps that would be set for my innocent foot-steps. When will you be setting snares for your fellow-creatures, Sydney?"

"Indeed, I never will," answered Sydney. "Why should I want to snare them?"

"Don't ask abstruse questions, Syd. Why does Satan snare us? Both are diabolical inclinations, I suppose. Carrie's fear now is that I'll marry a half-black, and taint the pure blood of the Mac Mahons."

"Well, I hope you'll make a wise selection," said Mrs. Ormsby, "when you go about it. I don't think 'tis likely you will do anything foolish; you have a good deal of common sense."

"Well, no, I don't think I shall. I'm not a soft-hearted youth; I never get spooney, like other fellows. I think the only thing I'd be fastidious about is a wife; she should satisfy my head as well as my heart. I should not like to marry one I should be ashamed of either as to looks, manners, birth, or position; which confession argues that I have not what is called a fine nature."

"It argues that you have some regard for public opinion, my dear, and if that regard keeps one from doing generous actions, it also keeps one from doing foolish ones: and you couldn't be too particular about the person with whom you were to spend the whole of your life."

"I'll be an old bachelor; I'll fly from a woman as from the face of a serpent. I won't lift my eyelids when I see a female black. Ah. Mrs. Ormsby," he continued, clasping his hands behind his head. "how glad I am I passed. I was becoming quite feverish with anxiety to be off; I had a most unfraternal dislike to be living with Carrie; you would fancy sometimes that she was doing quite the benevolent touch, by keeping me, and that my fortune was made by my having the advantages of the polite society in which she moved. I could live as cheaply anywhere else, but I knew Winnie preferred me to stay there; we used to squabble in a most unfashionable manner; she would rile an angel."

"Well, I'm glad you remained with her; it was better than to have you living by yourself. 'Tis so easy to fall in with bad companions."

"Living with Carrie wouldn't keep me from bad companions;—and, do you know, I think the society of thoroughly worldly people, well-behaved, respectable men and women, who never lift their gluttonous eyes from the flesh-pots, is more demoralising than that of the ostracised Bohemians, who are often more wild than wicked, and perhaps sin more against the laws of society than against the laws of God. I often found bad people better than good people, if you understand the paradox."

"Yes, I understand," said Mrs. Ormsby: "you prefer anything to a 'whited sepulchre.' Our Lord had great tenderness for sinners; but He showed none towards the Pharisees, who, according to the world, were very respectable men. The race hasn't died out, I suppose."

"I detest all sorts of hypocrisy," said Eustace; "I can fancy myself capable of any sort of villainy except concealing that I was a villain. The little hypocrisies of society are detestable: the vain shows, the shams, the false smiles. You'll hear a hostess press a visitor to stay, and say, when her back is turned, she didn't think she would ever go. You'll hear them backbite and tell little disparaging tales of each other, and then kiss and embrace when they meet. Isn't that all vile hypocrisy? I have heard men detracting the very people they will dine with to-morrow—whispering away people's characters, laughing over, and circulating evil stories with a sort of satanic pleasure, and by-and-by clasping their hands with all the appearance of good-fellowship. Isn't all that hideous hypocrisy? If I spoke badly of a man or a woman, or repeated the evil I heard spoken of them, I'd think myself a mean pretender if I put out my hand to him or her as if I had never done so."

"I fear you will have few to imitate you in your lofty morality, dear, and yet it is only what the Christian religion enforces. It is something extraordinary how interesting the sin and weakness of one man is to another; hearing it is quite a pleasant stimulant. If there be a shameful trial, what a run there is on the papers! An article in a journal by the greatest genius ever born would not sell it so rapidly. And what crowded courts to hear the minutiae of guilt; we might excuse men for such morbid curiosity, but what shall we say to modest women?"

"Modest women," said Eustace, scornfully, "I set it down as an established fact that there isn't a trace of modesty in the nature of a woman who would do so. I would avoid her as I would a pestilence. It was beastly to see them crowding to the courthouse some time ago, you remember the trial; and, indeed, if they heard the remarks made on them, and the bets as to the *smallness* of the difference between their modicum of morality and the persons tried, they might stay away. I wonder they wouldn't carry some of their hypocrisy so far as to pretend to be modest, even. O Sydney, Sydney, rouse up! Won't it be grand when we are all in a new world?"

"What shall we do at all when you are gone, though?" answered Sydney; "we'll have no one then."

"But you will be following me, Syd, in another year almost; then we shall be all together, and live happy for ever after like the good people in story-books."

"Please God," said the mother.

"Only for that knowledge I would not be in such glee, faith. Leaving you, Mrs. O., would be like parting with Winnie, not to mention my youngest and most petted little sister;" he stroked the girl's bright hair as he spoke. "Won't it be jolly when we are all abroad together? Fancy Syd arriving with the blushing honours of young ladyism thick upon her! I expect to receive great demonstrations of affection from weak-minded young men about that time."

The weeks were not long slipping by. Eustace managed to spend a part of each day with them, and all Mrs. Ormsby's fears about a possible attachment being allayed, she permitted him to take Sydney to see everything that she had not already seen. She saw by the manner in which they took the separation that their affection for each other was not mingled with any deeper emotion. In about six weeks he was ready to sail, and so with wet eyes, they saw his bright young face vanish out of their lives. Mrs. Ormsby missed him more than she thought possible. She was one of those women who unconsciously lean upon the stronger sex, who are more happy obeying than commanding, and she felt the young man a protection in the city. Father Moran also was far away; he had become delicate, and had got leave to spend the winter in Italy, with the MacMahons, so that she felt absolutely friendless.

The monotonous months crept on. One Monday morning Mrs. Barry came as usual for the clothes, and found Mrs. Ormsby lying on the sofa; she arose languidly, and began to count the linen.

Mrs. Barry looked keenly at her. "Do you take a walk at all, ma'am?" she said. "This is a fine day, if you took a little turn."

"I don't care to go out; 'tis so easy to tire me," answered Mrs. Ormsby: "Sydney walks with her school companions, so there is no need."

"You'd want the fresh air yourself, ma'am, you are looking poorly; 'tis too confined you are."

"I have fine fresh air coming in here, Mrs. Barry. Sometimes I fancy I smell the country; the new-mown hay, the hawthorn, the meadow-sweet, everything in turn; but I don't care to go out; the streets are so lonely."

"Wouldn't you pay a little visit to your own place in the country?" said Mrs. Barry; "you'd see how 'twould stir you up, and make you fine and strong. I am making very bold on you, ma'am, but I think you'd want a bit of change; I do, indeed."

"Going to the country would be too expensive," replied Mrs. Ormsby; "besides, all my friends are either dead or gone, and Sydney's education must not be delayed."

"'Tis a pity; I don't like to see you looking so delicate," said Mrs. Barry.

"Age is telling on my appearance, Mrs. Barry," she answered, with a faint smile; "we can't look well always; we will soon have change enough when we go to our dear friends."

"I wish you were going to-morrow, ma'am."

"No, we won't go for nearly another year; Sydney must be finished, she will be more than seventeen then. Everything was so arranged. I am uneasy about Mrs. Wyndill; I had no letter by the last mail. The time seems very long, Mrs. Barry."

"No wonder you'd feel it long, faith, and to be sitting here by yourself, and never stirring out," said Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Ormsby sat down, and leaned her head wearily against the end of the sofa. "Yes, time is very long," she said, "but it will soon be past."

"Excuse me, ma'am, I think there is something the matter with you," said Mrs. Barry.

"Don't say that," answered Mrs. Ormsby, sitting suddenly upright, with frightened eyes, "don't say that; I wake at night dreaming I am dying, and that my child was desolate. O God! what would she do if anything happened me?"

"Nothing will happen you, with the help of God," said Mrs. Barry; "'tis only low you are. I was that way myself once, after a heartbreak I got. The doctor gave me a bottle: a tonic they call it; and I came to myself in no time."

"Yes; perhaps I ought to get one," answered Mrs. Ormsby, pressing her hands against her eyes, "I sometimes feel so faint and worn out."

"I'll go this minute and get it, ma'am," and Mrs. Barry, being a woman who could not be easily impeded, left the room at once, and returned in half an hour with the bottle of medicine, and a half-pint bottle of wine. She opened the latter at once, and poured some into a glass. "You won't be offended with me," she said, "for making so free; but I know ladies don't keep the like sometimes, and you want it now to stir you a bit."

Mrs. Ormsby obeyed her like a child, and seemed the better of the stimulant. She promised her humble friend to be more careful of herself, and to place implicit confidence in the tonic.

Next day one of Nellie's hampers arrived with a tukey, two geese, butter and eggs. Mrs. Barry came in for a moment to see how her prescription was agreeing with Mrs. Ormsby, and shared in the good things. It was too much to take an entire goose, she said, and it was only when the impossibility of two people being able to eat so many fowl was made quite clear to her, that she consented. The other goose was presented to Mrs. Cosgrave, and its odour was pleasant to the nostrils of the landlady as she cooked it on the following Thursday.

The head of the house, Mr. Joseph Cosgrave, was anything but a specimen of the *genus homo* comforting to have as the husband of one's bosom. He was one of those men who require a large arena for the exercise of their social talents, and who, finding the home circle narrow, oppressive, and unexciting, naturally become extremely disagreeable in it, and make existence unendurable beside the domestic hearth. His laugh was quite a pleasant sound in the public-house, and no man was more generous in standing treats. He could sing a good song, and tell a good story, and altogether had the name of being an open-hearted, good fellow, who was not over-well treated by fortune sometimes, when he was arraigned before police magistrates for not carrying his liquor in a becoming and orderly manner. Of course those generous instincts of his cost him the greater part of his earnings, when he *was* earning at his trade, as house decorator, and his wife had full liberty to manage^g for herself and her children as she thought best. She kept possession generally of the money paid by the lodgers, and that evident want of confidence in his monetary capacity was the cause of numerous domestic broils. Her eldest son, and only comfort, paid her for his support. Julia was too fond of ribbons and feathers, to be able to contribute anything to the family *cuisine*; so Mrs. Cosgrave, like her lodger on the first floor, gave a great deal of her thoughts to money calculations. Though she did her best, and managed to drag up her children somehow, she was a helpless poor

woman, and did not know how to make the best of things. At any time she could forget all her grievances in the ideal woes of a heroine of romance, and would hang over the stove in her untidy kitchen with a candle in one hand and an old novel in the other, utterly lost to all created things, till a knock at the door, or a call, would bring her back to real life once more. Her wedded partner had mastered and cowed her down, yet occasionally, when goaded to desperation, she lifted an undaunted front, and gave him word for word with unexpected spirit.

The odours of the goose were, according to Mr. Mallock, quite sufficient to make so thoroughly human a person as Mr. Cosgrave "unspeakably and significantly happy," but as Mr. Mallock cleverly and pathetically shows, it is difficult to make "beautiful humanity" entirely happy; consequently notwithstanding the savoury odour which he altogether relished and appreciated, Mr. Cosgrave refused to be pleased and even-tempered in his own house. On this particular evening he let himself in as usual with his latch-key, strode down stairs, stumbled over a dog which belonged to his son, relieved his spirits by kicking it a few times, and set it howling piteously.

"Will you let my dog alone?" said the boy.

"D—n him for a brute, I wouldn't feed such a cur."

"You're not asked to feed him," replied the boy.

"Have I anything to get to eat?" said Mr. Cosgrave, savagely.

"The dinner will be ready in a minute," said his wife.

"If you made that young lady there do something instead of giving herself airs, it would be better for her," said Mr. Cosgrave, flinging down his hat; "such an idle crew."

"They're not idle," said the mother, taking the part of her children; "they are more a help than a cost to us, this many a day."

"Oh, ye're a valuable lot," sneered the head of the house; "a nice clutch for a man to come into."

"You don't come into us like a man," retorted his wife; "and if you do a great deal more work than we do, we are not much the better of it."

"Give me my dinner, and let me out of this infernal house," he exclaimed, in a voice of suppressed fury.

The dinner was eaten almost in silence when placed on the table; the two younger children spoke in whispers; the mother tried to converse with them, as if she were unconscious of the presence of a censor; and Mr. Cosgrave muttered comments on her remarks, or showed he was attentive to her lightest word, by an occasional sneering laugh that was beyond all question or doubt very trying to any nature not far advanced in sanctity.

A dark spot burned on both of Mrs. Cosgrave's cheeks. When dinner was over, Mr. Cosgrave dragged a chair to the fire, sat to it with his feet on the fender, filled his pipe and lighted it, and flung down the tongs.

"Julia, where's that paper I bought on Saturday? Look sharp, and get it."

There was no account of the paper.

"I believe I singed the goose with some of it," said Mrs. Cosgrave; "I thought you were done with it."

"Such a curse-of-God place isn't in the world," he answered, kicking the fire-irons. "Nothing looked after, everything going to ruin and destruction."

"'Tis lucky for us you don't buy much," said Mrs. Cosgrave; "and we don't see you looking after a great deal yourself."

"Oh, I needn't while I have you," was the reply; "such a nice, tidy housekeeper; novel-reading instead of looking after something."

"I don't spend as much of my time over them as you do at the public-house," answered Mrs. Cosgrave, fiercely.

The boy stood up, and calling to his dog went out. In another moment Julia took her hat, threw a shawl about her, and walked forth into the illuminated streets, that certainly looked more peaceful and attractive than home, that peculiar spot that no place is supposed to surpass.

"You'll drive your children to destruction," said the mother; "they can't stop indoors with your brutality. My poor children!"

"They're gone to destruction before, and 'tis your teaching, you infernal hag. As the old cock crows, the young cock learns. Teaching them to disrespect their father!"

"What have they to respect in you?" said Mrs. Cosgrave; "do you ever show them a good example? Do you ever speak to them but to curse and abuse them? Before God, since the day you were a father I never saw you take an interest in a child; they were only things to vent your savage temper on."

"Blast you, give me none of your jaw, 'tis better for you," said Mr. Cosgrave, standing up; "I had luck till the day I joined you."

"I have more reason to curse that day than you have," answered Mrs. Cosgrave; "for a day's pleasure or comfort I never had by you. And what would I care only for my unfortunate children?"

"Yourself and your children may go to —," was the reply, and Mr. Cosgrave sought more congenial companionship in a neighbouring public-house, where his voice could soon be distinguished singing "The Green above the Red," with great feeling and pathos. Mrs. Cosgrave was still agitated by the tempestuous emotion into which a sudden fit of spirit had betrayed her. She was unable to help the little maid-servant to remove the remnants of the goose. She took out "Lost for Love," which she had carefully hidden away in the clothes-basket, and soon forgot her marital grievances, following the fortunes of the hero and his feminine adorers.

CHAPTER XI.

A FATAL WALK.

"MOTHER, let us come to the Botanic Gardens to-day," said Sydney, one pleasant Sunday morning. "I am longing to see flowers, and you have not been out for the whole week."

"Very well, dear, I am satisfied; 'tis a fine day, and I will enjoy seeing the flowers, too. Do you remember we were in Rathmoylan this time last year? How fine Mrs. Gale's geraniums were."

"Mother, isn't it curious Mrs. Hassett never asks us now, or comes here? I saw Winnie in the Square the other day. I looked in through the rails; she is ever so pretty. Isn't it a wonder she doesn't come near us?"

"No, Sydney, it is no wonder; it is the way of the world. People like Mrs. Hassett haven't time to lose with those from whom they have nothing to gain. She had no personal affection for us, you know, as Winnie had."

After eleven o'clock Mass, Sydney and her mother prepared two sandwiches, and wended their way to the Gardens. It was very lovely there, the fine trees made noble pillared arcades, and swayed above the slow, sweeping river. They rested now and then on the seats, when the beauty of any particular spot touched their fancy. They kept the green-houses for the last, and Mrs. Ormsby thought of the foliage over a narrow foreign grave, when she walked among the gigantic tropical plants.

While they were examining a curious flower at the end of one of the conservatories, a boisterous party entered. There were some gaily-dressed girls who talked and laughed, very unrestrainedly, with some equally loud young men.

"Mother," said Sydney, "I think Miss Cosgrave is with those people."

Some of the party came near, and stared rudely at the girl, who had, however, turned her attention again to the floral world.

"Let us come out now, dear," said Mrs. Ormsby, when they had assed.

The day had changed unexpectedly; there was an unpleasant, drizzling rain. "We will take the tram," said Mrs. Ormsby. They had nearly reached the tramcar, and were about to hail it, when they discovered the objectionable party from the Gardens were a little way behind them, and evidently waiting for it.

"We will wait for another, Sydney," she said; "I don't care to go with those noisy people."

By the time they could have got into another, their clothes were so damp that she concluded it would be safer to walk on than to sit down in them. When they reached home, they were well drenched. Sydney

looked lovely, from the effect of the soft rain and the exercise, and even Mrs. Ormsby enjoyed it. Sydney helped her mother to change her clothes, made her lie on the sofa, and having disrobed herself in a moment, and made a rapid toilet, ran down stairs to make a cup of tea, and see after dinner.

"We must have such walks every Sunday, mother," she said, that evening. "You look so well after it. I delight in rain if I have nothing on me to spoil."

The following Saturday, when Mrs. Barry came with the clothes, she found Mrs. Ormsby slightly unwell.

"I think I must have got cold on Sunday," she said, in answer to her inquiries. "I feel confused, and get hot and chilled every other moment."

"I wish you saw a doctor," said Mrs. Barry, anxiously. "You haven't been well this time past, and 'tis a little sickness would lean on you."

"Doctors are too expensive a luxury, Mrs. Barry. It will pass away, please God. I'll go to bed early."

"Do, and take a hot drink, and bathe your feet. Miss Sydney will be home early to-day, and go to bed at once. 'Tis the safest place for folk when anything ails them; an' you must keep her at home with you if you aren't better by Monday."

"Oh, no. I would not like her to lose a day," said Mrs. Ormsby; "not a day."

"Have sense, ma'am, and God bless you," replied Mrs. Barry. "She'll have days enough for her books; sure, 'tisn't to earn her bread by learning she wants."

"God knows," murmured the widow; "only God knows."

When Mrs. Barry came early on Monday, she found her so much worse, that she told Sydney it was better not to consult her, but to send at once for the doctor. The doctor came, and said that a cold was acting on a very enfeebled constitution; she should keep very quiet, take a great deal of nourishment, and try change of air as soon as she could bear removal.

One night, Mrs. Barry remained up with her very much against the widow's wish. "You will have to work hard in the morning, Mrs. Barry, and it is cruel to have you losing a night's rest, and Sydney hears me if I make the least movement."

"We'll let her have a good sleep to-night," said Mrs. Barry. "The young wants it more than the old; I'm going to stop, so you may as well let me alone."

About twelve o'clock Mrs. Ormsby awoke out of an uneasy doze. Mrs. Barry was seated in an arm-chair at the head of the bed. "Sydney, Sydney; where is she?" asked the mother in a low, excited tone.

"She is sound asleep, ma'am," said Mrs. Barry; "breathing as quiet as an infant."

"My poor child. Is she covered, Mrs. Barry? the night is cold."

"She's right snug; don't you mind her; try and get a little sleep yourself."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then Mrs. Ormsby said:—

"Mrs. Barry, do you think am I getting better?"

"Indeed, then, I think you are coming on nicely," she replied; "and if you only take courage you will do well, please God."

"Oh, Mrs. Barry, what would she do if I died? What would become of her? Where would she go? and I haven't heard from Winnie; maybe she is dead, too. Oh, everything is dark to me, dark, dark."

"Have courage, dear lady," said Mrs. Barry, taking her fragile hand; "isn't there a good God to provide for the orphan?—doesn't He make them his care? Put your trust in Him, and He won't fail you."

"I know it, but I am weak and wicked, and I have no faith. I despaired when I was left without a friend in Ireland. I try to lean upon my Lord, but I fall away. What would she do if I died, Mrs. Barry; who would protect her, my friendless darling?"

"She will have a friend in the Almighty God, and He'll raise up friends for her," said Mrs. Barry; "you'll injure yourself with this trouble of mind."

"I'm always thinking of what I ought to do. Would it be better for me to write to Mrs. Wyndill, and say we'll go to her very soon, as soon as she likes? I could die happy if my darling were with her; and perhaps she is sick, too. O God! pity us."

"So He will pity you, dear heart."

"Hush, she is stirring. Oh, 'tis killing me, Mrs. Barry—killing me, to think of her being left alone in the cruel world. Will God forgive me for my want of trust in his adorable goodness? He took care of me day by day, why should I fear? I am like the wanderers in the desert, I murmur when miracles cease: but she is so young and so pretty. Do you wonder at my fears, Mrs. Barry? You were a mother, yourself."

"'Tis killing you, sure enough, my poor lady. You're always alone, and always thinking. But now I'll tell you what you'll do. Write as you said, to your friends, and say you'll go out as soon as ever you are able, and don't be waiting till the two years is up. You'll be easy in your mind, then. And is there anyone that would come to you for a bit, and cheer you up like?"

"I have no friend but you in Ireland. Mrs. Hassett gave up coming to see me; Father Moran is with the Macmahons in Italy. No one but you, except poor Nellie; she couldn't leave the Hut and the cow. But I will write to Winnie to-morrow. I am glad I decided. I feel easy already."

Sydney laughed in her sleep.

"Isn't it pleasant to hear her, Mrs. Barry? I tried to conceal my

gloomy thoughts from her always, so as her young heart wouldn't be saddened; sometimes, I think, perhaps it would have been wiser to let her know more of the sin and sorrow of the world, and prepare her for the future; but, after all, innocence is a beautiful shield, and a bright disposition carries one over many trials, and she has a happy nature, my poor girl."

"God will take care of her. No one can do it but Him, dear; try and sleep now, you're talking too much."

"Yes, I will; are you comfortable, though? put my shawl on your shoulders. It was Eustace bought that chair for me before he went; he was very fond of us. They all were, except Mrs. Hassett. And he would be like a brother to Sydney, my friendless girl; but God will guard her, she is so good; God will save——." She was worn out, and sank into a troubled sleep, which lasted for some hours.

(To be continued.)

ON CARLYLE'S REMINISCENCES.

BY D. MUNDROM.

TIME was when this our freeborn age might seem
A slave for cringing to the man of noise
Bombastic, that made rights divine the toys
Of rugged dazzling might. This luring gleam
Of minds benighted, who would fain esteem
As gold a glittering heap of base alloys—
This bubble burst by trusted hand—decoys
No more the system-hunter to a dream.
Well hast thou for this once the fearless truth
Proclaimed, thou arch-distorter of the deeds
Of men and nations! Hail we, yet dispraise
Thy selfish haste,* thy lack of manly ruth
For soul far-reaching though befouled with weeds
Of meanness choking up its giant ways.

* Froude published the "Reminiscences of Carlyle" a couple of months after his death, mercilessly printing the most damning confessions.

IRISH WOOL AND WOOLLENS.

BY A DISCURSIVE CONTRIBUTOR.

II.

RETURNING to the point whence we took our departure, and diverging into another path, let us note what indications of a foreign trade in Irish wool, raw or manufactured, may chance to turn up. That Ireland, long before the Christian era, was the resort of the great trading communities of the then known world; that at the epoch of her conversion she had the advantage of well-established commercial relations with the neighbouring islands and the adjacent continent; and that for succeeding centuries she maintained a profitable communication with Britain, Gaul, and Spain, are matters of history, and form the subject of interesting pages in Moore's "History of Ireland," and in the work of Dr. W. K. Sullivan which I referred to in the first part of this article.

No trace, however, of an export of cloth in those remote days have I come on; nor is there any evidence, as far as I know, that at a later period the Danes, whether in their plundering expeditions through the island or their trading settlements on the sea-board made any store of the woofels or the manufactured cloths of Ireland.

Authorities state as an established fact that Irish woollens were well known and highly valued, long before England developed her cloth manufacture and acquired a foreign trade in that commodity. This, of course, supposes an export of the Irish product, at a time, too, when Italy and Flanders were at the head of the manufacturing industries of which wool is the staple. Certain it is that in the 13th and 14th centuries Ireland was much resorted to by trading companies from countries largely engaged in the wool trade. On the Dublin Guild merchant-rolls of that period we find registered representatives of almost every craft or trade from France, Brabant, and Flanders.* Flemish merchants trading to Waterford, Youghal, and Cork have left their mark in the records of the time.† Florentine and other Italian merchants and money-dealers carried on their operations in Dublin and the provincial towns. The Richardi of Lucca had agents at Ross, Kilkenny, Limerick, Waterford, Youghal, and Cork. A petition in French from these merchants, praying the viceroy to inquire into certain losses they had sustained in Ireland, and a writ by which

* "Historical and Municipal Documents of Ireland" (English Bolls, A.D. 1172-1320). Edited by J. T. Gilbert. *Preface*.

† Macpherson: "Annals of Commerce" (1805).

Edward I. directs his representative to inquire into the allegations put forward in the complaint of his beloved merchants of the company of the Richardi, may be seen in the second volume of "Facsimiles of National Manuscripts of Ireland." Mr. Gilbert, the editor of this splendid work, gives the facts relating to the trading transactions of the Italian mercantile houses in the letterpress accompanying the documents reproduced.

In those days, as from time immemorial, the great traffic of the country was carried on at fairs. Among the commodities bartered at these trading centres cloths of various kinds are mentioned. There is even evidence to show that the Irish mantle caught the fancy of continental visitors, and was considered worthy of being transported across the Alps in days when luxury in dress was carried to excess in Italy; for it is on record that the Pope's agent in England obtained a licence in 1382 for exporting certain articles custom-free, and that among these articles were five mantles of Irish cloth, one of them lined with green, and a russet garment lined with Irish cloth.

Such being the state of things, it is not so very surprising that Irish serges made their way to Florence. But that the high dames of the Republic held the foreign fabric in estimation, and that the author of "Ditta Mundi" considered it worth his while to visit the remote island which produced so admired a material, are striking proofs of the excellence of the manufacture. "If in the middle of the 14th century," to quote Lord Charlemont, "the serges of Ireland were eagerly sought after and worn with a preference by the polished Italians and particularly by the Florentines, it must have been for the excellence of their quality, for Machiavelli, in his 'History of Florence,' says (1380) that the woollen manufacture had long been established at Florence. That year the corporation of woollen weavers was the greatest and most powerful in Florence, containing in it, and presiding over, many ancilliary trades, such as carders, dyers, etc." The workshops of the wool trade in Florence, we learn from other authorities, amounted about that time to more than 200, and there were besides 20 warehouses of the *Calimala* or trade in transalpine fabrics, which imported more than 10,000 pieces. The merchants of the *Calimala* ranked second among the *Arti*, or guilds, into which professions and trades were divided, that of the Doctors of Laws and notaries taking precedence, the bankers holding the third place, and the wool merchants, with the dyers and dressers, following. More than 30,000 souls were employed in the woollen manufacture, and it is said that at a single fair woollen goods to the amount of 12,000,000 crowns were sometimes sold. The merchants of Florence were not only rich and powerful, but held their heads very high. They were everywhere considered fit company for princes. None of the superior trades and few of the others were beneath a citizen's attention, even in the highest

families. Their sons were early placed in shops or warehouses—first in Florence and then abroad. They travelled from country to country, becoming acquainted with the world and acquiring cultivation and experience of the most valuable kind. In point of fact, every citizen, no matter what his rank, should enrol himself a member of one or another of the *Arti*.^{*} Dante's parents, it will be remembered, were of the guild of wool.

Who knows but that Fazio degli Uberti, noble though he was, may have known something otherwise than by hearsay of the Saia d'Irlanda? Who knows but that he may have seen something of the world beyond the Alps even before he made the circuit commemorated in the "*Ditta Mundi*?"[†]

By a natural progression the woollen manufacture, as a great trade, extended to the northern countries of Europe. "Venice and

^{*} Napier: "*Florentine History*," vol. ii., (1846). Arthur Young: "*Travels during the years 1787-88-89*," second edition (1794). The last-named writer traces the excellence of the Florentine fabrics to the Friars Umiliati who came to the city, in 1239, to improve the manufacture of woollen cloth. They made the finest cloths of the age. He says that he was assured, when at Florence, that an assessment of one shilling a week on the wages of the woollen manufacturers alone, built the Cathedral.

[†] Fazio was the grandson of Farinata degli Uberti, the renowned leader of the Ghibellines of Florence, and the conqueror of the Guelphs at the battle of Monte Aperto. Readers of the "*Divina Comedia*" will remember the terrible and pathetic scene in Canto X., when Farinata "uprose erect with breast and front, e'en as of Hell he had in great despite." Fazio, driven into banishment by the triumphant faction of the day, took the opportunity to travel abroad. On his return he wrote the "*Ditta Mundi*," an historical and geographical description of the world, probably in the year 1360. Having spent many years of his old age in Verona, he died in peace there, and there was buried. Tiraboschi, in his "*Storia della Letteratura Italiana*," *Tom. V.*, having given a sketch of the poet's career, says in conclusion, that he was certainly one of the best poets of his time, especially in force and energy of style. Mr. Rossetti is of opinion that Fazio's canzone "portrait of his Lady Angiola of Verona," is a love song not perhaps surpassed by any poem of its class in existence, and he gives a translation of it in "*Early Italian Poets*." I have never seen the "*Ditta Mundi*." Quaritch's catalogues some time ago contained a fine MS. on vellum of the work, price £25; a copy of the first edition, likewise on vellum price £5; and one or two copies with some leaves stained, at a lower figure. However, the "*Ditta Mundi*" has disappeared from the later issues of the catalogue. In the Quin collection, Trinity College Library, there is a splendidly bound copy of the first edition; but as far as the reading public are concerned, No. 70 in that collection of rare and beautiful volumes might as well be entombed with Fazio degli Uberti at Verona, for the donor made it a condition of the bequest that no one should be allowed to consult any work in the collection, except in the presence of the Librarian. One would perhaps think twice before undertaking a journey to Italy in search of a copy of an early edition of the "*Ditta Mundi*," but certainly one would think three times before asking the learned and urbane librarian of T.C.D. to stand by while a reader endeavoured to seize the meaning of what are described as almost unintelligible pages. An edition, "*redotto a buona lezione*" was published at Milan in 1826.

the other Italian states," says a well-informed writer,* carried on the woollen manufacture when the rest of Europe remained ignorant and uncivilized; but when other countries that produced wool began to manufacture their own materials, the Italian manufactures declined. The Flemings first perceived their advantage for a commercial intercourse with the north of Europe; and, though they were without wool of their own, yet, being nearer to the countries that produced it, particularly England, they were enabled to procure the raw material on cheaper terms, and in a short time to undersell their rivals, and supersede them in the foreign market." England, in course of time, likewise awoke to a sense of her own advantages and interests. Her exports of the raw material may have been considerable, but she was far behind-hand in weaving wool, until Edward III. directed his energetic mind and strong will, to the fostering and extending of a profitable trade. Taking advantage of discontents among the manufacturers of Flanders, he invited Flemish weavers to come and settle in England. Seventy families of Walloons crossed the sea, and established themselves in different towns, but principally in Norwich, where they were frequently visited by the king and his consort, their countrywoman, Philippa of Hainault. These expert manufacturers soon taught the English to work up their own wool into fine cloths. Edward conferred many privileges on the industrious and skilful strangers, and caused various ordinances to be made for the encouragement of the trade. It was enacted, that "no man nor woman, great nor small (except the king himself, and a few privileged persons) shall wear no cloth other than is made in England, Ireland, Wales, or Scotland." The prices of cloth were fixed by edict, and the fabrics specified which should be worn by the various classes of the community. Moreover, the quality of the woollen shrouds people were to be buried in was prescribed. The king derived a large income from the duty paid on every sack of wool exported. This duty was collected at places or ports called staples, where "the king's staples" was said to be established, and to which all goods should be brought, for payment of the customs, before they could be sold or exported. A Statute of Staple was passed, appointing certain towns to be in future the staple for wools: the first chapter directing that, for Ireland, staples "shall be perpetually holden at Develin, Waterford, Cork, and Drogheda, and not elsewhere." By other ordinances, of the same reign, a staple or market for English wool (Irish, of course, being included) was established at Calais, Bruges, Brussels, Louvain, and Mechlin.†

About this time there turns up another remarkable testimony to the excellence of our Irish serges. The promoters of the woollen

* Preston: "Prize Essay on the Natural Advantages of Ireland, &c. &c." (1803).

† Longman: "History of the Life and Times of Edward III.," vol. i. (1869).
"Annals of Commerce," vol. i. Smiles: "The Huguenots" (1867).

manufacture in the British Isles found reason to complain that in Spain the industrious and enterprising Catalonians were manufacturing serges, and supplying the fabric to the French as Irish. "The stuff called *sayes*, made in that country (Ireland) were in such request, that they were imitated by the manufacturers of Catalonia, who were in the practice of making the finest woollen goods of every kind."*

In course of time the woollen manufactures of England acquired a high character, and were much in demand on the continent. In the Dutch market "English serges" were held in superior estimation. But the goods so classed were in reality, to a great extent, Irish; and the author of the prize essay on "the Natural Advantages of Ireland" shows how it was that our native manufacture, in this instance, lost its identity. The criterion of the buyer, he remarks, was a particular manner of folding and packing. Quantities of Irish serges used to be sent to England. They were then new folded and packed by the English factors, who received a percentage for their trouble, and finally, were exported to the Dutch market, under the denomination of English serges.

However, the Irish did not by any means pass all their products through the neighbouring island. Their merchants had establishments at the Brabant marts, or fairs, and dealt in a great variety of commodities, among which wool and fells of hides are enumerated. Towards the end of the fifteenth century trade with foreign countries was greatly facilitated for Ireland as well as England, by the conclusion of a treaty of peace, commerce, and alliance between Henry VII. of England and the Archduke Philip, sovereign of the Netherlands. By the provisions of this treaty liberty was allowed on both sides to trade to each other's dominions without asking for licence or passport; and to carry all manner of merchandise, whether wool, leather, victuals, arms, horses, jewels, and other wares, either by land or water, from Calais, England, and Ireland to the countries of Brabant, Flanders, etc. That the flourishing city of Waterford carried on a direct trade in wool with Brabant, and enjoyed valuable privileges in connection with its wool exports, even before that treaty was concluded, is evident from an inquiry that took place in the same reign (referred to in Mollyneux's "Case of Ireland"), regarding a Waterford vessel, carrying wool to Sluice (l'Ecluse, the port of Bruges), which was driven by stress of weather into Calais, and seized there by the governor. It was pleaded by the owners that the merchants of Waterford and their successors had a licence from the King of England to carry wool where they pleased.† Traces of an Irish trade with this

* "Annals of Commerce," vol. i.

† Campion, writing in the reign of Elizabeth, describes Waterford and Dungarvan as full of traffic with England, France, and Spain, by means of their excellent good haven. A writer in the *Ulster Archaeological Journal* (vol. vi.) gives an interesting

part of Europe turn up at the date of Elizabeth's reign. Guicciardini, in his description of the Netherlands (quoted in the "*Annals of Commerce*"), says that Antwerp takes from Ireland skins and leather of diverse sorts, and some low-priced cloths.

The foregoing sketch, slight though it is, shows plainly enough that Irish weavers were not unskilled in remote days, and that the serges, friezes, and other stuffs they produced were of no mean value. And yet, some writers would lead careless readers to imagine that the inhabitants of Ireland knew little of arts or industry until the fortunate day when the province of Ulster was planted with English and Scottish farmers, traders, weavers, and labourers, in the reign of James I. Mr. Froude, for example, says that the new colonists "went over to earn a living by labour in a land which had produced little but banditti;" and that then, "for the first time, the natural wealth of Ireland began to reveal itself; commerce sprung up; . . . busy fingers were set at work on loom and spinning-wheel; fields fenced and drained grew yellow with rolling corn, and the vast herds and flocks which had wandered at will on hill and valley were turned to profitable account." Assuredly, the author of "*The English in Ireland*" was wool-gathering himself when he discovered that the arts of spinning and weaving were a novelty to the aborigines of the island, and that the vast flocks of Erin had from time immemorial wandered up hill and down dale, idly consuming their own fleeces.

If such had been the case, what could be the meaning of a proposal seriously made in the very reign of the monarch who decreed the Plantation, to the effect that a restraint should be laid upon the wools and woolfels of Ireland, the exportation of which was calculated to

sketch of the city, its extensive trade in days gone by, and the attractions it possessed for foreigners at all times. The writer, the Rev. T. Gimlette, among other remarks makes in substance the following: From the earliest times Waterford afforded a home and shelter to the foreigner. The Danes made it one of their first settlements. Norman knights established themselves there. Templars and Knights of St. John, on their return from the Crusades settled in the city on the Suir, and Dominicans and Franciscans from France and Spain had convents and churches in the midst of the population. In the days of Henry VII. the Irish traffic with the south of France for Gascoigne wines was almost monopolized by Waterford, which became in succeeding reigns the great port of transit, not alone to England and Wales, but also to Flanders, Spain, and many parts of France. Continental traders in the middle of the 16th century discovered the peculiar advantages of a residence in the town, and settled there. Later on the Huguenots founded families which long maintained an honourable position in the land of their adoption.

It may be interesting to note that a city which in times nearer to our own sank to a low position as a trading port ("Busy as a Waterford merchant—doing nothing," was a common saying in the south, not so long ago), is every day rising in commercial importance. The quay has a busy character added to its native picturesqueness; and at Kilmactomas, not many miles from the city, is the seat of a flourishing woollen manufactory, one of the few of which Ireland now can boast.

interfere prejudicially with England's foreign trade? Commerce could not have been created and extended with such amazing celerity in a country inhabited by lawless men and useless animals, as to become already a danger to the state which had undertaken to civilize the dependent province. A trade which included exports to Spain and Portugal of hides, wool, yarn, rugs, blankets, and "sheep-skins with the wool," in the early years of King James's successor, was surely not a growth of yesterday's date. Again, fighting with wind-mills was hardly one of Strafford's foibles; and he, at any rate, when his turn came to do something for Ireland, would not have given himself so much trouble in planning the destruction of a trade which was only new-born.

Strafford's scheme for holding Ireland in subjection, and draining her resources for the benefit of a ruined exchequer, and a faithless king, was at once bold in outline and comprehensive in detail. If, instead of legislating for a nation, the Lord Deputy had been maliciously bent on taking all the savour and sweetness and warmth out of the life of a colony of galley slaves, he could not have devised anything more likely to effect his purpose. He strove to secure for the government in Ireland a monopoly of salt and a monopoly of tobacco; he contemplated imposing a tax on bees; and he was determined to prevent the Irish from exporting their wool, or manufacturing it at home for their own use. "Wentworth resolved," says his biographer, "that all the wool manufactures of Ireland should be stopped, in order to compel her to purchase them from England. The Irish were not to be allowed to weave and spin their own wool, but this same wool was first to be taken to England, where it was to pay a heavy duty, and when turned into cloth, carried back to Ireland, where again a duty was to be imposed, thus absolutely doubling the customs."[†]

The writer of a recently published pamphlet,[‡] which includes a good deal of information of a useful and seasonable kind, having referred in general terms to Strafford's system of legal spoliation, seems greatly to wonder how so grave a historian as Leland should impute to a statesman like Wentworth the design of restraining the Irish from indraping their own wool for the direct purpose of reducing the people to such a strait that they could not revolt from their allegiance to the

* This was in 1622. Referring to the circumstance Smith, in his "Memoirs of Wool" (1747), makes the following remark: "Here then, by the way, it may be noted that the exportation of wool from Ireland is a complaint of a more early date than is commonly observed."

† Elizabeth Cooper: "The Life of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford" (1874), vol. i.

‡ Edward Blackburne: "Causes of the Decadence of the Industries of Ireland." (1881).

Crown without nakedness to themselves and their families. Mr. Blackburne scouts the notion that Wentworth, who, "whatever his failings and prejudices may have been, was unquestionably a man of intellect and talent," should have originated the notion of "strengthening the connection between the two countries by the inability of the nation to revolt in consequence of their having no clothes." One can hardly read this part of the pamphlet without a smile. The pity is that two or three such pages did not fall in the way of the modern Clothes Philosopher, when that master of trenchant satire was engaged on his "*Sartor Resartus*."

Making excuses for Strafford in this matter of the wool is simply labour lost. His own words leave no doubt as to his intentions or the heartiness of his endeavour. "I am of opinion," he says, "that all wisdom advises to keep this kingdom as much subordinate and dependent upon England as possible, and holding them from the manufacture of wool (which, unless otherwise directed, I shall by all means discourage), and then enforcing them to fetch their clothing from thence, and to take their salt from the king (being that which gives value to all their native staple commodities), how can they depart from us without nakedness and beggary?" Lord Strafford's biographer justly remarks that such a sentence as this would alone be sufficient to wipe out the memory of a thousand benefits, and wonders at "the cold cruelty of binding in the fetters of contingent rags and famine the 'little sister' whose wealth was to enrich the 'more excellent' by means of her silver mines," &c. &c.

The scheme for compelling the Irish to take from the king alone the salt without which they must starve, since they depended so much on salted provisions for their subsistence, fell to the ground when it was discovered that the profit would be too small to compensate for the trouble of carrying it into execution. Nor did the earl wear his head long enough to mature the plan for making the Irish dependent on England for their clothing, and hindering them from continuing their exports of woollens which, he conceived, were likely to beat by their cheapness the English out of the trade.

As a set off against this base attack on Irish wool, I must note that during Strafford's administration in Ireland, the native fashions in beards and clothes were freed from the penalties imposed on them by former governments. In the session of 1634-5 an Act was passed in Dublin "for Repeal of divers statutes heretofore enacted in this kingdom of Ireland," and, as the preamble set forth, to put an end to the distinction between subjects, since now the happy change of times allowed of such abolition. One of those acts which "shall be from henceforth utterly repealed and made voyde of none effect to all intents, constructions, and purposes," was that made in the 25th year of the reign of King Henry VI., whereby it was ordained "that he

that will be taken for an Englishman shall not use a beard upon his upper lip alone," under penalty of being dealt with as an Irish enemy. Another of the repealed Acts was one passed in the fifth year of Edward IV., the plain meaning of which was that anyone arrested under suspicious circumstances "in the county Meath" might be killed offhand, unless he had in his company a "faithful man of good name or fame in English apparel."

Thus, after a conflict of more than four hundred years between Irish obstinacy and English statutes, the natives and their mantles remained in possession of the field.

A French gentleman who came here soon after the Irish war broke out, and wrote an account of his travels through the country describes the dress of "the Irish whom the English call savages." Their breeches, he says, are a pantaloon of white frieze, which they call trowsers, and for mantles they have five or six yards of frieze drawn round the neck, the body, and over the head. The women, he observes, wear a very large mantle, the cape being made of coarse woollen frieze, in the manner of the women of Lower Normandy. The traveller notes also that the Irish, who import wine and salt from France, sell there strong frieze cloths at good prices.* Massari, Dean of Fermo, who, as secretary, accompanied the Papal Nuncio Rinuccini on his embassy to Ireland, describes in his journal the dress of the Irish women. He remarks that the costume somewhat resembles the French mode. "All wear cloaks," he says, "with long fringes; they have also a hood sewn to the cloak, and they go abroad without any other covering for the head; some wearing a kerchief as the Greek women do." The Italian traveller does not fail to observe the sheep of the country, "from which fine wool is made."†

Another testimony to the estimation in which the Irish fleece was held in the 17th century is given in Drayton's allusion to the Leinster wool—

"Whose staple doth excel,
And seems to overmatch the golden Phrygian fell."

Already I have given Sir William Petty's observations on the domestic manufacture of woollen cloths later in the same century; but, *à propos* of the people "whom the English call savages," I cannot help calling to mind another sentence or two from the "Political Anatomy of Ireland." The writer says: the diet, housing, and clothing of the 16,000 families who are computed to have more than one chimney in their houses "is much the same as in England; nor is the French elegance unknown in many of them, nor the French and Latin tongues,

* "The Tour of the French Traveller, M. de la Boullaye le Gouz, in Ireland, A.D. 1644." Edited by T. Crofton Croker (1837).

† Rev. C. P. Meehan: "The Irish Hierarchy in the 17th Century." Fifth Edition. (1877).

the latter whereof is very frequent among the poorest Irish, and chiefly in Kerry, most remote from Dublin."

Before leaving too far behind the Earl of Strafford's era, a word about Irish linen and his services to that trade may be permitted. Unquestionably he did much to improve the cultivation of flax. He invited Flemish and French artisans to settle in Ireland and devote their better skill to the production of superior linens. Furthermore, he embarked £30,000 of his private fortune in the trade. But it is a mistake to speak of his having "introduced" the manufacture among the Irish, and "set our women to spin," as we hear so often repeated. Linen was, in point of fact, an article of clothing in very early times in Ireland. Lenas, or vests of linen, were worn by the higher classes of the ancient population, and "kingly linen" is a term met with in old poems. Among the commodities on sale in the 13th century at town markets and fairs, linen is mentioned. "Linen cloth falding" is one of the articles enumerated as being imported into Chester from Ireland in the 15th century; and linen cloth was sold at the same period in the Irish establishment at the Brabant marts. Extravagance in the use of linen in their apparel was more than once a subject of complaint against the Irish, and furnished matter, too, for legislation. In 1539, an Act of Parliament limited the quantity for each shirt to seven yards. Somewhat later, Spenser described the thick-folded linen shirts of the native Irish.

Strafford and his interest in the linen manufacture may be dismissed in the words of Dr. Smiles, who says it was "greatly to the credit of the earl that he should have endeavoured to improve the industry of Ireland by introducing the superior processes employed by the foreign artizans; and had he not attempted to turn the improved flax manufacture to his own advantage by erecting it into a personal monopoly, he might have been entitled to regard as a genuine benefactor of Ireland."*

Despite of heavy duties, and Strafford's ominous hostility, the woollen manufactures of Ireland continued to flourish. Considerable injury, however, was inflicted on the trade by the wasting of the stock throughout the country during the civil war and the Cromwellian devastations.†

* "The Huguenots."

† In "Whitelock's Memorials" (Quoted in "Memoirs of Wool"), under the date of April 6th, 1652, appears the following summary of news from Ireland: "Letters of the Forces of the Parliament about Eniscorfy (Ireland), burning the corn, and every morning the houses they quartered in the night before; killed and took many Irish; that he was an idle soldier who had not a veal, lamb, poultry, or all of them for his supper."

The Civil War "almost annihilated every manufacture in Ireland, and that country which had so abounded in cattle and provisions, was after Cromwell's settlement of it, obliged to import provisions from Wales."—Lord Sheffield: "Observations on the Manufactures, Trade, and Present State of Ireland" (1785).

Cattle and wool rose to a high price in England owing to the failure of the supplies from the neighbouring island. And yet, as if Ireland still possessed the glorious prerogative of youth, prosperity returned with the Restoration, and the trading industries not only revived, but gave promise of advancing to a position of the highest importance. Energy and hope had a fair field for a few short years; and then, the cattle trade received a fatal blow, and the wool entered on a new chapter of its history.

For a long time previous to this date, an extensive trade in the export of live cattle from Ireland to England had been carried on. Since the war had come to an end, these exports had greatly increased, and formed, in fact, a chief source of Irish wealth. On inquiry it was found that at this period there had been about 61,000 head of great cattle brought over annually from Ireland. Rents having fallen in England soon after the Restoration, the calamity was erroneously attributed to the importation of Irish stock; and the landowners demanded that British ports should be closed against the Irish cattle dealers. The House of Commons determined to carry a prohibitory Act in spite of the remonstrances of the Duke of Ormonde, Viceroy of Ireland; in opposition to the Upper House, in which the Lord Chancellor of England and the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) both spoke against the measure; and in open contempt of the king, who considered the proceedings impolitic for England as well as prejudicial and grievous to Ireland, and publicly declared that he could not give his assent to so unjust a thing. To such an extreme was the animosity of the country party in England carried, that when the Corporation of London petitioned Parliament to be allowed to accept a present of 20,000 (or as some say 30,000) live cattle subscribed by the Irish people for distribution among the sufferers by the fire of London, matters were so contrived in the House of Commons as to oblige the Corporation to consider it a more prudent course to decline the gift.*

The contest was not protracted. In 1663 an Act was passed absolutely prohibiting the importation from Ireland at all times of cattle (dead or alive), sheep or swine, beef, pork, or bacon, under pain or forfeiture of one-half to the use of the seizer or informer, the other half to the poor of the parish where the said should be found or seized. Three years later this Act was made perpetual, with a clause introduced against horses. To make the ruin complete, butter and cheese were added to the commodities that in future should not be exported from Ireland to the parent country.†

* See the "Eighth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts" (1881).

† Carte, in his great work, comments on this example of paternal government. "The English seem never to have understood," he says, "the art of governing their

Ireland was thrown into consternation by this enactment. Deep distress ensued. The price of horses fell from thirty shillings to one shilling, and that of beeves from fifty shillings to ten shillings. Despair overwhelmed the people; but the Duke of Ormonde threw off the incubus, making "no doubt but Ireland would by time, peace, and industry recover itself from the blow it now received from England." In the development of home industries he saw the best resource for such a crisis. He turned his attention to trade in general, and to the manufacture of woollens in especial. Not that the wool trade, any more than the cattle trade, had been left unmolested by jealous interference. It was clogged by vexatious disabilities. Wools could not be exported to England except by the particular license of the Lord Lieutenant; and by a manœuvre which can only be described as despicable trickery, Ireland was deprived by the amended Navigation Act of 1663 of the colonial trade which she had previously enjoyed,* and which, in such a juncture as the present, might open up for woollens as well as for other commodities a profitable outlet.

Still, there were opportunities which might now be taken advantage of, and possibilities which might serve to animate and encourage all who had the interest of the country at heart. The king, anxious to compensate Ireland in some degree for the injustice and injury inflicted on her so much against his will by the ruin of her cattle trade, directed, by a letter dated the 23rd of March, 1667, that all restraints upon the exportation of commodities of the growth and manufacture of Ireland to foreign parts should be taken off, and this favour was notified by a proclamation from the Lord Lieutenant and council.†

provinces, and have always treated them in such a manner, as either to put them under necessity or subject them to the temptation of casting off their Government whenever an opportunity offered. It was a series of this impolitic conduct which lost them Normandy, Poictou, Anjou, Guyenne, and all the dominions which they formerly had in France. . . . When Rochelle, Saintes, Engouleme, and other towns in those provinces, submitted to the kings of France, they took particular care to insert in their capitulations an express article, that in any circumstance or distress of the affairs of France, they should never be delivered back into the power of the English. It is not a little surprising that a thinking people, as the English are, should not grow wiser by any experience, and after losing such considerable territories abroad by their oppressive treatment of them, should go on to hazard the loss of Ireland, and endeavour the ruin of a colony of their own countrymen planted in that kingdom."—"Life of James, Duke of Ormonde." vol. vi.

Carte, an Englishman and a Protestant minister, died in 1754. He could not have dreamed that the revolt of the North American colonies would add another example of the misgovernment of the parent state.

* For an account of the way in which this act of legislative treachery was performed, see the speech of Lord North in the British House of Commons, Nov. 13, 1799. On that occasion the minister of the Crown exposed in clear terms "the commercial restrictions of which Ireland so justly complained." The speech will be found in Plowden's "Historical Review of the State of Ireland," vol. i. (1803).

† Hely Hutchinson: "The Commercial Restraints of Ireland, &c., &c." (1779).

Thus, though New England was barred, France, Spain, and Portugal were rendered more accessible. Again, if the Irish manufacturers could be taught to produce fine broadcloth as well as the friezes, stuffs, and serges for which they were already celebrated, English woollens might be entirely excluded. Sir William Petty, as we read in Carte, presented to the Duke of Ormonde a memorial for the encouragement of woollen fabrics, "chiefly recommending the setting up of manufactures of fine worsted stockings and Norwich stuffs in all parts of the nation for making the best advantage of their wool and employing their poor." The Council of Trade approved of this proposal, and the viceroy lent his aid, not merely by the bestowal of fair words, but by taking on himself both trouble and expense in carrying out the plan suggested. He established a woollen manufactory at Clonmel, the capital of his county palatine of Tipperary, bringing over 500 Walloon families from the neighbourhood of Canterbury to carry it on, and giving houses and land on long leases, with only an acknowledgment, instead of rent to the undertakers. Also in Kilkenny and Carrick-on-Suir the duke established large colonies of those industrious foreigners, so well skilled in the preparation and weaving of wool.* About the same time a number of clothiers (master manufacturers) from the West of England, "finding their trade decaying, removed themselves and their families over into Ireland, invited by the cheapness of wool and of livelihood." Some of the English immigrants established a manufactory in Dublin, while others fixed themselves at Cork and Kinsale. In Limerick new vigour was infused into the trade by the arrival of a colony of sixty families from Holland; and the manufacturing population of Waterford was increased by the accession of some Frenchmen, who established a drugget factory in the city.

Capital being now freely invested and new markets found, rapid progress was made. The towns assumed a busy thriving air. Even the face of the country was changed; for, in order to keep up the supply of wool, vast tracts of land were turned into sheep-walks.

* The first migration of Walloon weavers to England took place, as already stated, in the reign of Edward III.; another settlement was made under favour of Elizabeth, who welcomed to her dominions the artisans of the Netherlands, driven out by the Duke of Alba's persecution, and granted her protection, at the same time, to the French Protestant refugees. The Walloons on this occasion settled in large numbers at Canterbury and other places, and employed themselves in manufacturing various kinds of cloth. A place of worship within Canterbury Cathedral was granted to them, and to the foreign refugees of all nations settled in the place. Numerous bodies of foreign artisans passed over into Ireland during the same reign, and settled in Dublin, Waterford, Limerick, Belfast, &c. Restrictions were imposed by Act of Parliament on the exportation of raw wool and woollen yarn from Ireland, to this end among others "that artificers may, by the abundance of the commodities within the realm, be allured to come into the same to work them within this realm, and thereby to give ensample to others to use that trade to the great commodity and profit of the realm." Early in the reign of James I. other detachments of Flemings and French crossed over to Ireland and added new strength to the trade.

Naturally, the peasantry looked with anything but favour on this advance of trade at the expense of agriculture. They did not like being driven into the mountains, bogs, and woody parts to make way for the fleecy flocks. "I have myself," writes a contemporary, "very frequently heard them curse the English sheep with all the bitterness and rancour imaginable." Presently, when the war of the Revolution burst over Ireland, the evicted agriculturists took an insane revenge, killing hundreds of the sheep in the fields, driving off the flocks of Protestant proprietors, slaughtering until they had consumed all, and, to quote the same authority, producing by their reckless proceedings so great a scarcity in the country that, if the Irish army had not been plentifully relieved from France, a great number must have perished of famine.

With the return of peace on the triumph of the Williamite cause, the wool growers and the manufacturers retrieved their losses with amazing rapidity. The security which a settled government seemed to promise animated the trading communities to renewed activity, and the losses which the country had sustained by the Cattle Bill were now fully made up. Although the woollen manufactures were almost exclusively in the hands of Protestant settlers, the general population benefited largely by the extension of trade. Catholic artizans, albeit excluded from trade privileges, had nevertheless their share of work in the inferior branches of the industry. Catholic wool growers followed their profitable avocations in the pastoral districts, finding in their old connection with France a ready outlet for any surplus store which might remain after the home demand had been supplied. Catholic traders in the towns flourished with the rest. "So thriving and prosperous were the affairs of the Irish," says the authority above quoted, "that apprehensions were entertained that the estates of the Protestants would ultimately fall into their hands by purchase." In fact, some of the lands forfeited in the Revolution war had been actually purchased back by the Catholic traders whose rightful heritage they were. Even the peasantry felt that a good time had come and gave up "spoiling the Egyptians" in the barbarous fashion they had devised. The late war and the later peace had brought about a change in the state of affairs which opened up for the poorer classes an opportunity of bettering their condition. The Protestant properties, as Matthew O'Connor observes, had become much embarrassed by dispossession during the continuance of the contest, and the proprietors being unable to stock their lands after the peace, were under the necessity of leasing them to the peasantry at low rents, and for long terms of years. The peasantry thus acquired valuable interests, and became a rich, a sturdy, and independent yeomanry; even that miserable race known by the name of cottiers, the working slaves of the Irish gentry, were in a more thriving and prosperous condition in those days, than

at any subsequent period. Most of them were in possession of a cow, one or two goats, and six or seven sheep.*

Thus, a new era seemed to have dawned—an era of healthy activity and remunerative industry. Well nigh two hundred years have passed since then, and we who live in the distracted Ireland of to-day are left to conjecture how different the state of things might be if the Treaty of Limerick had never been violated; if “the ferocious Acts of Queen Anne” had never been promulgated; and if the wool trade had been suffered to develop into a great national industry.

THE LAST OF AN OLD FRIEND.

[*Inscribed to the Lady of Rath Lee.*]

BY HELENA CALLANAN.

TENDERLY old visions greet us,
 Tinged with memories warm and bright,
 Making quaint and pleasant pictures
 In the Christmas fire to-night;
 Gleaming softly 'mid the ivy,
 Shining on the holly sprays,
 How they crowd and chase each other
 In the glowing embers' blaze!
 Red flames flash from floor to roof-tree,
 From the heart of an old friend,
 Nobly friendship's task fulfilling,
 Giving pleasure to the end.
 Once this yule log, crowned with beauty,
 Reigned the glory of the Lee,
 Changes great have come and many
 Since thy birth, old Sally-tree.

Dreaming youth beneath thy shadow
 Caught from hope such radiant beams,
 That the fair glad world of nature
 Seemed reflected in its dreams.
 There, perchance, in riper wisdom
 Was conceived some burning thought,
 That hath blossomed into action,
 And a noble deed hath wrought.

* “History of the Irish Catholics” (1813).

In the hush of summer twilight,
Round thee gathered old and young;
Hand clasped hand in friendly greeting,
Tales were told, and songs were sung.
Last of all thy graceful sisters,
Guardian monarch of the Lee,
Youth and age and love and sorrow
Sought thy shade, old Sally-tree.

In the days when youth and maiden
Sported on the village-green,
When the ring of happy laughter
Woke to life the rural scene:
Then were rifled field and forest
For the games of merry May,
When night dews were on the meadows
And the moonbeams cheered the way.
Still didst thou survive the pillage
Of the gay, mirth-loving past;
But e'en trees must own life's power,
And we mourn thy fall at last.
One wild night the wind in anger
Fiercely swept across the Lee,
And with ruthless hand he levelled
To the earth our Sally-tree.

Ere the last red flame has quivered,
And thy life's warm pulse is dead,
Whilst the Christmas stars are shining,
Ere the last bright beam has fled,
I would cast this wreath of ivy
On thy embers as they fade,
And in simple verse embalm thee—
Tribute for thy friendly shade.
While thy ashes are yet fragrant
With the memories of the past,
Let us pray that friendship's blessing
May be with us to the last!
When the early blush of summer
Smiles again upon the Lee,
Loiterers on its banks shall miss thee
From thy place, old Sally-tree!

DEAD BROKE:

A TALE OF THE WESTERN STATES.

BY THE LATE DILLON O'BRIEN.*

AUTHOR OF "FRANK BLAKE," "WIDOW MELVILLE'S BOARDING-HOUSE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER IX.

RUIN.

On the receipt of this letter Robert set off to Lake Superior. It was getting late in the fall when he reached Jenkins' City, and most of the deluded inhabitants had made their escape. The new stores, erected in the one straggling street were shut up. With the help of a guide, Robert found out his property in Franklin-street, thickly settled with black stumps.

As Robert was well dressed and looking after property, the few poor inhabitants that remained in the place, because they had no means of leaving, supposed him to be one of the company who had seduced them into the wilderness, and scowled at him as he passed along.

Jenkins' letter, plain as it was, had not prepared him for the blank failure that he looked upon, and with a heavy heart he went on board the steam-boat by which he came, to return. There were but few passengers on board; the weather was what sailors term dirty, and sitting apart in the saloon, Robert had plenty of time to think over his altered fortunes.

It is wonderful how quickly we can adapt ourselves to novel and startling situations. Had Robert M'Gregor a few weeks ago, asked himself as an abstract question: "What would I do should all my means be suddenly swept away?" very likely his mind would suggest some such answer as, "I would go crazy; it would kill me." But there is a grand elasticity in the human heart, ere grief and sorrow have weakened its life pulse, and when Robert's meditations were broken in upon by the sound of the supper-gong, he went to table with a good appetite, and with a cheerfulness surprising to himself, and joined in general conversation with the captain and passengers. As he sandwiched himself that night into one of the berths of the little box, called a state-room, he thought, "Well, I know the worst now, and must meet it like a man, God helping me; I shall work for Lucy and the children," and with this brave resolve he fell asleep.

I can imagine nothing more exhilarating than the change from the stifling little state-room to the deck of a Lake Superior boat, on a fine, clear morning. No thought of a long, uncertain voyage disturbs the

* He has died at St. Paul's, Minnesota, since this tale began in our pages. Though we are forced to postpone our tribute to his memory, we must not delay to beg the prayers of our readers for his soul. He had a true Irish heart and a true Catholic spirit. May he rest in peace.—*Ed. I. M.*

mind. No monotony of a boundless expanse of water ; no depressing thoughts of landing among strangers in a strange land ; but the clearest and brightest of American waters under your keel, the American flag over your head, America's broad expanse of shore and forest in view, and at every dent and nook, called a harbour, that the boat enters, the stars and stripes to greet you.

Such a morning and such a scene greeted Robert, when he went on deck the second day. The weather had cleared up during the night ; the air was bracing, without being at all chilly, the lake calm, and the blue sky without a cloud.

The boat had passed La Pointe, and the Apostle Islands were no longer in sight ; but as Robert looked astern, he saw them rising, as it were, from the depth of the lake, and floating high up in space, while gigantic trees flung their shadows deep down into the clear waters beneath.

"That is one of our Lake Superior mirages," said the captain, as he noticed his passenger gazing at the phenomenon ; "it is a sign of good weather."

"And I, too," thought Robert, his spirits reviving under the combined influences of pure air, quick motion, and grand scenery, "I, too, accept it as a good omen."

From the troubled waters of affliction, God's love draws us up nearer to Himself.

Having disembarked at Detroit, he arrived in P—— on the evening of the eighth day since he left. He had never been so long absent from his family since his marriage, and with hurried steps he passed through the streets on his way to his home.

When he came within sight of his cottage, two curly-headed little fellows rushed out of the garden, clapping their hands, and calling out at the top of their voices, "Papa! papa!" while Lucy stood at the door of the cottage with baby in her arms. Robert's heart gave a great leap ; catching up the children, he hurried forward, and in one loving embrace encircled his wife and child. Once again at home, with the excitement of the journey, the anticipation of return over, Robert's spirits underwent one of those sudden revulsions peculiar to nervous temperaments. As he looked at his wife and children, the thought of his great loss, and of the uncertain future, pressed down upon him with such intense force, that he felt as if it would have been a relief to cry out.

Lucy had noticed the change. Her love had detected every shadow as it came to her husband's spirit ; but she had resolved, if possible, to keep him from speaking of business this, the first evening of his return home. So she bustled about, and laughed and talked with such seeming light-heartedness, that Robert looked at her with amazement. But when the children were put to bed, Lucy entered the study

where her husband was, and sitting down beside him, she drew him towards her until her head rested on his bosom. "I thought, Robert," she said, "not to allow you to speak about business this evening; but I find I cannot keep it from your thoughts; so tell me all, love; can there be anything worse than that which we know already? Speak, love, my heart is listening to you."

"Nothing worse, darling," he answered, "but everything is confirmed."

"Very well," she said, "all the better not to be left in suspense. And now, what is the worst, dear? That we are poor, Robert? my normal state," she continued, playfully patting his cheek. "I shall be quite at home in it; I shall feel as I do when I lay aside a fine dress, and, putting on an everyday one, have a romp with the children. Poverty never caused me a sigh when I had to meet it alone. Now I have you to lean on, and you, dear, have me, and we both have the children to love and labour for. O God! forgive me for saying that we are poor;—we are rich, Robert, very rich, and we will be very, very happy!"

And there rained down upon his face, not tears—no, not one tear—but a shower of warm kisses. Her brave words, her tender active love, restored to her husband's mind its healthy tone. "He would set about doing something at once." What that something was, was the difficult question that husband and wife did not discuss for the present.

The next evening Mr. Flitters and his daughter Polly called. Lucy was very fond of pretty Polly, and the latter had spent almost all her time at the cottage while Robert was away. Since the marriage of her sisters, her father seemed to understand and appreciate her much better than before, for her individuality was no longer hidden by their dashing fashionable airs. When her sisters left, Polly got nearer to her father, to the great satisfaction of both. So they often now took walks together, always with a sense of relief and pleasure, when they found themselves beyond the ken of that able woman, Mrs. Flitters.

Robert had a sincere friendship and respect for the little man, although he often laughed heartily at the way he had of dodging Mrs. Flitters' magnificence, to prevent his being altogether crushed by it. They were, in fact, intimate friends, and though so essentially different in every respect, enjoyed each other's society very much. On this evening Flitters seemed unusually restrained and bothered. At length, after polishing his head, until the excitement brought moisture to his face, he looked at Polly, and then at Lucy. The former seemed at once to understand the look, for she arose, and asking Lucy to accompany her for a moment, the two ladies left the room—the sigh of relief which accompanied their departure assuring Polly that she had

understood her father. When the door closed upon them, Flitters drew his chair close to Robert. "You went up to that new city?" he said.

"City!" replied Robert, bitterly. "Yes, a city with a few tumble-down shanties, black stumps, and a few houses built by speculators, for bait to catch gudgeons."

"Then you cannot get anything out of it?"

"No; I was glad enough to get myself out of it."

"And the bank?"

"Every cent gone, my friend; you must look not to give me credit at the store."

"What are you going to do?"

Robert twitched, and a frown came to his face.

"You must not be vexed," said the little man, "if a friend asks you what half the town is asking behind your back."

"No, no, Mr. Flitters, I am not vexed," said Robert. "I know you mean kindly, but all this is so new to me. And now to answer your question, I don't well know what I shall do."

"You have no knowledge of the family grocery and provision business?" said the other, in a kind of musing tone.

Robert smiled. "No, no," he said, "although some fellows in my place might have an idea of doing something with rope."

Robert had not perpetrated his poor joke with the slightest idea that it would be understood by Flitters.

"Well, well," said the latter, appearing and disappearing behind his hand rapidly, "it is out of my line to advise you; but until you settle your business you may be short of cash, and I just took the liberty of filling up this check;" and he drew a fat pocket-book, from his pocket, and commenced to open it.

"Stop, Mr. Flitters," said Robert, catching his hand, and giving it a warm shake. "I am not in want of money as yet, thank you all the same; and I promise, if I ever ask a man for the loan of money, it will be you. See, I can give you a cigar yet, and here is a lighted match—now draw."

Flitters obeyed the order, and as he smoked, his eyes revolved from the brick house, seen dimly through the twilight, to Robert's face. At length a revelation seemed to dawn upon him. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder, as stooping over, he said in a low voice to Robert: "Maybe you think that she would know something about it?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Flitters," answered Robert, smiling, "I am not, indeed, in present want of money; and if I was, I could not take it, even from you, until I knew how it was to be repaid. Here comes Miss Polly, that took such good care of my wife while I was away," and Robert, meeting the young girl as she entered the room with Lucy, took her soft, fair hand, and gallantly raised it to his lips.

Robert accompanied his visitors down to the garden gate that night, and as he took the honest hand of Flitters in his own, he said : " Don't think I am ungrateful to you, or too proud either, but it is just as I told you." After they had passed away, Robert remained leaning over the low gate. " So," he mused, as a hot blush came to his face, " half the town is asking what I am going to do." His spirit yet unbroken, resented this interference in his affairs. He was learning his first lesson ; he knew that he was poor. He had yet to learn all that that means.

Robert M'Gregor was to set about doing something at once ; so he had told Lucy, and so he had resolved. He had borne up against the reverses that came so suddenly on him, that had left him—who heretofore never for one hour knew the want of money—penniless. With means amply sufficient for his wants, without any unhealthy craving for riches, monetary matters, heretofore, had the least place in his thoughts. It was more from a feeling that he should not be altogether idle and indifferent, in the midst of so much activity and enterprise, rather than the desire for wealth, which led him to embark in Jenkins' speculations. It was his early resolve always to keep secure a sufficiency which would make him independent of the world, and allow him to carry out his own idea of happiness, that caused him to leave his ready money in the bank, rather than invest it in any business that might have a shadow of risk about it. But now, all his plans, anticipations, fancied security were swept away, and he was rudely awakened from his tranquil dream of happiness, to be thrust forth to battle in a situation new to him, with a world yesterday all smiles, but now black and threatening. He had resolved to do something ; in the full strength of his manhood, with intellect and education, what was to prevent him ? There was one thing, and a very serious difficulty it was—he had never done anything—and a whole year elapsed, in which the question of what he should do was almost daily discussed by himself and his wife without any practical results.

At first these little family councils were full of hope. Lucy, who, when but a little girl, had commenced to support herself by her own exertions, would not have been a bad counsellor, but that love made her overrate Robert's qualifications. She had the most exaggerated idea of his fitness for anything he would undertake, and was positive that every description of person, from the President down, would be eager to avail themselves of his services. Indeed, she suggested to Robert, that he should see the President, and tell him " just how matters were."

Oh, the building of those castles in the air ! how lofty they were at first, then more modest, sometimes fading away, then reappearing—the plan devised, settled upon in the evening, becoming impracticable the next morning. And with these changing views came a corres-

ponding change of spirit, more perceptible in Robert than in his brave little wife, who, for his sake, would not allow the world to rob him of her smiles. And many a time when, with a heavy, foreboding heart, she went about her household duties, her song and merry laugh would reach her husband's ears, and he would mentally say: "Thank God, poor Lucy does not fully realise the terrible position we are in."

In this Robert M'Gregor made a mistake very common to the male portion of the human race, who, being of a coarser nature than woman, seldom understand or value their subtle heroism.

When misfortunes besiege us, man shows a bold front on the battle-ments, to the enemy! But to woman is given the more delicate and difficult task of keeping up hope and faith within the garrison itself.

Thus a whole year passed by without anything being actually effected towards Robert's procuring suitable employment.

Outside his professional calls, Doctor M'Gregor had never mixed much in the society of P——, and his son had still fewer intimate acquaintances. Indeed, when the latter thought over the matter, he found that Flitters was the only one in the town that he regarded in the light of a friend, and of all others, Flitters was the least able to advise or suggest anything outside of what he called, "his line of business."

Flitters, as we have seen, offered to lend him money, but Robert had wisely resolved not to add to his troubles and humiliations by borrowing, and in every other way Flitters was totally unable to serve him. But now Robert M'Gregor's resources were exhausted; the shadow of poverty was darkening his threshold; he could no longer debate at his own fireside the question, What shall I do? He must go forth and ask of the world, what will you give me to do? And he did, seeking employment first outside of P——, but his not being familiar with any particular branch of business was a disadvantage he found it impossible to overcome. In dealing with strangers he found it a most humiliating disadvantage, for people were not inclined to look very favourably upon a man who had arrived at his time of life without any business employment. Weary and dispirited he returned to P——. Here, at least, he was known, and would not have to answer a long list of questions; so he went among his acquaintances. Some expressed regret at his altered circumstances; others undertook to show how it was all his own fault; and others patronisingly pitied him. He was growing old in humiliation. Already he had travelled such a distance from his old life, that it appeared visionary, unreal when seen from the gray, sunless reality of the present.

At length he was offered, and accepted the place of teacher in the public school of P——, at a salary of fifty dollars a month, and as the school was open for nine months in the year, his salary kept him from what is called actual want: that is, he was not compelled either to

commit highway robbery or go to the workhouse. He had still his cottage, and he clung to it as to a last friend.

Indeed, property had depreciated so much in P—— for some years, following the year fifty-seven, that, was he willing to sell his home, he would have found it difficult to procure a purchaser. He had another advantage, greater than the home that sheltered him—he did not get in debt. He had been suddenly flung from independence, from refined contentment, to struggle with poverty. He had become familiar with its poor make-shifts, its ceaseless problem of how to make something very narrow cover something very wide, its vulgar familiarity, its actual wants; but he had escaped the demon that springs from the jaws of poverty, and crushes out the spirit, the manhood, the very soul of its victim—he was not in debt.

Whether it was his pride or his strict principles, whatever the motive that actuated him, it was to him, in this respect, a guardian angel, preserving him from the most poisoned arrow poverty has in its quiver. Thus toiling for those he loved, it could not be said that he was unhappy. No man of his nature and principles, with a home like his to return to, could be actually unhappy.

The sparkle, the light joy of life had passed away; but its sweet love, purified, made patient and strong by trials, and unshaken faith in the providence of a heavenly Father, these still remained.

CHAPTER X.

MR. MAHON'S COW.

ROBERT M'GREGOR had entered upon the third year of his teacher's life. The long summer vacation had just commenced, and after a warm day, Lucy and her husband, sitting in the cottage porch, while their children played around, were enjoying the cool of the evening, so delicious and soothing, after a hot parching sun.

Of the two, Robert was far more changed in appearance. He had a careworn look very perceptible in his face, when it was in repose; his old elasticity of step was changed into a sober, and at times a weary gait; and the pleasant lighting up of eye and features—that in other days, the simplest passing emotion would bring forth—seldom came now without an effort. But Lucy was still bright and beautiful. Her early training had made her cheerfully accept work when it came; constant employment kept her healthy in mind and body, and could she but feel that her husband was happy, she would be so in her present humble, busy life.

She had fretted most, immediately after her husband's losses, because everything was vague and unsettled. But now they had settled down to decent poverty, and as she told Robert once, "she was

quite at home in it." A woman whose love is great enough to fill her whole being can never be unhappy, so long as the object of her love is left to her. Besides, poverty is always more evident in a man's dress than in a woman's; I speak now of honest, independent poverty, that wears its own clothes.

In cases of this kind you can almost trace its stages by the nap of a man's hat: Robert's was becoming brown, next season it would be foxy red; his best coat was worn at the seams, with an unhealthy gloss on its sleeves.

We pay our teachers about half the wages of mechanics, and expect them to dress in broad-cloth and fine linen, and they, from necessity, compromise the matter by appearing in seedy gentility.

But Lucy, in her neat, well-fitting, calico dress, that she made, washed, and ironed herself, might have walked by the side of a duke, and his titles would have been outranked by her grace and beauty. On this evening she looked unusually well; for an event had occurred during the day which brought a pleasant excitement to the inmates of Inverness Cottage, and Lucy, her cheeks rosy from the unusual exercise of milking a cow—that had a very prominent part in the excitement referred to—was now for the second or third time discussing it in all its details with her husband.

In the morning, a man driving a waggon, in which sat a respectable-looking, middle-aged woman, drove up to the gate of the cottage. A fine cow, tied by a rope to the hinder part of the waggon, followed after. Pulling up, the man got down and helped his companion to alight. Robert, who was sitting at the window, concluded that they were people in from the country who had some farm produce to sell, and when they advanced up the garden walk, he went to the door to meet them. Both had pleasant faces, and as they drew near they smiled, as if they knew the gentleman who waited for them, although he could not remember having seen either of them before.

The man was the first to speak.

"I believe you are Mr. M'Gregor, sir?" he said.

"Indeed, an' he is," said the woman, coming in front. "I know him, though I haven't set eyes on him since he was a little boy. He is Robert M'Gregor, and that's the sweetest name that ever sounded in my ears. How are you, Mr. M'Gregor, and how is all the family?" and she gave Robert's hand a hearty shake.

There was such thorough good-nature in her address, that he could not think of asking her who she was; so he returned her greetings, and asked her in.

"Myself and my husband, sir, Tom Mahon, sir"—here Tom stretched out his big hand, and gave Robert a mighty grip—"have come on a little business to you," she said.

So, thought Robert, as a change came to his manner, there is some reason for this assumed good-nature.

"Come in here," he said, leading the way to the study, "and you can tell me what you want."

They had hardly entered the room, when Mrs. Mahon, who, woman-like, had cast her eyes all round, caught sight of Doctor M'Gregor's portrait, suspended from the wall. With an exclamation she hurried forward, and standing before it, gave way to an impassioned burst of grief, characteristic of her race. "Come here, Tom," she sobbed, as the tears rolled down her face. "There is our friend, Tom, the friend of the poor; that's his picture; but he is in a better place himself, as high in heaven as the best of them; for, sure, there is no one nearer to God's heart than them who love his poor."

Her husband stood looking respectfully at the portrait for a little while, then he said: Hush, Mary, you're making too free, and may be annoying the gentleman, who cannot understand you. Quiet yourself, Mary, and tell him all about it."

Robert, indeed, was greatly moved at so unexpected a scene, the sincerity of which there was no room to doubt, and at the simple words of praise bestowed on his father his eyes filled with tears.

"You knew my father, then?" he said.

"Yes, sir," answered Mrs. Mahon, growing somewhat calm, and taking a chair, which Robert offered her; "I had a good right to know him; he was the best friend I ever had. Indeed I could not help myself, when I saw his likeness there; you must forgive me for making so free like."

"I have nothing to forgive, Mrs. Mahon," he answered, "and I am glad to meet one who speaks so feelingly of my beloved father."

Here Lucy entered the room, followed by the children.

"This is my wife, Mrs. Mahon," continued Robert.

Mrs. Mahon rose. "How are you, ma'am," she said, respectfully. Lucy saluted both her visitors.

"And look at the beautiful children, Tom," said Mrs. Mahon, addressing her husband. "Give me what I gave you to keep." Tom Mahon dived his hand into his pocket, wrestled for a moment with something in its lowest depths, and then drew forth a paper parcel, and handed it to his wife.—"A little candy, ma'am," continued the latter "for the children; sure I knew I'd find them here. There, dears, divide it. Tom, look after the horses."

Tom, who, just as anxious as his wife to pay this visit, had nevertheless made no calculation for a scene, seemed very glad to escape out of the room, and when he was gone, Mrs. Mahon, again resuming her seat, commenced an explanation of her visit.

"I don't know, Mr. M'Gregor," she said, "that you ever heard of

us; but we lived near here in the Beaver Dam settlement, over fifteen years ago, and I often saw you with your father, when you were a little boy. We were very poor, Tom had no money to hire help to clear the land, and not being long from the old country, he was no great hand at the axe himself. So our clearing was only small, and the best support we had for the children was our one cow, and the cow died, ma'am—(turning to Lucy);—oh, would you believe it, ma'am, I gave up entirely, God forgive me, and got sick *on the head of the cow*. Well, my husband went for Doctor M'Gregor, your father, sir, for the poorer you were, sir, the quicker the doctor would come to you. He came, and good luck, happiness, and comfort came in along with him, and remained with us ever since. He came when there was such a heavy cloud resting on my heart that it could not see God, and he raised it off with his good words and kind voice. When he told me that we should never forget that there was one above, who could make the darkest night bright as day, I remembered that I had learned the same lesson, though said differently, from my own mother, at home; but the hardships in the woods of America had driven it out of my mind, until your father's words brought it back. The next morning, ma'am, (turning again to Lucy) one of Doctor M'Gregor's best cows was standing at my door; and from that day to this good luck has followed us. I don't know, sir, if you ever heard anything of what I am telling you?"

"I remember something about it, I think," answered Robert; "because a man named Weasel, who was mayor here afterwards, undertook to lecture my father in reference to this very incident, and received such a well-merited rebuke, that he was an enemy of my father from that time."

"Well, sir," continued Mrs. Mahon, "as I was telling you, good luck came along with the doctor into our house. To be sure, the fine cow was a great help; but it wasn't so much that, sir, as the new courage that came to Tom's heart and my own. Oh, courage is everything, ma'am. Tom made a fine clearing that year, and when he had all the brush burned off, and was ready to put in the corn, do you know what he says to me, ma'am? 'I wish, Mary, Doctor M'Gregor would come along until I'd show him this field.' Do you think, sir, but the same thought was in my own mind. I don't know how it was; that is, I can't explain it; but it seemed from this out, as if we worked to please the doctor, like, to show him that we were not undeserving of his goodness, to make his words, his promise of better times, come true. Well, five years after this we sold our farm here for a good price, and moved to a new one, near Grand Rapids, about thirty-five miles from this. We sold everything we had on the old place, but your father's present; we brought her with us, and she died with us. In this very room my husband and myself bid your father good-bye.

Mr. M'Gregor, and when we told him, Mrs. M'Gregor, ma'am, that we were bringing our good luck along with us, meaning the cow, you should see how he rubbed his hands together, and the pleasant smile that came to his face."

Robert M'Gregor shaded his eyes with his hand. With what vivid distinctness he remembered the familiar action of his father—when greatly pleased—that Mrs. Mahon had spoken of.

"I'm tiring you," continued the latter, "with my long story; but I'll soon be done. We have as fine a farm now, Mr. M'Gregor, as you could find from here to there, and sixteen cows come into our yard to be milked. The children are good, and healthy, and able to help us now, and not a sorrow worth talking of did we know for many a day until we heard, a little while ago, of the misfortunes that had overtaken you, sir: how you were robbed of the honest fortune your father left to you, by a lot of villains. The ways of the Lord are wonderful, blessed be his holy name. Sure, if ever money was to have luck, your father's should. That's what we think; but God is the wisest. Oh, that was a dark day to my husband and myself when we heard of your great loss. 'Tom,' says I, 'we must go and see them. Patrick and Kittie are old enough to take care of the place while we are away.' 'Very well, Mary,' says he; 'I would walk on my knees to see them, if I thought it would do them any good.' 'It will do them good,' says I, 'it will do us good. In his own house, that sorrow has darkened, I will tell the son the same words his father told me in my poor cabin, and Tom, ashore, they will sound like a message from the good father to the child he loved so well.'"

Mrs. Mahon paused, for her voice had become broken, and her face flushed and tearful.

Silently Lucy moved over to her husband's side, and took his hands in both her own. On the hands thus clasped, the tears of husband and wife rained down warmly and gently.

After a little, their visitor again spoke.

"It was Tom himself that thought of taking the liberty of bringing the cow that's outside, as a present to you, Mrs. M'Gregor;—to be sure, we owe it;—but it's not that at all; oh, no, indeed, Mrs. M'Gregor, we would never think of it at all, only she's granddaughter to the one we got from the doctor; that's it, you see, sir. Maybe, Mary,' says Tom, the very morning he was tying the cow behind the waggon, 'maybe Mr. M'Gregor would be vexed at our taking such a liberty.' 'Whist,' says I, 'he might. if we were rich folks, showing off, like; but his father's son is not likely to misunderstand us.' And wasn't I right, Mr. M'Gregor! And sure you will not be too proud to allow Mrs. M'Gregor to take this little present from me! If I made myself understood at all, you know that the favour will be all on your side."

"No, indeed," Mrs. Mahon, answered Robert, "you must not think anything of the kind; we will take your present, a most valuable one at the present time, for we are very poor. I thank you a thousand times for your visit," he continued, as he shook her hand warmly; "you have cheered me, and strengthened my trust in God, and my faith in human nature."

Tom Mahon now entered the room, and Robert, going up to him, took his honest hand, while Mrs. Mahon, nodding vigorously, said:

"It's all right, Tom."

"And now, Lucy," said Robert, "get our friends something to eat, while I show Mr. Mahon where to put up his horses. You will remain with us to-day, Mrs. Mahon."

"No, Mr. M'Gregor, we can't," she answered; "we only left young people in the house, and we must get home to-day."

"Well, we will argue that point by-and-by," said Robert, as he and Mahon left the room.

By the time the horses and cow were in the barn, the former supplied the feed that Mahon had carried from home with him, and the children rescued for the sixth or seventh time from imminent danger, incurred by the wild manner they rushed around the horses, Lucy had a plain dinner—the best she could furnish—ready; and all sat down with a good appetite, and enjoyed it thoroughly. But Lucy or Robert could not prevail upon their visitors to remain the day.

"They were too anxious about the houseful of children, they left behind them," Mrs. Mahon said.

As she stood waiting for her husband to bring the waggon round, she turned to Robert, and said:

"Mr. M'Gregor, mark my words. God has tried you sorely, but He has not deserted you. Good days are in store for you yet. A child of Dr. M'Gregor's cannot fail but to have good fortune even in this world, in the long run; now mark my words, and promise that you'll come to tell the old woman of the good fortune, when it comes."

"I promise, Mrs. Mahon," answered Robert, with a cheerful smile. And then he thought of the words of the Psalmist, "I have been young, and am now old; and I have not seen the just forsaken, nor his seed seeking bread."

And this faith, this beautiful trust in the special interposition of God in regard to each and all of his creatures, as clear to the uneducated mind of Mrs. Mahon as to the inspired David, the Agassiz, the Darwins, and material philosophers of the present day—each in his own way—would rob men of. What do they offer in return? What do they offer for that faith in divine revelation, which is a pillar of light to guide us, a pillar of strength to support us in the sorrows, trials, and vicissitudes of life? What do they offer in exchange? Nothing.

In the human heart they rob of its faith, they leave a dull, aching want they cannot satisfy or stifle. Better paganism than this. Better to sacrifice to the "unknown God," than to lose God altogether, through the mystifying evolutions of modern philosophy.

But Mr. Mahon is sitting in his waggon, waiting at the gate for his wife. She kisses the children, gives Lucy a kiss on each cheek, and then, taking Robert's hands in hers, she says: "God be with you, Mr. M'Gregor."

The whole family accompany her to the gate, when the kissing and hand-shaking are repeated. Lucy lifts up little Mary for Tom Mahon to kiss, then he shakes hand with Mrs. M'Gregor tenderly, but gives Robert a mighty squeeze. The waggon moved off, and Mrs. Mahon, with her head turned round, calls out cheerily: "Remember your promise, Mr. M'Gregor?" Then, as the waggon turns out of view, the cheerful expression of the face gives place to one of gentle sadness, as she says, sorrowfully: "Oh, my poor, poor gentleman!"

The rest of the day was one of great excitement at Inverness Cottage. Innumerable excursions were made to the barn by the children, and at least four state visits were paid by the entire family to M s. Mahon's cow.

Doctor M'Gregor was right when he said to Solomon Weasel, "Cast your bread upon the waters."

The visit of the Mahons acted as a healthy tonic on Robert M'Gregor's jaded spirit. He went off in quest of hay for the cow, and when he returned with it, the excitement became intense. I doubt if any farmyard in the country could show such lively industry as was displayed in and around the barn for an hour or more.

It was a miracle that the two boys, Robert and James, did not break their necks from the reckless manner they swung themselves up into the loft.

Then, Robert, with his coat off, tossed them up the hay, half of each forkful invariably coming back upon his head and shoulders, at which little Mary, standing by her mother's side, would clap her hands and laugh; and Robert, shaking himself free from the hay, would look back at both and laugh, while the royal rooster, with slow, majestic steps, and followed by his whole feathered harem, perambulated round the yard, and in clarion tones protested against this invasion of vested rights.

Oh! blessings on you, bright jets of sunshine, that came into the poor man's life. I doubt not but that you are healthier and better than the continued glare of the hot sun of prosperity, so apt to shrivel up the heart.

And now the excitement had subsided, the cow was milked, the barn door locked, and, as I said before, Lucy and her husband sat in the cottage porch, chatting over the incident of the friendly visit they had received that day, while their children played around.

"Robert," said Lucy, after a brief pause in their conversation, "I believe firmly in Mrs. Mahon's prophecy of brighter days."

"That is right, my little wife," he answered; "you have twice the faith and courage of your good-for-nothing husband."

Lucy twined one arm around Robert's neck, and placing her hand upon his mouth, said: "Stop instantly, sir, I will not hear a disparaging word said against that dear husband I love so well. You believe yourself, sir, in your grateful, good-natured Cassandra; I see faith in your eyes?"

"I believe, Lucy, in God's loving care; and this friendly visit has been a most happy, hope-inspiring one, doing us a wonderful deal of good."

"Wait now until I try and guess how our good-luck is to come," said Lucy, playfully. Then, after a pause, she clapped her hands and cried out, "Oh! I have it. James Allen will return!"

Robert almost started from his chair; his face flushed, and involuntarily he cast an eager look around. At that moment his second eldest boy was running by him. He caught the child, and pressed him to his breast. "Oh, Jim, Jim," he said, "pray to God to send your namesake, my friend, my brother, back to me."

SUNDRY SONNETS.

BY EDWARD HARDING.

No. VII.—MARY, MODEL OF HUMILITY.

HUMBLEST of all! who aye to God appealed
 That but to Him thy greatness might be known:
 Thy Father heard thy prayer, and He, alone,
 Viewed the supernal power thou would'st not wield;
 Thy Son heard likewise, and, from all concealed,
 Thy wisdom shone, the reflex of His own;
 Heard, too, thy Spouse—tho' partner of His throne,
 His works scarce outline of thy history yield.
 "I will exalt the humble," saith the Lord:—
 And now, with Motherhood of God and men,
 Beloved and blest beyond all human ken,
 Thou art the full fulfilment of His word.
 That God would have thine all thou didst entreat,
 And lo! the very Heavens are at thy feet.

NEW BOOKS.

- I. *Manual of St. Michael the Archangel; or, Quis ut Deus?* By FATHER SEBASTIAN, Passionist. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.)

THIS holy work was probably inspired by its frontispiece—the statue of St. Michael, in the Church of St. Paul of the Cross at Mount Argus, Dublin—but that statue was placed there on account of the devotion entertained towards the great Archangel by the Founder of the Congregation of the Passion. The clients of St. Michael owe a debt of gratitude to the pious writer.

- II. *An Exhortation to Frequent Communion.* (London: Burns & Oates. 1881.)

THIS little treatise is translated by the Rev. George Porter, S.J., from the Italian of Father Polacco, of the Oratory. Jesuit translators generally choose works written by members of their own Order, and very naturally. They know the training their own brethren go through and other guarantees for the character of the books that these are allowed to publish. When an English Jesuit translates an Italian Oratorian, the circumstance affords a presumption in favour of the special merit of the latter.

- III. *My Little Prayerbook.* By the SISTERS OF MERCY, Limerick.

WHY do not the good Sisters allow this admirable little book to be supplied through the ordinary channels instead of requiring application to be made to themselves? We notice only books that are formally submitted to our notice; but we make an exception out of our wish to spread this excellent manual of childish prayer. It is not a work of genius like “Holy Childhood” (published by Charles Eason, Dublin), but many will consider this a more useful book for the young. We recommend them both most cordially to all who have charge of little children.

- IV. *Manual of Church History.* By the Rev. DR. ALZOG. Translated from the last German Edition, by Dr. PARISH and the Rev. T. S. BYRNE. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.)

THIS fine octavo volume is the fourth and last of the Dublin edition of Dr. Alzog’s great work. It is a most learned and judicious compendium of Church History. In a more condensed form it was originally chosen (in the French translation) by the late Dr. Russell, when Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Maynooth, as the text-book of his class. The author has greatly enlarged and improved his work since then; and the American translators have increased its value by their account of the Catholic Church in America. A studious priest can hardly make a more useful addition to his library than “Alzog.”

- V. *Out in the Cold World.* By M. F. S. (London: R. Washbourne. 1882.)

THIS is the latest, but, we trust, not the last of the pleasant and edifying yarns of a most skilful story-teller. In the name of Catholic story-readers (among whom, however, *we* have no claim to be reckoned) we beg leave to thank Mrs. Seamer by name, as we once in print attributed her work to another M. F. S. beyond the Atlantic—Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan of Chicago. Though the title-page mentions eight volumes of stories by the English M. F. S., the etc. at the end of the list stands for fully as many more; all interesting, edifying, and produced in a peculiarly readable form.

- VI. *Duffy's Weekly Volume of Catholic Divinity.* (Dublin: James Duffy & Sons.)

FOR two or three pence we have an excellent spiritual treatise, specially suitable for distribution. The first five of the series are "the Garden of Roses" by Thomas à Kempis, St. Theresa's "Exclamations of the Soul to God," Father Ribadineira's "Lives of our Lord Jesus Christ and of the Blessed Virgin, and the "Life of St. Patrick."

- VII. *Catechism Made Easy: Being a Familiar Explanation of the Catechism of Christian Doctrine.* By the REV. HENRY GIBSON. (London: Burns & Oates. 1882.)

THIS work must be of priceless worth to any who are engaged in any form of catechetical instruction. It consists of two large volumes admirably printed and arranged, furnishing much solid instruction and many very interesting stories and anecdotes about every item in the Catechism. It is the best book of the kind that we have seen in English. The very minute and clear table of contents prefixed to each volume adds very much to the utility of the work; it enables us to see at a glance not only a full summary of the matter of each chapter, but all the stories used in the illustration thereof.

- VIII. *Outlines of English History from the Beginning to the Present Time.* By the CHRISTIAN BROTHERS. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.)

THE practical experience of the compilers of these outlines is a guarantee for the special practical utility of a little book which otherwise could hardly make good its *raison d'être*. The appendix contains a great many useful charts and tables. Few of us could stand an examination in the history of our own time.

- IX. *The Girl's Book of Piety at School and at Home.* By the author of "Golden Grains." Translated from the 45th French Edition by Josephine M. Black. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.)

THIS is one of the books for Catholic girls written by the anonymous author of the famous *Paillettes d'Or*, which have run through many

editions in the original French, and been translated in Dublin as "Golden Grains," in New York as "Golden Sands," and adopted by the pious Protestants in London as "Gold Dust." Perhaps part of the secret of this wonderful success is this writer's profound knowledge of schoolgirl nature drawn from his long experience as chaplain and confessor of a *pensionnat* in the South of France. "The Girl's Book of Piety" consists of 550 very closely printed pages, containing a vast variety of very interesting instructions and devotions. It has been specially approved by the Pope, four archbishops, and many bishops. The present translation, the only English one, has been made with admirable fidelity, clearness, and spirit. Happy they who have any part in the holy thoughts and feelings which these pages are sure to excite for many a year to come in so many youthful hearts most dear to the Heart of Jesus.

X. *Novenas of the Sacred Heart and of the Blessed Virgin.* Translated from Father Clorivière, S.J., by the REV. JAMES M'VEAGH, C.C. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

THESE *Novenas* are published in two separate little volumes. Their author was the chief link between the Society of Jesus before the French Revolution and the Society restored in France. It may interest some in these holy little books if we tell his story as we told it some years ago in the following lines:

The good old Father, Claud Clorivière,*
Went to his God some fifty years ago;
Full many a holy deed and fervent prayer
Had filled his busy lifetime here below.
Serenely faded out his eventide—
Serenely still the blessed death he died.

Long years before, a keen-eyed, clever youth,
He linked his fate unto that earnest band
Named by Ignatius from his Lord. In sooth
That was their darkest day, and close at hand
Loomed death and ruin: but the fearless lad
Would fall with them. Was he a saint, or mad?

The dark day darkened. He who willed not spake
The word which scattered all that gallant host.
Our orphaned Novice thought his heart would break
Beside the grave of her he loved the most.
Moving his lips in meekest prayer, he weeps—
"She is not dead, she is not dead—she sleeps!"

* Father Clorivière was one of the chief instruments in the restoration of the Society of Jesus in France, in the beginning of this century.—See F. Guides' *Vie de R. P. Varin*.

So pined he on through those unholy years
 With stealthy zeal and solitary strife,
 In loyal trustfulness; nor dried his tears
 Till at the Voice Supreme she sprang to life.
 With joy he flung himself into her arms—
 His mother still, with all a mother's charms.

With fresher, gayer zeal he laboured then,
 And with far ampler blessing, we are told,
 To force God's law on lawless, selfish men—
 Till he grew blind, and frail and very old.
 His toils now o'er, with heart serene and gay,
 He prayed the twilight of his life away.

The old man, blind and frail, would rise from bed
 Before the young and healthy were awake,
 And grope his way, each morn with feeble tread,
 Down to the altar-home, where, for his sake,
 The Lord, Whose will the winds and lightnings do,
 Had watched in loneliness the long night through.

One early dawn, his face within his palms,
 He leans him so upon the sacred rails,
 Blessing Emmanuel in silent psalms;
 And o'er his sinfulness he meekly wails.
 Sinful? The Sacramental Hand but now
 Was raised in pardon o'er his snowy brow.

When thus too long the saint was rapt in prayer,
 A Brother whispered: "Come, it is the hour."
 But other messenger was earlier there,
 And he had drooped as droops an altar-flower.
 They loved him well, yet no one sighed or wept;
 They could but envy; in the Lord he slept.

XI. Miscellaneous.

OUT of exactly twenty-two other new publications which have sought the acquaintance of our paper-knife this month, only three or four can be named at present. Messrs. Gill and Son have published Part 6 of their "Irish Pleasantry and Fun," where Lover and Lever figure in their most rollicking mood. The same Publishers have issued for one penny a useful compilation by the Rev. O. Maher, of the Marlborough-street Cathedral, Dublin, "The Children's Mass, with morning and evening prayers, Catholic hymns, and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament." The same with music will shortly be published for a shilling. In this context we may praise, not for the first time, Father Guiron's "Children's Pictorial Mass Book" (Burns & Oates). "The Little Book of the Holy Rosary," by the Dominican Fathers, is cheap and very beautiful (Burns & Oates). From Chicago has come to us the eloquent and high-spirited address delivered by Mr. William J. Onahan on St. Patrick's Day. Mr. William Dillon, brother to the member for Tipperary, has printed as a pamphlet his distinguished

father's "Report to the Dublin Corporation on the Public Accounts between Great Britain and Ireland" (M. H. Gill & Son). Mr. Alexander Wood has translated well the recent famous Italian pamphlet on "The Pope and Italy" (Burns & Oates). The last-named publishers have given us on the eve of May, a very cheap collection, by Mr. Joseph Jenks of "Chants and Melodies adapted for the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, comprising various arrangements suitable for the most complete or limited choirs, with accompaniments for organ or harmonium." Finally, the same sweet Month of Mary is an appropriate date for the issue of the new edition of "Madonna: Verses on Our Lady and the Saints," by the Author of "Erin: Verses Irish and Catholic" (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son). The eldest of these sister-volumes reached in two months that point of success which "Madonna" has reached in two years. Is this difference another proof of the badness of the times or only of the badness of the rhymes?

DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY.

I.

OF those for whom telegrams are not ordinary pieces of daily business, but only received in special emergencies, there are few who are not a little startled at each brownish envelope that is placed in their hands, and who do not say to themselves, "What bad news is this, I wonder? Which of my friends is dead?" It was in this frame of mind that we opened a telegram which awaited the conclusion of the Devotion of the Three Hours' Agony on Good Friday, April 7, 1882. "Our dear father was taken from us this morning. He expired calmly and peacefully, resigned, and conscious to the last." Thus it was that the news reached us of the death of Denis Florence MacCarthy.

Death, when neither sudden nor unexpected, is, nevertheless, almost always more or less a surprise. Nay, it comes unexpectedly, even when God in his mercy sends beforehand the preparation of a lingering illness. So it was with our gentle poet, yet not so far as to hurry him on his last journey without the help and comfort of that Sacrament to which he and the poet-priest Calderon consecrated so much of their genius. Indeed, in many of its circumstances, his departure from this world was most happy and fortunate—the place, the day, and other circumstances much more important than time or place.

Good Friday, the day on which our Saviour died for us all, was, as he was fond of noting, the day on which his mother had died—that “Sarah MacCarthy,” whose name is affectionately recorded over the spot in Glasnevin which has received in trust the remains of her tenderly devoted son. It was a happy omen that for him, too, death came on that sacred day, and also that it found him near enough to Glasnevin to allow of his body being borne thither by his friends in an hour or two of a bright April morning, instead of being brought from a distant death-bed, as had been the case with his darling son Florence. Poor Goldsmith’s yearnings (which were, alas! to be disappointed) about returning after all his wanderings to “die at home at last”—this other Irish poet felt the same yearning, and it was gratified. He had for some years lived out of Ireland, returning, however, very frequently, to breathe his native air; but six months ago he returned with the intention of leaving Ireland no more. And so he died at home at last, within sight of the holy convent-home of his only surviving daughter. Ethna* had gone before her father—and she who only in his verse was called Ethna, his sweet and saintly wife—and Lillie and Josephine; both mourned most musically in the pages of this Magazine. For him, therefore, as for most of us, death ought rather to be considered a meeting than a parting.

It will often, during the coming months, be our duty, our privilege, and our delight, to use for the preservation of the fame of this true, modest, and refined Irish poet, the opportunities of more than one kind afforded by this periodical, in which, from its first conception, he took the liveliest interest. To its first number, in July, 1873, he sent, under the title of “Recantation,” his answer to the frequent remonstrances of his friends, with regard to his excessive devotion to Calderon and Spanish literature.

“No more I’ll yield to Calderon’s spell,
The Spanish charm shall chain no more;
Fair alien Fancy, fare thee well!
My Song reseeks its native shore.”

In its second number began a prose tale of considerable length, which he translated from the Spanish of Fernan Caballero, giving it a name it does not bear in the original—“The Two Muleteers of Mollares.” In the December of that bygone year, we contrived to group together contributions from a little family party of father, son, and daughter, in which competition the youngest certainly bore away the palm. Mr. MacCarthy enriched almost all our subsequent volumes

* Another name, transferred from his poetry to the prose of life, is represented in Mr. Brendan Mac Carthy, “private secretary to Judge O’Hagan, one of the poet’s oldest and most intimate friends,” says the writer of an admirable article in the *Freeman*, of April 10. “The Voyage of St. Brendan” is Mr. Mac Carthy’s longest poem.

with original poems, such as the sonnets to his friends, Kenelm Digby and J. T. Gilbert, and with many translations from his favourite Spanish, and two curious hymns from the Irish. Just before his death he spoke of publishing a version of a portion of the poem of the Cid, which will, probably, be found among his manuscripts, which are understood to be numerous and valuable.

Most of our readers will have already perused in the daily and weekly press, more than one account of Mr. Mac Carthy's life and writings, such as the articles which have appeared in the *Athenaeum*, *Tablet*, and *Irishman*, and especially in the *Freeman's Journal* of April 10th, and the *Nation* of April 15th. The last-mentioned journal was particularly bound to honour the memory of the poet, for not only was he one of the most gifted of the brilliant band who originally won for it its historic name, but, even after the early generation of *Nation* writers* had vanished, "Desmond" sent it many a pleasant rhyme. Indeed, his humorous pieces are so abundant that he contemplated, we remember, collecting them in a separate volume. Pathos and pleasantry are often closely allied; "Miss Kilmansegg" sang "The Song of the Shirt;" and, therefore, we need not be surprised at the merriest escapades of the Muse that haunts us with the melancholy, dreamy music of "Summer Longings." If we were confined to one sample of Florence MacCarthy's poetry, our choice would fall upon these exquisite lines.

Knowing what scanty recognition modest merit gets from this noisy prosaic world of ours, one is amazed to find that, before the Month's Mind of our departed poet has come round, the pious task has been vigorously begun, of securing that his country shall hold him in perpetual remembrance. The advertisement pages, both at the beginning and at the end of our present number, will inform our readers what progress has been made in this work, and how they may, themselves, take part in it. The Editor of *THE IRISH MONTHLY* will receive the subscriptions of any who may find that mode of transmission convenient.

Nothing more can be said now, but much more must soon be added; for, henceforth, one of the most cherished functions of this Magazine will be to do justice to the memory of the good and amiable and richly-gifted, the pure-minded and true-hearted Denis Florence MacCarthy.

* The writer of the obituary in the *Tablet* is mistaken in mentioning Sir Samuel Ferguson in this connection, and also in bracketing Lady Dufferin with Lady "Speranza" Wilde. "The Bell Founder" was not published first, as he says, in 1857, being the opening poem in the exquisite little quarto of "Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics," which was the earliest of all.

FRA BARTOLOMMEO, THE GREAT DOMINICAN PAINTER.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

AN interesting life has been lately published of the great Italian painter of the fifteenth century, who set up his easel under the standard of St. Dominick, and gave his genius wholly and solely to the service of God, from whom he considered that he but held it on trust. The book* opens with some beautiful thoughts on the Renaissance, from which we cull the following :—

"It seems to be a law of nature that progress, as well as time, should be marked by periods of alternate light and darkness—day and night.

"This law is nowhere more apparent than in the history of Art. Three times has the world been illuminated by the full brilliance of Art, and three times has a corresponding period of darkness ensued.

"The first day dawned in Egypt and Assyria, and its works lie buried in the tombs of pre-historic Pharaohs and Ninevite kings. The second day the sun rose on the shores of many-ialed Greece, and shed its rays over Etruria and Rome, and ere it set, temples and palaces were flooded with beauty. The gods had taken human form, and were come to dwell with men. The third day, arising in Italy, lit up the whole western world with the glow of colour and fervour, and its fading rays light us yet. The first period was that of mythic art; the world, like a child, wondering at all around tried to express in myths the truths it could not comprehend. The second was pagan art, which satisfies itself that in expressing the perfection of humanity it unfolds divinity. The third era of Christian art, conscious that the divine lies beyond the human, fails in aspiring to express infinitude.

"It is impossible to contemplate art apart from religion; as truly as the celestial sun is the revealer of form, so surely is the heavenly light of religion the first inspirer of Art."

Fra Bartolommeo was born in 1475, of lowly parents. His father was a muleteer named Paolo, and his mother's name was Bartolommea. In those days there were no better roads through Italy than mule-tracks, and all the traffic between the different towns was carried on by horses and mule-packs; so that we may suppose the calling of a muleteer was not necessarily a very poor one. His birth-place was a village near Prato, called Soffignano, and the boy, who was known as

* Fra Bartolommeo. By Leader, Scott, Author of "A Nook in the Appennines." London: Sampson, Low & Co. 1881.

Baccio della Porta, lost his mother while a child. After his father's death, which happened when he was twelve or thirteen years of age, he was left with a stepmother and several small brothers who, strangely enough, looked up to the boy as their head and support.

This fact is very suggestive in itself, showing how very early the little lad must have shown the earnestness and solidity of character by which he was as much distinguished in after-life as for the splendour of his genius.

He had, indeed, begun life early. At six years old we hear of him playing with his baby step-brother under the shadows of the old gateway near his father's house, the house at Florence to which Paolo had retired from trade, having become the owner of a *podere* at Brozzi, which yielded six barrels of wine. But Paolo was growing old, as well as the two mules which we are told he cherished when they were quite past their work, and he was anxious to have his little sons placed out in the world as soon as possible. Benedetto da Majano, the sculptor, who owned a *podere* near Prato, had taken a fancy to the boy Baccio, and undertook to place him in the studio of Cosimo Roselli as a pupil.

Doubtless the child had, long before this was done, astonished father, little brothers, and friend by his bold drawings, perhaps first made on some white wall with a piece of charcoal, or even in the yellow dust of the high-roads with a pointed stick. At all events, when a small, delicate-faced boy of nine years, he was led, with a roll of drawings under his arm, into the studio of the artist, by the sculptor, Benedetto da Majano.

At this same moment Michelangelo was a youth, and earnestly engaged in drawing the cartoons of the Sassetti chapel in the school of Dominico Ghirlandajo. It was a wonderful time for Art when little boys of lowly birth who showed a particular talent for drawing were taken from their play in the streets by distinguished men and placed at once under some great master who could develop their powers. Once within the walls of one of these nurseries of genius a child was certain to become master of his own powers at the earliest possible age, and to lose no moment of the time for their exercise allotted to him here on earth by the Creator who had given them to him.

What interesting places, from every point of view, were these workshops of art our author suggests :

"Amongst the thousand arteries in which the life-blood of the Renaissance coursed in all its fulness, none were so busy or so important as the '*botteghe*' of the artists. In these the genius of the great Masters, the Pleiades of stars at the culmination of art in Florence, was either tenderly nursed, or sharply primed into vigour by struggling against discouragement and envy. In these the spirit of

awakened devotion found an outlet, in altar-pieces and church designs for frescoes, which were to influence thousands. Here the spirit of poetry, brooding in the mysterious lines of Dante, or echoing in past ages in the myths of the Greeks, took form and glowed on the walls in mighty cartoons to be made imperishable in fresco. Here the spirit of luxury was satisfied by beautiful designs for ornaments, dress-stuffs, tapestries, vases and 'cassoni,' &c., which brought beauty into every life and made each house a poem. The soul, the mind and the body could alike be supplied at those fountains of the beautiful, the art-shops, or schools."

At nine years old we find Baccio beginning his apprenticeship to art in the art-shop of Cosimo. At first he had to submit to the drudgery which generally falls to the share of apprentices, and swept out the studio and ground his master's colours; which took a great deal of grinding, we may conclude, as Cosimo was noted for using quantities of colour, and had astonished the eyes of the Pope some years before by the brilliancy of his blue and gold in the Sistine Chapel. In these tasks he was assisted by Mariotto Albertinelli, a boy of his own age, also a lad of genius, though of a different disposition. It was also a part of Baccio's duty to run the errands of the workers in the studio. We are told that he transacted business for his master with the good nuns of St. Ambrogio, and carried him their gold florins in exchange for work done for them. He seems to have been a favourite with the nuns, who probably detected the piety of soul and nobility of purpose which even then were increasing every day within the child, preparing him for a holy and glorious career. It is easy to picture the saintly Mother-Superior sitting under the acacia-trees, in her peaceful garden, full of roses and lilies, roofed over by the blue sky of Florence; and turning from her heavenly meditations to receive the slender lad from Cosimo's "*botteghe*," the child with the spiritual eyes and intelligent smile. We can fancy how she would seize the opportunity to keep him with her for an hour, questioning him about his purpose in studying art, impressing upon his imagination the serious responsibility he had incurred towards God in having received so remarkable a talent, and sending him away at last with his hands full of flowers and his mind full of high and holy thoughts.

Many visits were paid to ladies by the little Baccio at this particular time of his life. It was then the custom for brides to have, as part of their necessary belongings, a handsome chest to hold their wedding clothes, and these chests were generally painted by the artists with graceful and fantastic ornamental pictures. Baccio was the messenger chosen to carry designs for approval to these fair damsels, and to transact all business between them and his master. His grace and gentleness of demeanour, doubtless, marked him out as the fittest messenger on such occasions; and we can fancy him the centre of

many a group of lovely smiling girls, who listened with wonder and amusement as the little lad, no bigger than the brothers they considered as infants, explained to them the meaning of the designs he carried, and *naïvely* expounded to them some of the mysteries and delicacies of art.

Baccio's call to the special service of God is evident at each step of his career. Every new occurrence in his young life seemed arranged by Providence, so as to lead his thoughts to dwell on the most lofty things. The first fresco at which he assisted was in the solemn cloister of St. Ambrogio, and the subject was the "Miracle of the Sacrament." We can imagine the awe and joy of the boy allowed at last to approach and take part in a work of such importance, so directly executed for God. He laboured with all his young earnestness and enthusiasm at his task, sometimes pausing when left alone, to breathe gladly the saintly air of this place of peace, or to speak with some of the sweet-faced, white-hooded nuns, who came to see how the work was getting on, and to smile on him with their calm eyes. At times solemn and appealing music fell faintly on his ear, the echo of the nun's voices, as they chanted their office, or a bird sang to him from the cloister garden. And when evening came on, deepening the obscurity of the darkening arches, blotting out the work under his hand, and encouraging the nightingales to sing more freely, he would throw on his cap, gather up his brushes, and run home, through the purple twilight of Florence, to his father's house by the old gateway of St. Pier Gattolini, with heaven knows what seraphic joy and hope in his heart.

Cosimo Roselli, Baccio's master, seems to have begun to take life easily at this time, and the two friends, Baccio and Mariotto, often received their instruction from the artist's godson, Piero di Cosimo, a young man of twenty-two years of age, who had already done some good work, and was much esteemed as a portrait painter. He was fond of classical subjects, and reckoned the best painter of the "cassoni," or bridal linen chests, but his style was laboured and hard, and was as little pleasing to Baccio and Albertinelli as the over-coloured paintings of Cosimo. The two little lads of genius had something to hear from Piero, who was very eccentric and of an abstracted and rather irritable turn. He would not listen to their boyish jokes, and little bursts of laughter would often annoy him. However, the two children, who were destined to leave names behind them in this world famous for all time, were perfectly happy in each other's company. They were almost entirely thrown together in the work of the studio from the first, and whether sweeping and cleaning, grinding colours, running errands, or sitting side by side at their art studies, they were the loving sharers of each other's joys and pains. Thus they formed one of those pure and lasting friendships

of which so many exist in the annals of art, and so few in the material world.

For their inspiration they went to higher founts than their teachers had ever dreamed of approaching. Piero brooded over classic myths. There is at present in the National Gallery of London a picture by him, "The Death of Procris," more pleasing from its rich glow of colour than we should have expected from the description of his work; but the subject is unsatisfactory and wanting in good taste. The imagination of the two lads who sat under Piero were filled with a purer and grander meaning for the labour of their lives. Leonardo da Vinci was now fast rising into fame in Florence, and it is probable that Baccio and Mariotto saw in him their real master, and lost no opportunity of studying his sketches and laying his precepts to heart. They had also, as students, perfect liberty to study from the frescoes of Musaccio and Lippi in the Carmine and the Medicean Garden in the Via Cavour, then called Via Larga.

In the midst of Baccio's earnest studies a burden of sorrow and care fell upon his young shoulders. His father died, also his little brother Domenico, aged seven years. Baccio was only twelve years old, and found himself looked to as the head of the family, the supporter and protector of his stepmother and her remaining babes. At the age of fifteen he left Cosimo's art-shop and set up a studio of his own, in his father's old house by the gateway of St. Pier Gattolini. Mariotto joined him here as companion-worker, and thus the two lads began a partnership which lasted, with broken intervals, while Mariotto lived. We cannot but quote, even at some length, the picture of student life at that time (1490) in Florence, given us by our author:—

"Conscious that they were not perfected by Cosimo's teaching, they both set themselves to undergo a strict discipline in art, and, friends as they were, their paths began to diverge from this point. Their natural tastes led them to opposite schools—Baccio to the sacred shrine of art in the shadowed church, Mariotto to the greenery and sunshine of the Medici garden, where beauty of nature and classic treasures were heaped in profusion; whose loggie (arched colonnades) glowed with the finest forms of Greek sculpture, resuscitated from the tombs of ages to inspire newer artists to perfection, but, alas! also to debase the aim of purely Christian art

"Baccio's pure devotional mind, no doubt, disliked the turmoil of this garden, crowded with spirited youths: the tone of pagan art was not in accordance with his ideal, and so he learned from Masaccio and Lippi that love of true form and harmonious composition which he perfected afterwards by a close study of Leonardo da Vinci, whose principles of *chiaroscuro* he seems to have completely carried out. With this training he rose to such great celebrity, even in his early man-

hood, that Rosini calls him 'the star of the Florentine school in Leonardo and Michelangelo's absence,' and he attained a grandeur almost equal to the latter in the St. Mark and SS. Peter and Paul of his later years.

"Meanwhile Mariotto was revelling in the Eden of Art, drawing daily beneath the loggie—where the orange-trees grew close to the pillars—from the exquisite statues and 'torni' peopling the shades with white forms, or copying cartoons by the older masters, which hung against the walls.

"The *custode* of all these treasures was Bertoldo, an old sculptor, who boasted of having been the scholar of Donatello, and also heir to his art possessions. He could also point to the bronze pulpits of San Lorenzo, which he finished, as proof of his having inherited a portion of his master's spirit. Bertoldo, having, doubtless, rendered to Duke Cosimo's keeping his designs by Donatello, which were preserved in the garden, obtained the post of instructor there; but his age may have prevented his keeping perfect order, and the younger spirits overpowered him. There were Michelangelo, with all the youthful power of passion and force which he afterwards imparted to his works, and the audacious Torrigiano, with his fierce voice, huge bulk, and knitted brows, who was himself a discord, like the serpent in Eden. Easily offended, he was prompt in offering outrage. Did any other young man show talent or surpass him, revenge, deep and mean as that of Bandinelli to Michelangelo was sure to follow, the envied work being spoiled in his rage. Then there were the fun-loving Francesco Granacci, and the witty Rustici, as full of boyish pranks as they were of genius—what could one old man do among so many? And now comes the impetuous Mariotto to add one more unruly member to his class.

"How well one can imagine the young men—in loose blouses, confined at the waist, or in buff jerkins and close-fitting hose, with jaunty cloaks or doublets, and little red or black caps set on flowing locks, cut square in front—passing beneath the shadows of the arches among the dim statues, or crossing the garden in the sunshine amid the orange-trees, under the splendid blue Italian skies.

"We can see them painting, modelling, or drawing large cartoons in charcoal, while old Bertoldo passes from easel to easel, criticising and fault-finding, detailing for the hundredth time Donatello's maxims, and moving on, heedless or deaf to the irreverent jokes of his ungrateful pupils.

"Then, like a vision of power and grandeur, Lorenzo il Magnifico enters with a group of his classic friends. Politian and the brothers Pulci admire again the ancient sculptures, which are to them as illustrations of their readings, and Lorenzo notes the works of all the students who were destined to contribute to the glory of the many

Medicean palaces. How the burly Torrigiano's heart burns within him when the duke praises his compeers' works !

" Sometimes Madonna Alfonsina, the mother of Lorenzo, and widow of Piero, walked here, and she also took an interest in the studies of the youths. Mariotto, especially, attracted her by his talent and zeal. She commissioned him to paint some pictures for her to send as a present to her own family, the Orsini of Rome. These works, of which the subjects are not known, passed afterwards into the possession of Cæsar Borgia. She also sat to Mariotto for her own portrait. It is easily imagined how elated the excitable youth became at this notice from the mother of the magnificent Lorenzo. He had dreams of making a greater name than even his master, Cosimo di Roselli, whose handiwork was in the Sistine ; of excelling Michelangelo, of whose genius the world was beginning to talk : and, as adhering to a party was the only way to success in those days, he became a strong Pallesco,* trusting wholly in the favour of Madonna Alfonsina.

He even absented himself constantly from the studio, which Baccio shared with him, and worked at the Medici palace ; but, alas ! in 1494, this brilliant aspect of his fortunes changed.

Lorenzo being dead, Piero de Medici was banished, the great palace fell into the hands of the republican Signoria, and all the painters were left without patronage.

Mariotto, very much cast down, bethought him of a friend who never failed him, and whose love was not affected by party ; and, returning to the house of Baccio, he set to work, most likely in a renewed spirit of confidence in the comrade who stood by him when the princes in whom he trusted failed him. Whatever his frame of mind, he began now to study earnestly the works of Baccio, who, while he was seeking patronage in the palace, had been purifying his genius in the Church. Mariotto imbibed more and more of Baccio's style, till their works so much resembled one another that indifferent judges could scarcely distinguish them apart. It would be interesting if we could see those early pictures done for Madonna Alfonsina, and compare them with the style formed after this second adherence to Fra Bartolommeo. What his manner afterwards became we have a proof in the *Salutation* (1503), in which there is a grand simplicity of motive, combined with the most extreme richness of execution and fullest harmony of colour.

This second union between the friends could not have been so satisfactory to either as the first pure, boyish love, when they had been full of youthful hopes, and felt their hearts expand with the dreams and visions of genius. Now, instead of the mere differences between

* The Palleschi were the partizans of the Medici, so-called because they took as their standard the *Palle*, or *Balls*, the arms of that family.

two styles of art, there were differences which much more seriously affected their characters; they were daily sundering, one going slowly towards the cloister, the other to the world. Albertinelli had gained a greater love of worldly success and luxury.

At this time Savonarola was attracting much attention in Florence by his sermons at San Marco. Lorenzo de Medici used to go and hear the prior expound Christianity near the rose-tree in the cloisters, and the great artists of the day were to be seen also listening with eager attention to the words of the eloquent Dominican. Lorenzo di Credi and Sandro Botticelli, both middle-aged men of a high standing as artists, attended the sermons; also the Della Robbias, father and son, and many others besides. Our author remarks that Sandro, while listening, must have taken in the inspired words with the scent and beauty of the roses, whose spirit he gives in so many of his paintings; while Baccio, on the contrary, feasted his eyes on the speaker's face till the very soul of it was imprinted on his mind, from whence he reproduced it in that marvellous likeness of Savonarola as St. Peter, Martyr, with the wound in his head, painted in the year after the preacher's martyrdom.

Baccio worshipped Savonarola, whose lofty suggestions as to the meanings and purposes of true art, sank deep into his soul. "Beauty ought never to be taken apart from the true and good. . . . True beauty is neither in form nor colour, but in light. God is light, and his creatures are the more lovely as they approach the nearer to Him in beauty. And the body is the more beautiful according to the purity of the soul within it." Certain it is that this divine light lived ever after in the paintings of Fra Bartolommeo.

Albertinelli disliked all monks, and he and his friend had many discussions on this as well as on other subjects. One looked on Savonarola as an enemy to art; the other regarded him as a heavenly reformer and purifier of the same. Baccio knew that Savonarola had been himself an artist and musician early in life, and that the love of the beautiful was strong within him, only he would have it go hand-in-hand with the good and true. His dominant spirit was that of reform; as he tried to regenerate mind, morals, literature, and state government, so he would reform art, and fling over it the spiritual light which illumined his own soul.

Baccio, boy as he was, was one of those who joined most enthusiastically in the wonderful revival of religious feeling in Florence which emanated from the Dominican convent of San Marco. Burning with mingled love of art and religion, he stole time from his work, the labour that supported others besides himself, to join in the long processions of men and women who went singing hymns through the streets of the beautiful city, and to make one in the crowd that hourly filled the churches and knelt wrapt in devotion at the shrines at the street corners. And during that strange carnival, when there were

no maskers in the city, but white-robed boys went from house to house to collect the vanities for the burning, to fling into those flames which were the flames of a holocaust, when the white-robed boys stopped before the old house by the gateway of St. Pier Gattolini, where the two friends had their studio; then the youth Baccio, with sighs perhaps, for his beautiful work, came forth with such of his studies as he thought might come under the ban, and handed them over to the acolytes. Not so did Albertinelli, who raged and burned at the sacrifice, and became more and more bitter in his detestation of monks.

We need not enter fully here upon Savonarola's tragic story, but it is impossible to speak of Fra Bartolommeo without at least touching upon it. We can imagine his dismay and anguish at the disobedience and downfall of him whom he had regarded as one inspired, and how he "grieved with the awe-struck friars in the convent," while an enraged crowd mobbed Savonarola in the church, and the Medicean youths, among them, doubtless, Albertinelli, marched in triumphant procession with torches and secular music to burlesque the *Laudi*. And hurrying through these terrible scenes we are brought to the most memorable of Fra Bartolommeo's life: the day when, besieged and stormed in his church, Savonarola was arrested by the Signoria, and when Baccio fighting bravely against the cruel mob for his friend, and seeing sacrilegious hands laid upon everything sacred around him, made a vow on the altar-steps that if he lived he would take the habit of the Dominicans.

While all these awful events were taking place, before and after Savonarola's fearful death, the youth Baccio was engaged in working, as often as his distracted soul would allow, at a great fresco of the Last Judgment, in a chapel of the Cemetery of S. Maria Nuova: fit subject for his perturbed spirit to dwell upon. Truly he, at this period, passed through the awful valley of the Shadow of Death. This work of the Judgment is described as possessing the painter's great harmony in form and intense suggestiveness in composition, and as being fuller of Christian religion than the works of painters who had gone before him in the delineation of this subject, and showing less of torture and punishment than it was at that time usual to picture. In this fresco Fra Bartolommeo shows the Christian spirit; his faces look beyond the present Judgment, and instead of wrath, mercy is the predominating idea. The painter's reverence for Fra Angelico, and estimation of the divinity of art, is shown by Fra Angelico being placed among the saints of heaven on the right of the Saviour.

But grand as the fresco is, Baccio now felt that even in doing such work he was not fulfilling his true mission in the world, and found himself drawn more and more to the thoughts of the Dominican Convent. One only brother was left to him now of all his family, and the dread of leaving Piero alone in the world restrained him for a time

from taking the monastic vows. At last, however, he placed the boy in the care of Santi Pagnini, a Dominican, bequeathing him all his worldly goods; and consigning his *Last Judgment* to Mariotto Albertinelli to finish, he took the habit in the Convent of S. Domenico, at Prato, on July the 26th, 1500, two years after he had made the resolution of becoming a monk.

A document in S. Marco proves that he was possessed of some worldly goods when he entered, among which were the house of his father at S. Pier Gattolini, and the *podere* at Brozzi. Having once given himself to God, he would have no half service; his brushes were left behind with all other worldly things, and here closes Baccio della Porta's first artistic career.

His sun was set only to rise again to greater brilliance in the future of Fra Bartolommeo, a name famous for ever in the annals of art.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FREETHINKERS' *ERGO ERRAVIMUS*.

BY D. MUNDROM.

FULL leave to sip the life and quaff the death—
 Is this the freedom of the God we've lost?
 Prate not of slavish freedom: dire the cost
 To us has been of your false shibboleth.
 "Away with gyves and shackles!" Freethought saith;
 Ay, and let us on passion's gusts be tossed
 With pestilential vapours to exhaust
 Our lives! Free poison was our every breath.
 On outspread wings the envenomed air we clave
 In glee, when lo! our pinions down we strike
 In death; disprinc'd from royal liberty,
 Base thralls are we for evermore; ah! save
 Our brothers from the lies that, spider-like,
 O'erweb the world: the truth shall make them free!

DEAD BROKE:

A TALE OF THE WESTERN STATES.

BY THE LATE DILLON O'BRIEN.

AUTHOR OF "FRANK BLAKE," "WIDOW MELVILLE'S BOARDING-HOUSE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XI.

UNCLE WILLIAM'S WILL.

THE long months of vacation, during which there was no salary coming in, were a hard strain on Robert M'Gregor, and taxed Lucy's economical devices and housekeeping strategy to the utmost.

The year before, at this time, Robert sold his library, not getting one fifth of its value, reserving only a few books, precious from being favourites of his father, and having notes in the latter's handwriting on their margins. Now they were compelled to sell different pieces of furniture, getting next to nothing in money for articles, the removal of which made the house look so unhomelike, bare and poverty-stricken, though Lucy strove, by refixing and devising with a woman's taste and ingenuity, to cover over those poverty gaps in their home.

It was a sad day at the cottage, when dire necessity first obliged its inmates to open their door to the second-hand furniture dealer. How carelessly he swaggered from room to room with his hat on; while the children, wondering, frightened, and indignant, followed him. How he shrugged his shoulders, grimaced, tossed about, and kicked, with his big foot, articles highly valued by those accustomed to connect them with home associations. Unbidden, he swaggered into the study, where Robert followed him with hasty steps.

"There is nothing here," said the latter, "that I wish to sell."

"Well," said the dealer, with a coarse laugh, "that's lucky enough; for I don't believe there is much in it that you could sell, unless it was the old gentleman's picture there."

Robert's face flushed with anger. "That is my father's likeness, sir," he said, in a stern voice.

"Oh, no offence," replied the man. "But you see we sometimes get a good customer for one of those old portraits."

"I can't see," said Robert, "what value a family portrait could be, unless to the family it belonged."

"Can't you see," said the dealer, "how it may be of value to people in search of a family?"

"In search of a family?"

"Yes, in search of old family pegs, to hang their new gentility

upon. My father was in this business in New York, and he used to say that he sold dozens of families their ancestors. I sold your neighbour, Mrs. Flitters, a family portrait last week. A fine old gentleman, with silver buckles, silk stockings, and his hair powdered, and tied in a queue behind; he's gone to New York to be cleaned. I'd bet the drinks that he'll come back a near relative. Well, if you don't want to sell any more of this old trumpery, I'll pitch it into my waggon, and pay you."

It was a great relief to Robert when the dealer took his departure; and with shame and sadness, the former looked around upon the dismantled house. Lucy went up to him, and putting her arm around him, said, "There was too much old-fashioned furniture in the house altogether, Robert. Wait until I tidy up things, and it will look just as well as ever."

"Yes, love," he answered, fondling her cheek. "The old fashions follow the old times. How is this to end? Month after month, week after week, day after day, we grow poorer and poorer. How is it to end?"

"As God wills, Robert," she answered.

"As God wills," he repeated. "Yes, as God wills. You are braver and stronger than I am, Lucy. I would be ashamed to tell you how weak and cowardly I feel to-day."

"You are not well," she said, as she remarked his colour come and go, and felt how feverish his hand was. "You are ill, Robert, and never told me a word about it."

"Only a slight cold, Lucy. I had a dread of the remorseless way you would begin to doctor me, did I say anything about it."

But the next day Robert was so seriously ill as to be unable to leave his bed, and in three days after the doctor, who was called in, pronounced his case one of low fever.

"More will depend," he said to Lucy, who followed him to the hall-door, with anxious questions, "upon good nursing than good doctoring."

Robert had said she was braver and stronger than he. Pray God that it is so; pray God that she is brave and strong now; for the darkest trial, one that she must bear alone, has come to her; as for weary weeks, with an admirably calm exterior, that overlooks not the smallest trifle of patient, loving care, she watches the flickering of that life, more precious to her than all else besides.

It was at this time when friendship was such a boon, that Polly Flitters and her father proved themselves to be true and active friends. At the very outset of Robert's sickness, Flitters called, and putting a sum of money into Lucy's hand, told her to draw on him for five times the amount if necessary.

"You can do nothing," said the little man, polishing his head, and

then blowing his nose vigorously, as he saw Lucy's tears silently coursing down her cheeks, "if you have money matters to bother you. Your husband would never let me accommodate him, and he has just fretted himself into this sickness. Here is Polly coming over; I must be off. Good-bye, and keep up your spirits."

And Polly came over, not to pay a visit; but to stay day and night with Lucy, during Robert's illness (and to do Mrs. Flitters justice, I must say that the young girl did this with her mother's full approbation).

Polly attended to the house, and took care of the children, while Lucy remained in the sick-room; or she took the latter's place when, worn out with watching, Lucy slept for a little while. How inexpressibly dear she became to Lucy, during those anxious days.

The doctor said that good nursing was what the patient required most, and love bestowed this lavishly.

Three weeks after Robert had been attacked with fever, the crisis came on; it was safely passed, and from this time he gradually recovered. Oh, the delight of seeing him smile again; of propping him up with pillows in an arm-chair, while Lucy put fresh white sheets on his bed, and then, laying him down, refreshed and cool, kissed his thin cheek, all the time prattling away, in low, musical tones, tremulous with joy, of pleasant trifles.

It was fully six weeks before Robert was able to leave his room; he had been attacked with sickness just at the close of the vacation, and it was now the middle of October. Of course, another teacher had taken his place in the school; he was deprived of the only means he had for the support of his family, and winter was coming on. Its outriders, the brown leaves, borne by the autumn winds, whirled by the window, from which he sadly gazed.

Lucy had left him alone for a few moments, and now returned with some grapes on a plate. "Mrs. Flitters has sent you these grapes, Robert," she said, "to coax your appetite."

"She is very kind," he said. "It seems to me that she has been supplying my appetite rather than coaxing it, since my recovery."

"And as for Polly and Mr. Flitters," said Lucy, with a grateful warmth, "never, never, can we repay them for all their goodness."

"You are right, love. Sit down, darling, near me; I want to speak with you. How did you manage to get along while I was sick?"

"Mr. Flitters, Robert, gave me all the money I wanted."

"So I thought, God bless him; but we must pay him, Lucy."

"Of course we shall. But do not, Robert, talk of business for a little while, until you have grown stronger."

"It will do me good, Lucy, to tell you of a plan I have in mind."

"What is it?"

"We must sell this place for whatever it will bring, pay Mr.

Flitters, and seek a new home further West. What do you say, little wife?"

"Oh, it is just what I have been thinking of," said Lucy, "but feared to mention it, because I knew you loved your home so much."

"Too much to live in it a pauper, Lucy."

Now that Robert was convalescent, Mr. Flitters generally spent part of every evening with him, and to him Robert disclosed his plan of selling his home. "There is no demand or price for real estate here at present, I know," said Robert. "So that I cannot expect to get much for it; but I suppose I can get something."

"The first thing you have to do, is to get well and strong," replied his friend; "then you can look out for a purchaser."

This was so sensible an advice, that Robert determined to follow it, and his mind being tranquillised by the thought of the new effort he was about to make, he gradually recovered health and strength.

But in the early part of November, an event took place which brought about a sudden abandonment of all his late plans.

Calling at the post-office one morning, he received the following letter:

"OFFICE OF HENRY MARSH, Attorney at Law,
"21 Chambers-st., New York, Nov. 7, 1880,

"SIR,

"I am directed by Mr. Geo. Livingstone, executor to the will of the late Wm. M'Gregor, to inform you of the death of your uncle, which took place in this city last month. Furthermore, I am instructed to say that it was the desire of the testator that all persons interested in his will should be present at its opening, and as you are one of the legatees mentioned, and the executor wishes that you should have ample time to make preparations to attend, has fixed the 20th of next December, in the forenoon, at my office, as the time for the opening and reading of the will.

"Your obedient servant,

"HENRY F. MARSH."

With this letter open in his hand, Robert rushed home.

By the time Lucy had read it, he had recovered breath so far as to be able to explain to her that his uncle had been very rich, and, no doubt, left him a large sum. Then Lucy, with her arms around his neck, exclaimed with joy:

"Oh, Robert, our fortune has come to us. But why did you never tell me about this rich uncle before?"

A sudden chill came to Robert at these words, and he answered, in a voice so changed that Lucy looked up at him astonished. "Because he had fallen out with my father and me, years ago, and the remembrance of the cause has always been painful to me."

"Well, you see, he forgave, Robert. I am so happy for your sake. I must go and tell Polly Flitters, and do you, Robert, go at once, and tell the good news to Mr. Flitters, they deserve this from us. May I take the letter? What will Mrs. Flitters say? We must ask them all to come over this evening."

"It can't be otherwise," thought Robert, when Lucy had left him ; "the old man forgave me before his death for the foolish trick Jim and I played him. I wish I had been near him to have asked his forgiveness."

A happy party met at the cottage that evening. The good news had given Polly and Flitters, in a measure, as much delight as it had Robert and Lucy, and even Mrs. Flitters was sincere in her congratulations.

Mr. Marsh's letter was read over and over again ; but the closest study could get nothing more from it than the precise information it clearly conveyed. No hint as to the amount of fortune William M'Gregor died possessed of, or the sum left to Robert ; nevertheless, the ladies made their calculations, as to his legacy, which did not fall under fifty thousand dollars.

The next day Robert answered Mr. Marsh's letter, and informed that gentleman that he would be in New York at the time appointed. Now, at the near prospect of being able to pay him back, he had no hesitation in borrowing money from his friend Flitters, sufficient to pay his expenses to New York and back ; but more than this he would not take. So Lucy, for a full week before his departure, was busy, renovating the well-worn suit he was to wear, and she performed such wonders in this refreshing line, that Polly and herself concluded that "Robert looked just downright splendid," as he stood upon the platform of the rear car of the train that was speeding with him to New York, and waved his hand to them in farewell.

When Robert M'Gregor reached New York, he lost no time in calling upon Mr. Marsh, whom he found a man about his own age, with affable, courteous manners.

"I have just received a note from Mr. Livingstone," he said, "in which he says the reading of your uncle's will has been postponed to the twenty-second, on account of the absence of some of the parties interested. Mr. Livingstone requested of me, Mr. M'Gregor, to bring you to see him, when you arrived. So if you are not otherwise engaged, I shall be ready to accompany you in a few minutes. Have you seen to-day's *Herald* ? You will find the morning papers on that table ; just take a seat, and I shall be at your disposal in a short time."

Robert did as requested. Mr. Marsh's pen scraped along the legal cap, and the office clock gave forth its monotonous tick, tick. After a little, Mr. Marsh laid down his pen, went into another room to change his coat, took his hat from off the rack, got his natty cane, and drawing on his gloves, announced to Robert that he was "at his service."

"Mr. Livingstone's bank is but a short distance from here, on Broadway," said Mr. Marsh, as they left the office.

"He is a banker, then ?" said Robert.

"Yes ; did you not know that ? The head of the Livingstone bank, one of the oldest banks in the country."

As they walked along, Robert could not help contrasting his appearance with that of the dapper lawyer beside him; for even two days' journey had made visible in his clothes some little darns that poor Lucy had so ingeniously concealed. "We well represent," he thought, "the poor client and his lawyer;" and so sensitive did this thought make him that, he imagined the people who passed them were saying the same thing. It was then with somewhat of a dejected air that he went by the long counter of the bank, with its tempting piles of gold, silver, and bills—behind wire netting—and entered with the lawyer Mr. Livingstone's private office.

The latter, a most pleasing, venerable-looking old gentleman, shook hands with Robert cordially, and after asking a few questions as to his journey, he said: "Has Mr. Marsh told you of the little delay we shall be obliged to give you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Robert.

"This is how the matter stands, Mr. M'Gregor," continued the banker. "Your uncle always transacted his banking business with us; although knowing him for years, our acquaintance was merely a business one. He has left a large amount of property to different institutions in this city, and Mr. Featherstone, a trustee of one of them, has written to me, to say that he will not be in town until the twenty-first, therefore I have changed the time to the twenty-second. Your uncle named me in his will as executor; beyond this trust I am not interested, not at all, personally. This, of course, is not your first visit to New York?"

"Indeed it is," answered Robert.

"Oh, then, we are only giving you a little time to look round you. Will you do me the favour of spending the evening with me at my country place? I will be happy to drive you out after bank hours."

"I thank you, sir," replied Robert, "but you must excuse me."

"I regret it. Well, then, come in to see me often while you are in town, and on the twenty-second we shall meet at our friend Marsh's office, when I trust this business shall turn out satisfactorily to you."

While Mr. Livingstone was conversing with Robert, his clear, blue eyes were studying with interest the appearance and features of the latter, and when his visitors left the bank, the banker stroked his chin thoughtfully, as he said: "Poor fellow, he looks as if his legacy will not come amiss to him; I hope it may be a good one."

(To be continued.)

THE WEDDING OF THE FLEA AND THE GRUB.

From the Spanish of Fernan Cabellero.

BY THE LATE DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY.

MISS Flea and Mr. Grub
Were wishing to be wed,
But, alas ! they could not marry,
Because they had no bread.

Then a little ant ran out
From his ant-hill, who thus said :
“ My friends, you may get married,
And I will give you bread.”

“ Thanks, thanks, good little ant,
Your bread is nice and sweet ;
But now we want some mutton,
And where shall we get meat ?”

A wolf was prowling through
That land so wild and steep :
“ My little friends, get married,
And trust to me for sheep.”

“ Thanks, thanks, to you, Sir Wolf,
We’ve meat both lean and fat ;
But now we want some cabbage—
Pray, how shall we get that ?”

A cricket then leaped out
From gardens that were nigh :
“ My little friends, get married,
The cabbage I’ll supply.”

“ Thanks, cricket, many thanks,
Your cabbage is not bad ;
But now the wine is wanting,
And where can that be had ?”

A gnat from out a gourd
Flew by and made a sign :
“ My worthy friends, get married,
And I’ll supply the wine.”

"Thanks, thanks, good little gnat,
Your wine is good and sound ;
But now a bed to sleep on,
Say where can it be found ?"

A hedge-hog, with the points
Of his prickles all outspread,
Replied : "My friends, get married,
And I'll supply the bed."*

"Thanks, hedge-hog, for the gift,
The last though not the least ;
But still we can't get married,
Because we lack the priest."

A lizard gliding in,
Said : "Wed them on the spot ;
For I will be the *cure*,
And tie the nuptial knot."

"Thanks, thanks, a thousand thanks,
The lizard priest will be ;
But now we want the bride's-man,
I wonder who'll be he ?"

Then forth a little mouse
From out a wheat-stack ran :
"O bridegroom, you may marry,
And I will be your man."

"Good mouse, a thousand thanks,
The bride's-man thou wilt be ;—
But now we want the bride's-maid,
I wonder who is she ?"

* A pleasantry on the marriage state, well-known in the south of Spain. An old popular French song has the same idea :—

"De la laine d'un herisson
Ma Mere possède un matelas,
Et elle le garde avec grand soin
Pour quand je me marierai."

Which we may translate thus :—

"A mattress made of hedge-hog's hair
My mother doth possess, they say,
And she preserves it with great care,
To give me on my wedding day."

Note by the Translator.

Then forth a little cat
From out the kitchen flew :
" Oh ! I will be the bride's-maid,
So wed, ye happy two ! "

The wedding then went on,
But ere it was o'er, my friends,
The bride's-maid eat the bride's-man !
And so my story ends.

MICHAEL BLAKE, BISHOP OF DROMORE.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART V.

SINCE the publication of our last instalment* of these biographical notes on Dr. Blake, which must not be interrupted so long again, the great kindness of his venerable successor in the See of Dromore has entrusted us with the diary which Dr. Blake kept during the year that he spent in Rome, re-establishing the Irish College. Many of the entries are of course mere business memoranda, which could not interest the readers; and many other items must be withheld on the opposite ground of being too interesting and personal.

At one end of this book, with its brazen clasp and leather cover, as strong as when bought for a shilling, 60 years ago, the good priest, who had just begun the fiftieth year of his life in his solitary Roman exile, sets down the numerous days and hours at which the post goes out and comes in. At the same end he sets down every item of postage expenditure, and this account he kept faithfully from September 1824 to October 1828. Postage was no trifle in those days (in the Roman correspondence of

* In November, 1881. See IRISH MONTHLY, Vol. IX., pp. 376, 452, 561, 613. In this interval we have lost one reader who took the deepest interest in this slight record of the holy prelate. His nephew, Mr. John Keane of San Francisco, died three months ago. His Christian life was not unworthy of the kinsman of a saint. Besides being a fervent Catholic, he was a fervent Irishman. To the last he devoted himself to the study of the old language of his native country. He had just procured from the publishers of this Magazine a supply of all their Irish publications; and his card of membership of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language was on its way to him when God called him by a death, too abrupt but by no means unprovided. May he rest in peace !

the Irish hierarchy, the peculiarity of this account is, that each of the letters received seems to cost twice as much as those sent out. "Letter to Dr. Murray" is 15 baiocchi, but "letter from Dr. Murray" 33 baiocchi; and under November 19, 1824, double postage (66 baiocchi) is set down against a letter enclosing address to the Holy See in behalf of the Sisters of Charity for obtaining the apostolic confirmation of the rules.

Dr. Blake's memoranda begins by stating that he left Ireland on the 17th of August, 1824, landed at Liverpool on the 18th, reached London 21st, Dover 24th, Calais 25th, and Paris 27th. Leaving Paris on the 2nd of September, he reached Milan on the 20th, Parma 22nd, Bologna 24th, Florence 27th, and Rome at last on the 2nd of October. We may be sure that there was no loitering by the way, and that this was at that date considered expeditious travelling. How would the following compare with the expense of one of Cooke's or Gaze's "personally conducted" tourists now-a-days? "October 3rd, Rev. Mr. Callan and I paid the vettorino, Francesco Ventrucchi, 960 francs, as per agreement, and four louis d'or, as a gratuity for having carried us from Paris to Rome, and for having furnished us each day on our journey with two meals. Our journey from Paris cost each of us 646 francs, 8½ sous, including all incidental expenses." Twenty-four pounds for one full month of continental travelling was not extravagant. Dr. Blake's travelling companion was the Rev. Nicholas Callan, the Maynooth professor of saintly and scientific fame, of whose work and character it is intended to furnish a sketch soon in these pages.

The future Bishop of Dromore lost no time in setting about the work entrusted to him by the Irish bishops. The day after his arrival in Rome he gave to the printer his address relative to the intended institution, which, no doubt, he had composed on the weary journey from Paris. On the 9th October he presented this address to the Secretary of the Propaganda, Monsignor Caprano (afterwards cardinal); and on the 13th he called upon him, to follow up the blow. The secretary blamed him for printing the prospectus; "because by giving publicity to our ideas, we generally defeat our own object, and two or three manuscript copies would have answered the purpose better." He then urged more serious objections on the score of want of funds for supporting such an establishment as Dr. Blake contemplated. The Pope would give the house, but probably nothing more; and the bishops of Ireland would give promises, and, perhaps, would afterwards find it inconvenient to fulfil them. "I answered (says Dr. Blake in his Diary), that though I had printed my plan, I did not mean to publish it, but only put it into type for the convenience of his Excellency and the Secretary of State, and of His Holiness, if it should appear proper to be laid before him; but I had no intention of making it generally known, for I appreciated fully his maxim, that in order to

succeed we must not be more communicative than is necessary; that I had been led by good authority to expect from the Holy Father the locale for my intended establishment, and considering its importance, I thought it reasonable to hope that he would not refuse assisting it, at least, with the goods of the late Irish College; that an income of a thousand crowns, with what I could obtain from Ireland, would enable me to commence it; that in the beginning we should not be disheartened if matters were not altogether so complete as time and opportunities might enable us to render them; and finally, that I had no apprehension whatever of not receiving the effectual support of the Irish prelacy."

In this interview, Dr. Blake said he was about to write to his archbishop, and he wished to know what message he might send Dr. Murray with regard to the confirmation of the rules of the Irish Sisters of Charity. He returns to this subject frequently afterwards; and we mention it here in order to claim for the subject of our sketch some share in that glorious work, as he had also a very special share in the institution of the Sisters of Mercy. To his relations with Mother Catherine Macaulay we shall refer hereafter.

We shall confine our extracts from these memoranda chiefly to those which relate to the object of Dr. Blake's mission to the Eternal City. We shall not dwell on small personal troubles, such as must have been caused by a certain servant, Giovanni, who was engaged on the 31st of October, at four crowns a month; but, lo! the entry for November 1st is as follows:—"We (namely, Dr. Callan and Dr. Blake) dined at St. Isidore's (the Franciscan House), where a sumptuous entertainment was provided for us and other Irish friends. Giovanni left word at the Portiera that he would attend us no more.' One day's servitude seems to have been enough for the noble Roman. The next day, a certain Francesco is engaged at the same monthly wages; and, as we hear no more of him, let us hope for the best. As the dinner has been mentioned at which Dr. Blake was a guest, it may be well to mention another, at which he played the part of host, at a cost of twenty-nine crowns. "December 9. I gave a dinner to my English, Scotch, and Irish friends. I had at table Rev. Messrs. Walsh and MacCabe, of St. Isidore's; Rev. Messrs. Rice and Burke, from the Augustinian House; Rev. Mr. O'Finan [a Dominican, afterwards Bishop of Killala]; Rev. Messrs. Gradwell and Gillow, from the English College; Rev. Mr. M'Donald, from the Scotch College; Rev. Messrs. Higgins, Jones, Markham, Fea, Don Angelo, Cucagni, Callan, and myself; in all, seventeen. Rev. Paul M'Pherson joined us when dinner was nearly over."

It is rather startling to find Dr. Blake recommended to wait on Cardinal della Somaglia at half-past fifteen o'clock, and then to return at twenty-one o'clock. The Italian clocks count the whole day of

twenty-four hours, and seem to begin with five o'clock in the evening : for Dr. Blake says that 15½ o'clock corresponded with our half-past 8.

Dr. Blake deserves very great credit and the gratitude of the Irish Church for the firmness and perseverance with which he maintained and carried out the idea of a distinct and independent College for Irish students at Rome, in opposition to a very specious counter-project put forward and urged most energetically by no less powerful a personage than Monsignor Caprano himself, Secretary to the Propaganda. This dignitary contended that the funds likely to be forthcoming would be insufficient for the maintenance of a separate establishment ; and that for this and other reasons the wisest plan would be to appropriate to the use of the Irish students the Corridor dei Cinesi in the College of Propaganda. This would never have done. Though in those days no negro melody had as yet emphasised the expediency of " paddling one's own canoe," it was abundantly evident to any person, understanding especially the Irish character, that our students would never thrive in a mere Chinese corridor of a great college but would require a roof and a home of their own.

It will be well to give in full Dr. Blake's memoranda of some of these negotiations.

"*Friday, December 3, 1824.*—According to appointment I attended at Cardinal della Somaglia's apartments in the Vatican. He was so much occupied with others, that, after waiting about an hour and a half I came away without seeing him. The Canonico Minichelli, his secretary, told me that he had been speaking last evening with his Eminence about my business, and in consequence of the opposition of Monsignor Caprano, it seemed to him desirable I should arrange the pecuniary means I had mentioned to him, in such a manner as to have them available by calling on a banker here.

"*December 5.*—I wrote to the Rev. William Yore, pressing him to have the money, for which I was here pledged to the Cardinal, forwarded to me with as little delay as possible. I also wrote to Most Rev. Dr. Murray, explaining the opposition Monsignor Caprano had shown to my plan, and the nature and particulars of the contro-progetto he had presented against me.

"*December 10.*—To-day, at twenty-one o'clock, I waited on Monsignor Caprano. He bestowed some encomiums on Dr. Delahogue's book, *De Ecclesia*, which I had submitted to him at his request ; but he repeated his former assertion, that on some points he did not dwell sufficiently. He told me that in the next congregation he would endeavour to obtain a decision respecting the confirmation of the Constitution of the Sisters of Charity in Dublin, and the appointment of a Dean for the Dublin Chapter.

"*Wednesday, December 15.*—I waited at Cardinal della Somaglia's apartments. He was confined to bed by a cold, but able to attend to

necessary business. His secretary, Canonico Minichelli, told me that his Eminence bid him state to me that he approved of my going to the Pope, and recommended that, as he was unable to occupy himself with my business, I should pray the Holy Father to appoint some other Cardinal for that purpose. [The Diary affords some other indications that Dr. Blake's persistence, in working out his business, was too much for the good old Cardinal.] The Canon then went with me to introduce me to Monsignor Barberini, the Pope's maestro di camera; and Saturday, about half an hour before midday, was appointed for my visit to His Holiness [Leo XII.].

"*Saturday, December 18.*—I went to the Vatican about an hour before the time appointed, and was not detained more than a few minutes until I was ushered into the Pope's Chamber. After I had made the customary reverence, His Holiness bade me rise up. I commenced my application by reminding him of the letters of recommendation and the plan which, through his Secretary of State, I had submitted to him. He said he was mindful of all that, and also of the plan which Monsignor Caprano had presented, and which, on account of the economy that would attend it, he would recommend to be adopted; remarking, at the same time the heavy expenses which the buying of utensils, &c., would occasion. I replied, that no doubt it would be more economical, but certainly would not be so agreeable, to the prelates and clergy of Ireland, as a college distinct from the Propaganda, such as the English and Scotch have, nor would it have the same means of support if for the maintenance of its subjects it were to depend upon aid from Ireland. On this head he seemed satisfied. He then asked where I intended that our students should go for lectures—was it to the Gregorian or Roman College? I answered that, as the Jesuits were not regarded favourably by the English Government, I thought it would be better to send them to the Sapienza. In this also he acquiesced, for the reason assigned.* He concluded by saying: "Well, the two things shall be done—the house shall be given, and the Cardinal Protector shall be appointed." I immediately kissed again his slipper, and with the usual ceremonies of reverence retired.

"*December 28, Tuesday.*—I waited on the Rev. T. Hanigan, at the Convent della Pace. He arrived in this city on last Friday, Christmas, Eve. He gave me four letters from some of my friends in Ireland and the gold snuff-box which was presented to me by my dear parishioners of SS. Michael and John's."

* But eventually the Irish students attended the Collegio Romano of the Society of Jesus.

IRISH WOOL AND WOOLLENS.

BY A DISCOURAGING CONTRIBUTOR.

III.

It could hardly be supposed that the passion for monopoly which had its triumph in the Cattle Bill was laid to rest, once and for ever, by the consummation of that deed of iniquity. The jealousy of the country party in England may, indeed, have been pacified by the ruin of the Irish cattle-feeders, but the national vice broke out before long in another direction. Apprehensions were now aroused in commercial circles by the success of the Irish woollen manufactures. Reason might have suggested that the prosperity of Ireland could not in the long run be an injury to England, and that even in the wool trade the two countries might work in fair emulation, command new markets for their improved fabrics, and together carry on a splendid rivalry with the manufacturing nations of the continent. Such wide views, however, were not entertained by more than one man in the million. Unreasoning selfishness carried the day. As early as 1673, Sir William Temple, at the request of the Earl of Essex, then Viceroy of Ireland, publicly proposed that the manufacture of woollens (except in the inferior branches) should be relinquished in Ireland, as tending to interfere prejudicially with the English trade. In all probability, the Irish manufacturers of broad cloths would gain on their English rivals; and the improvement of woollen fabrics in this kingdom, argued the statesman, "would give so great a damp to the trade of England, that it seems not fit to be encouraged here."

Sir William's suggestion was not immediately acted on, but it showed the way the wind blew in high quarters. By-and-by there were ominous mutterings of the storm in lower levels; and in response to popular clamour several Acts were passed, early in the reign of William and Mary, restricting the exportation of wool and woollens from Ireland. However, elated by the success they had already achieved, the Irish clothiers disregarded all penalties, found means to elude the vigilance of the authorities, and got off their wool and woollens in spite of Acts and prohibitions. This state of things could not continue long. Agitation in England became more violent. Petitions from the excited centres of British commerce showed Parliament what kind of legislation was expected from the representatives of the trading nation. Both houses addressed the king.

The Lords represented that: "The growing manufacture of cloth in Ireland, both by the cheapness of all sorts of necessaries of life,

and the goodness of materials for making all manner of cloth," having made the king's loyal subjects in England very apprehensive that the further growth of it would greatly prejudice the said manufacture here, and lessen the value of lands; they, the Lords, besought his most sacred Majesty to be pleased "in the most public and effectual way that may be" to declare to all his subjects of Ireland, that "the growth and increase of the woollen manufacture there hath long been and will ever be, looked upon with great jealousy by all his subjects of the kingdom of England," &c. &c.

The Commons of England, in Parliament assembled: "Being very sensible that the wealth and power of this kingdom do, in a great measure, depend on the preservation of the woollen manufacture as much as possible entire to this realm," conceived that it became them, like their ancestors, to be jealous of the increase and establishment of it elsewhere, and to use their utmost endeavours to prevent it. "They cannot without trouble observe that Ireland should of late apply itself to the woollen manufacture to the great prejudice of the trade of England. . . . Parliament will be necessitated to interfere to prevent the mischief that threatens. . . . His Majesty's protection and favour in this matter is most humbly implored," &c. &c.

William III., of glorious, pious, and immortal memory, discovered no sign of having been visited with any disturbing sentiment of indignation or pity, such as moved even the "merrie monarch" in similar circumstances, though it is likely he may have winced under the ungenerous pressure put on him by the Lords and Commons, whose nominee he was. "The king replied briefly," says Mr. Froude, "that the wish of Parliament should be carried out, and Ireland was invited to apply the knife to her own throat. Two letters of William to the Lord's Justices survive in Dublin Castle, embodying the words of the two Addresses, and recommending to the legislature the worst and most fatal of all the mistaken legislative experiments, to which a dependent country was ever subjected by the folly of its superiors."*

Animated by the imminence of the danger the Irish manufacturers made what remonstrance and resistance they could. Their cause was defended by an array of pamphlets, showing forth how destructive to the interests of the united kingdom, how disastrous to the Protestant cause, how criminal in every sense would be the destruction of the woollen trade, which was the main-stay of the English colony, the English garrison, the English religion, the English dominion in Ireland! Appeals to the higher interests, the political integrity, the fanaticism of the parent country were urged in every mood and tense. According to these desperate champions of a cause which was every moment growing more hopeless, there would be no chance of saving

* "The English in Ireland," vol. i.

Ireland from the grip of the Pope of Rome, or preserving the British Isles from the clutches of the king of France, if once Hibernia's wool were sacrificed. High over the heads of the forlorn hope towered one of the representatives in Parliament of the University of Dublin. He, William Molyneux, took up his position on loftier ground. Boldly attacking Poyning's Act, he impugned England's right to make laws for Ireland.* In his famous treatise "*The Case of Ireland's being bound by Acts of Parliament in England stated*," he took care to say that he had not any concern in wool or the wool trade; and, in fact, he left the question altogether on one side. However, no one doubted that it was the wool in danger that prompted this supreme effort, nor did he himself deny that it was the interference of the English Parliament in the woollen manufacture of Ireland which led to the publication of the book. "This," said the author, writing to his friend, the philosopher Locke, "you will say is a nice subject, but I think I have treated it with that caution and submission that it cannot justly give offence; insomuch that I scruple not to put my name to it, and by advice of some of my good friends^{here}, have presumed to dedicate it to his majesty." Notwithstanding all his care, he could not be certain what effect it might possibly have; for "God only knows what resentments captious men may take on such occasions." "*The Case of Ireland*" created a sensation on both sides of the channel, excited the English Parliament to a higher pitch of animosity, and hastened the catastrophe. "On the 21st of May, a member of the House of Commons produced the obnoxious pamphlet, read portions of it to his indignant fellow-members, and obtained the appointment of a committee to report on its insolent defiance of the sovereign power of the English Parliament over Ireland."* Forthwith, the Parliament of England addressed the king, beseeching his majesty that the laws restraining the Parliament of Ireland should not be evaded, denouncing the "Case" as seditious and libellous, and praying the sovereign to discover and punish the offender. William did not concern himself to "discover" the member for Trinity College, but the book, by order of the English Parliament, was burnt by the common hangman.

Without delay the work of demolition then proceeded. After a

* "The particular statute known as Poyning's Act was one which provided, that henceforth no Parliament should be held in Ireland until the chief governor and council had first certified to the king, under the great seal, 'as well the causes and considerations, as the acts they designed to pass, and till the same should be approved by the king and council.' This act virtually made the Irish parliament a nullity; and when, in after times, it came to effect, not merely the English Pale, for which it was originally framed, but the whole of Ireland when brought under English law, it was felt to be one of the most intolerable grievances under which this country suffered."—Haverty: "*History of Ireland*."

* Bourne: "*The Life of John Locke*," vol. ii. (1876).

bootless struggle on the part of a brave minority, the Irish Parliament gave effect to the king's recommendation to the Lords Justices "to avoid giving jealousy to England, by the further maintenance of the woollen manufacture in the kingdom," and imposed duties amounting to a prohibition on the exportation of Irish woollens. Immediately after, an English Act of Parliament (10th 11th of William III., ch. 10.), suppressed the manufacture *in toto*. Irish wool and woollens were not in future to be exported to any countries except England and Wales, from which places, as everyone knew, they were already virtually excluded by heavy duties. Evidence of the activity of the doomed trade is afforded in the long list of prohibited articles embodied in the statute. Wool, woollfells, worsted and woolflocks; woollen yarn, cloth, serge, bays, kerseys and says; friezes, druggets, cloth-serges, shalloons, and other drapery stuffs are enumerated. To prevent any possible infringement of the new ordinances, penalties of the severest kind are imposed on all who take any part in conveying the raw material or the manufactured articles out of the kingdom. Any such commodities found on board ship shall, according to the statute, be at once forfeited. The ship itself shall be forfeited. The master of the vessel, every sailor on board, every other person knowing of the transaction shall be fined £40 each. Ships suspected of being engaged in the prohibited commerce, and wool and woollen fabrics intended for foreign exportation, wherever met, wherever discovered, may be seized by any person whatsoever. And, for the more effectual carrying out of the law, it is enacted that two ships of the fifth rate, two ships of the sixth rate, and eight armed sloops shall constantly cruise on the coast of Ireland, particularly between the north of Ireland and Scotland, with power to enter and search any vessel, and if any Irish wool or woollens bound for foreign parts should be discovered on board, to seize ship, cargo, and crew.*

This sudden and merciless blow was followed by immediate consequences which all had foreseen; but it also led to results which none

* That other reaches of the island shore required as close watching as the Ulster seaboard became apparent after some time; and in the reign of George I., "An Additional Act for the Encouragement of the Woollen Manufactures of this Kingdom by the more effectual preventing the unlawful exportations of the Woollen Manufactures of the Kingdom of Ireland to foreign parts," empowered the Admiralty to increase the effectiveness of the fleet of armed cruisers hanging about the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. Comprehensive as the above list of prohibited articles may seem to be, it did not embrace all the fabrics of the Irish woollen manufacture. Wadding, for instance, and one or two other articles excepted out of the 10th and 11th of William III. were afterwards specially prohibited in the reign of George II. For sometime it was the custom to allow each sailor to take with him from Ireland woollen stuffs to the value of forty shillings, while each officer might take five pounds worth of cloth: but this privilege was subsequently withdrawn.

could have predicted. The healthy industrial life of the population was at once paralysed. All feeling of security in the body politic vanished at this spectacle of the parent state devouring its own offspring. In Dublin and its suburbs 12,000 English families were reduced to beggary; and 50,000 families of the same nation, as well as the settlers of continental origin scattered through the provinces, saw a like fate staring them in the face. Flight was the best resource, whether for settlers or natives, who were in a position to escape from the blighted land; and an exodus of operatives, variously stated from 20,000 to 60,000, forthwith began, depopulating districts of the South and West, and inaugurating a migration from the North which continued to flow to America all through the eighteenth century. A number of the Protestant weavers went to Germany, and, being received with open arms, settled in states where their religion prevailed, and founded manufactories for the celebrated Saxon cloths. Many of the Catholic artisans removed to the north of Spain, and began there a manufactory highly prejudicial to England. Multitudes, both of Protestants and Catholics, were welcomed by the King of France, who had lately established woollen manufactories in Picardy and elsewhere. Louis settled the Irish refugees in Rouen and other industrial centres, securing the Protestants among them in the free exercise of their religion, and founding, with the aid of this army of trained artisans and the wool which speedily followed them from Ireland, a trade which England, from that day up to the present hour, has never ceased to suffer from. America was the refuge of the ruined Presbyterians of Ulster. They deported themselves in thousands, and founded settlements in the New World which they called after their old homes. There, in a new Derry, in another Donegal, in a transatlantic Coleraine and Tyrone, grew up a generation nurtured on memories of a cruel wrong—a generation of ready-made rebels, who flocked on the first signal to the standard of revolution, and became the backbone of the insurgent army.*

However, all could not depart. A dispirited, disorganised, pauperised mass remained, to rear an idle, turbulent progeny; the curse of the towns and cities of the old land. Aghast at the spectacle of desolation which met their gaze on every side, the Irish Parliament now addressed the throne with a view "to give a true state of our most deplorable condition," and solicit some redress. Their deliberations were but a wail over the decay of trade, the forced emigration, the extreme want and beggary to which poor tradesmen were reduced. But they had themselves prepared the way for the overthrow of the trade, and their Judas repentance was all too late. What was all this to Queen Anne?

* Dobbs: "*Essay on the Trade and Improvement of Ireland*" (1729). D'Arcy M'Gee: "*History of the Irish Settlers in America*" (1851), and other authorities.

If all documentary record of this sad time were lost, we still should have in Swift's inimitable pages the situation pictured for us of a country where "one part of the people are forced away, and the other part have nothing to do." Says the dean in one of his sermons: "It is a very melancholy reflection that such a country as ours, which is capable of producing all things necessary, and most things convenient for life, sufficient for the support of four times the number of its inhabitants, should yet lye under the heaviest load of misery and want, our streets crouded with beggars, so many of our lower sorts of tradesmen, labourers, and artificers, not able to find cloaths and food for their families." On another occasion he says, it is manifest that "whatever circumstances can possibly contribute to make a country poor and despicable, are all united with respect to Ireland." First among the causes of the general misery he places "the intolerable hardships we lie under in every branch of our trade, by which we are become hewers of wood and drawers of water to our rigorous neighbours." He dwells on the growing poverty of the nation, on the injustice of refusing a people the liberty, not only of trading with their own manufactures, but even their native commodities: "Ireland is the only kingdom I ever heard or read of, either in ancient or modern story, which was denied the liberty of exporting their native commodities and manufactures wherever they pleased, except to countries at war with their own prince or state; yet this privilege, by the superiority of mere power, is refused us, in the most momentous parts of commerce." Similarly, when considering the causes of a kingdom thriving, this practical patriot places in the foremost rank trade and industry, and a disposition to value and encourage home productions. The first cause, he says, of a kingdom thriving is "the fruitfulness of the soil, to produce the necessaries and conveniences of life, not only sufficient for the inhabitants, but for exportation into other countries." The second is, "The industry of the people in working up all their native commodities to the last degree of manufacture." And another is set down as "A disposition of the people of a country to wear their own manufactures, and import as few incitements to luxury, either in cloaths, furniture, food, or drink, as they possibly can live conveniently without."*

Sage advices, not a few, has the dean to give to the people in reference to their conduct in this season of calamity and distress. They should renounce all foreign dress and luxury: those detestable extravagancies of Flanders-lace, English cloths made of our own wool, &c. &c., which are not fit for people in such circumstances, any more than for the beggar who could not eat his veal without oranges. The

* Sermon iv. "Letter to the Earl of Peterborough." "A short View of the State of Ireland."

women should be clad in the growth of their own country; should be satisfied with Irish stuffs for the furniture of their houses, for gowns and petticoats to themselves and their daughters; and if they are not content to go in their own country shifts, may they go in rags; the clergy should wear habiliments of Irish drapery, and the weavers should contrive decent stuffs and silks for this demand at reasonable rates. The lawyers, the gentlemen of the University, the citizens of those corporations who appear in gowns on solemn occasions, should use the fabrics suitable to their wants which the native manufacturers produced. It were to be wished that the sense of both houses of parliament, at least of the House of Commons, were declared by some unanimous and hearty votes against wearing any silk or woollen manufactures imported from abroad: every senator, noble or plebeian, giving his honour that neither himself, nor any of his family, would, in their dress or furniture of their houses, make use of anything except what was of the growth and manufacture of this kingdom; and that they would use the utmost of their power, influence, and credit, to prevail on their tenants, dependants, and friends, to follow their example. Anyhow, "let a firm resolution be taken, by male and female, never to appear with one single shred that comes from England; and let all the people say, *Amen*." As for the weavers and traders, they should improve the cloths and stuffs of the nation into all possible degrees of fineness and colours, and engage not to play the knave, according to their custom, by exacting and imposing upon the nobility and gentry, either as to the prices or the goodness.*

Anonymous, in 1720, Swift entered into the strife of Irish politics, armed with his famous tract, "A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture, in Cloaths and Furniture of Houses, &c., utterly rejecting and renouncing everything wearable that comes from England." To this day the production is read with delight as an example of the master's trenchant style. But the fierce satire of the literary composition is, in the apprehension of nineteenth century readers cast into the shade by the grim irony of the incidents which its publication gave rise to. When, as Swift himself afterwards related, a discourse was published endeavouring to persuade our people to wear their own woollen manufactures, full of the most dutiful expressions to the sovereign, and without the least party hint, it was termed *flying in the king's face*. The government considered the proposal as a sort of leze-majesty, and the printer, Waters, was seized and forced to give great bail. Nine times the jury who tried the case were sent back, until they were under the necessity of leaving the prisoner to the

* "A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures." "The Drapier's Letters." "Answer to Letters of Unknown Persons." "A Letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, concerning the Weavers." "A Proposal that all the Ladies and Women of Ireland should appear constantly in Irish Manufactures."

mercy of the court, by a special verdict; the judge on the bench invoking God for his witness, when he asserted that the author's design was to bring in the Pretender! The cause, continues Swift, was so odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until upon the Duke of Grafton's, the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, His Grace after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*.* "In the midst of this prosecution about 1,500 weavers were forced to beg their bread, and had a general contribution made for their relief, which just served to make them drunk for a week; and then they were forced to turn rogues, or strolling beggars, or to leave the kingdom."† About four years later the Lord Lieutenant and Council issued a proclamation offering three hundred pounds for the discovery of the author of the "Drapier's Letters." Harding, the printer of these obnoxious productions, was tried before the Chief Justice; but the jury would not find the bill, nor would any person discover the author. Again, when a London journalist reprinted "A Short View of the State of Ireland," a lengthened prosecution of the printers was the consequence. Swift, referring to the vexations the printers had to undergo, takes occasion, in his characteristic way, to show how dangerous it is for the best-meaning person to write one syllable in defence of his country, or discover the miserable condition it is in. So much is this the case, continues he, that, "although I am often without money in my pocket, I dare not own it in some company, for fear of being thought disaffected."

By no means was it all talk with the Dean of St. Patrick's. He expended both time and money in visiting and assisting distressed artisans without any distinction of creed. Five hundred pounds a year it was his wont to lend out in small portions without interest to necessitous but honest and diligent tradesmen; and at one time he had the gratification of believing that he had recovered two hundred families in the city from ruin. Frugality for the sake of others he knew how to practise. He would often walk rather than ride, and then would say he had earned a shilling or eighteen pence, which he had a right to do what he pleased with, and could expend on his favourite charities. The weavers considered him their special patron and legislator, and frequently came in a body to receive his advice in settling the rates of their stuffs and the wages of their journeymen. In every sense they were his neighbours, for the industrial population of Dublin were massed round St. Patrick's Cathedral, and still inhabited the Coombe, Spitalfields, Weavers' Square, New-street, and other localities which had been flourishing centres before the suppression of the woollen

* Letter from Swift to Pope. "Drapier's Letters."

† "Proposal that the Ladies and Women of Ireland should appear constantly in Irish Manufactures."

trade. A notable part of the population were of Huguenot origin, and places of worship, with a French service, had been provided for them. One of these was in Peter-street, and another was under the roof of St. Patrick's, the ancient Lady Chapel of the Cathedral being, in fact, at that time and for long after, the French church of the locality. It was Swift's habit to attend afternoon service here every Sunday.* Stella, who "loved Ireland much better than the generality of those who owe both their birth and riches to it," and detested the tyranny and injustice of England in the treatment of this kingdom," also showed a good example of liberality and judgment in disbursing charity, and of simplicity in her habits and attire. The same pen that so well knew how to lash and scath, has traced with tender care such little traits of one who "with all the softness of temper that became a lady, had yet the personal courage of a hero," as that she "bought cloaths as seldom as possible, and those as plain and cheap as consisted with the situation she was in, and wore no lace for many years."

Swift's description of the condition of the people brings us on to about thirty years from the date of the suppression of the woollen trade. Another term of thirty years passes by, and it appears that things have not much improved in the interval. Primate Stone, in 1758, describes the people as not either regularly lodged, clothed, or fed, adding that, "these things, which in England are called necessaries of life are to us only accidents, and we can, and in many places do, subsist without them."

Again, proceeding down the stream of time some twenty years further, we come on Hely Hutchinson's declaration, that "the present state of Ireland teems with every circumstance of national poverty;" and find the discouragement of the woollen manufactories by the English act of 1699, referred to as the principal cause of the distress and poverty of the land. "A country will sooner recover," says this writer, "from the miseries and devastations occasioned by war, invasion, rebellion, and massacre, than from laws restraining the commerce, discouraging the manufactures, fettering the industry, and, above all, breaking the spirit of the people."† The situation is summarised by the author of a prize essay already quoted, who observes that "the history of no fruitful country, enjoying peace, and not visited by pestilence and famine, during eighty years, can produce so many instances of wretchedness as appear in Ireland during a period of that length, which succeeded the proscription of her woollen trade."

Meanwhile, it was not enough to inflict a fatal injury on a nation's industry, but the ill-used people must likewise be defamed. With

* Life of Swift, in the edition of his works, published by Faulkner.

† "The Commercial Restraints of Ireland" (1779).

writers of a certain class it became a habit to attack the Irish for being slothful, lazy, idle, and indolent; for their thievish, lying, slavish disposition; for their dirt, their disorder, and their mendicancy. The causes of their misfortunes were conveniently ignored, and poverty was attributed to them as a chosen and cherished vice. Other traducers, by a bold stroke, traced idleness, beggary, and the rest, to the religion of the bulk of the people. Lord Sheffield's rejoinder to the accusation of idleness hits the mark in a few short words: "The Irish people are not naturally lazy; they are, on the contrary, of an active nature, capable of the greatest exertions, and of as good a disposition as any nation in the same state of improvement; but "that men who have very little to do, should appear to do little, is not strange."* Bishop Berkeley seems to have been ignorant of the fundamental cause of the Irishman's sloth and backward condition. But he was too right-minded a man to be misled into supposing that the Catholic religion was accountable for the evils complained of. "Many suspect your religion," says his lordship, addressing the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland, "to be the cause of that notorious idleness which prevails so generally among the natives of this island, as if the Roman Catholic faith was inconsistent with an honest diligence in a man's calling. But whoever considers the great spirit of industry that reigns in Flanders and France, and even beyond the Alps, must acknowledge this to be a groundless suspicion. In Piedmont and Genoa, in the Milanese and the Venetian State, and indeed throughout all Lombardy, how well is the soil cultivated, and what manufactures of silk, velvet, paper, and other commodities flourish? The King of Sardinia will suffer no idle hands in his territories, no beggar to live by the sweat of another's brow; it has even been made penal at Turin to relieve a strolling beggar. To which I might add, that the person whose authority will be of the greatest weight with you, even the Pope himself, is at this day endeavouring to put new life into the trade and manufactures of his country. Though I am in no secret of the Court of Rome, yet I will venture to affirm that neither Pope nor cardinals will be pleased to hear that those of their communion are distinguished above all others by sloth, dirt, and beggary; or be displeased at your endeavouring to rescue them from the reproach of such an infamous distinction."†

Retribution, in the meantime, was fast overtaking the traders who had been envious of their neighbour's good. They perceived, before long, that the result of their greed was to "starve a friend and glut a foe." Out of the ruins of the Irish trade rose, as already intimated, the great woollen manufactures of France, which, establishing a for-

* "Observations on the Manufactures, Trade, and present state of Ireland" (1785).

† "A Word to the Wise" (1752).

midable rivalry with England's staple of commerce soon beat the island factors out of the principal foreign markets, ultimately commanded a sale even on British ground, and now are actually threatening the very existence of the west of England trade in some of its important branches. The origin of the French woollen trade may be told in a few words.

Colbert, Louis XIV.'s Minister of Finance, devoted very serious attention, from 1661 to 1683, to the task of developing the industrial activity of the French nation. In his youth he had served his apprenticeship to a woollen-draper, and the encouragement of cloth manufactures became a special pursuit when he found himself in a position to carry out his plans. The king aided his minister right royally, and, under the patronage of the State, the trade progressed. At this juncture Ireland, by increased wool production, was trying to make up the loss she had sustained through the stoppage of her cattle exports to England. Wool was wanted by France, and the Irish wool-growers, especially the Catholics, who knew the Continent much better than they knew the neighbouring island, took advantage of the opening thus presented and landed their wool-packs in the French ports. Probably, however, the continental clothiers had but an imperfect appreciation of Ireland's resources in this particular until the soldiers of their nation coming over to fight for James II., in the revolutionary war, beheld the vast pastoral plains of the island, saw the peasantry destroying the sheep that had usurped the place of the agriculturist on the soil, and learned how inexhaustible must be the wool supply of such a land. Wiser than their Irish allies, the French gathered up the fleeces of the slaughtered sheep, collected an immense quantity of woollen yarn, and on their departure from Ireland carried off so much material as sufficed, in the parlance of that age, to put their manufacturers upon a clothing trade for Turkey. Quickly on this followed the flight of the Irish weavers, and their settlement in the manufacturing towns of northern France. About the same time, on the disbanding of the army, after the conclusion of the treaty of Ryswick, a number of soldiers, who had been originally weavers, returned to their trade. These men were instructed according to improved methods, and, together with the Irish contingent, notably increased the strength of the industrial forces. Irish wool now became an absolute necessity for the French manufactures, one pack of that staple being required to work up every two packs of the material elsewhere procured. France was determined to obtain wool from Ireland, and Ireland was equally resolved that France should be supplied. Despite of armed cruisers, despite of revenue officers, in the teeth of penalties and prohibitions, four-fifths of the Irish fleeces were carried annually to France.

This clandestine export was effected in various ways, according to

circumstances. During the first years a great quantity of raw wool was transported to the coasts of Clare and Galway, and shipped in the French vessels which came to take off the recruits for the Irish Brigades. It is said that this intimate association of "Wild Geese" and wool had its origin in the fact that Captain Teigue M'Namara, a officer in the Irish Brigade, a native of Clare, and possessor of a large property in that county, took advantage of the opportunity he enjoyed as conductor of the recruiting expeditions to smuggle wool into the French ports, thus serving "the foes of Ireland's foe" in a two-fold way, and benefiting the home interests not a little.* Later on, the shores of Kerry and west Cork became the scene of wool smuggling, conducted with the aid of privateers and fishing fleets. There were times when the smugglers' audacity knew no restraint, and the wool was carried openly to Cork city, and shipped in sight of the soldiers, who were sent to prevent the transaction.† Early, however, in the traffic a less clumsy method of transporting the material was devised and adapted in some of the principal ports. The wool was combed, screwed into butter firkins or beef barrels, covered with a layer of meat or grease, and, judiciously weighted with shot, passed through the custom-house as provisions. Quite early in the century merchants of Waterford, Wexford, and Youghal brought their ships into Rochelle, Nantes, St. Malo, and Bordeaux, and made their sales in the open market to the amazement of any English traders, travellers, or prisoners of war who might happen to be on the spot. So great was the demand for wool in France that, at certain times, the Irish merchants found it worth their while to take their cargo of raw wool into the English ports, and sell it there, notwithstanding the heavy duties, to factors who conveyed it to Kent and Sussex, whence the Owlers of those parts smuggled it, together with fine English wool, to the opposite shores.‡

Thus, fed by English Owlers and Irish smugglers the French factories worked at high pressure. Abbeville, Amiens, Beauvais, became centres of the cloth trade, and Rouen gloried in possessing the first woollen manufactory in the world. In less than thirty years from the day when the French soldiers carried home their load of Irish fleeces,

* See a paper by the Very Rev. Dean Kenny, entitled "History of Drunkenness in Ireland," which appeared in the "Illustrated Monitor," when that now extinct publication was conducted by the late Father Robert Kelly, S.J.

† See "Tour through Ireland of two English gentlemen" (1746).

‡ In the appendix to Smiles' "Huguenots" there is an interesting account of the Owlers of Romney Marsh, and of the way in which the woolmen managed their business. Dr. Johnson thinks that the word Oowler, applied to one who carries out wool illicitly, may perhaps come from the necessity of carrying on a clandestine trade by night; but he rather believes that it is a corruption of *wooller*, by a colloquial neglect of the *w*, such as is often observed in *woman* and other words. *Wooller, colers, owlers.*

and the ruined weavers of the island sought refuge in the dominions of Louis the Great, the woollen manufactures of France were brought to such perfection that the English clothiers could not discover any difference between the foreign fabrics and their own fine cloths. The French had not only ceased to take English woollen goods, but had supplanted the once dominant traders in the most important foreign markets. They had engrossed the Turkey trade which England once enjoyed, and were supplying Italy, Spain, Portugal, and even Barbary with says, serges, druggets, and other stuffs, which formerly had been classed as English.*

It may not be improper to mention here that three important discoveries (but all, alas! too late) were made in the course of the last century by English traders and politicians.

First, it was discovered that a serious mistake had been made in interfering with the Irish cattle trade: "Concerning these laws for prohibiting the importation of Irish cattle, many people think them in general to be hurtful; and that it would be wiser to suffer the Irish to be employed in breeding and fattening their black cattle for us, than to turn their lands into sheep-walks as at present; in consequence of which they are enabled, in spite of all our laws to the contrary, to supply foreign nations with their wools to our great detriment."†

Secondly, it was discovered that it would have been better for the British Empire if the Irish had been allowed an open trade in their wool. "Experience has taught us," says a writer in the *Daily Post* (1740), "that the more the Irish are cramped in that article (the wool trade) the more it redounds to the advantage of the French, our most formidable and inveterate enemies. By the folly, not to say the injustice of England, France has rivalled us these many years with a witness, in the Spanish, Portugal, Italian, and Levant trades, besides the great vent she finds for woollen goods in the Austrian Netherlands and some parts of Germany: this prodigious increase of trade has raised her to such a pitch of grandeur that she is become more terrible than ever to her neighbours." The same writer goes on to ask whether it would not be more eligible "to let the Irish share with us in the woollen trade, nay, to throw even all our trade into their hands, than to raise up France upon the ruins of the whole British empire?"

Thirdly, it was discovered, and in the British Parliament acknowledged, that truer statesmanship it would have been to leave all the "Papists" in possession of their estates in Ireland than to force them by penal statutes to emigrate to America, where they or their sons were at that very time fighting with the desperation of injured men in the rebel ranks.

* Prior: "Observations on the Trade of Ireland." Second Edition (1729). "Memoirs of Wool," vol. ii.

† "Annals of Commerce" vol. ii.

Naturally, a question arises as to how it was that the strength of England was not adequately exerted in putting a stop to the transmission of the supplies from Ireland which kept the French factories working at a rate so injurious to rival establishments. The answer is that British strength was, indeed, put forth, but could effect little against a nation obstinately bent on resistance and evasion. A code of laws and a fleet of cruisers gained little in a contest with "a nation of smugglers." "When Ireland was restrained from exporting her woollen manufactures," writes Sir James Caldwell, "the exportation of raw wool became the business, not of the few, but of many: it was no man's interest merely as a native of Ireland to prevent it; it was, therefore, not only connived at but encouraged; and those who did not unlawfully export raw wool for a pecuniary advantage to themselves, were well pleased to see it done by others, from a principle of resentment and indignation against those who had subjected them to, what they could not but consider as a cruel and oppressive law, which had not only impoverished many individuals whose wealth was a common benefit, but cut off bread from the mouths of innumerable industrious poor, and, consequently, produced national impotence and poverty." And, adds Sir James, it is both cruel and vain "to expect that the people of Ireland will not smuggle wool, because it is forbidden by those, who have already forbidden them to eat."*

Substantially similar is the view taken of the smuggling question by the author of "The English in Ireland." As this lively writer brings the picturesque side of the situation into higher relief than does Sir James Caldwell, I take leave to brighten these pages by introducing a sketch from the work just named. "The entire nation, high and low," says Mr. Froude, "was enlisted in an organised confederacy against the law. Distinctions of creed were obliterated, and resistance to law became a bond of union between Catholic and Protestant—Irish Celt and English colonist—from the great landlord whose sheep roamed in thousands over the Cork mountains to the guager who with conveniently blinded eyes, passed the wool-packs through the custom-house as butter-barrels; from the magistrate whose cellars were filled with claret on the return voyage of the smuggling craft, to the judge on the bench who dismissed as frivolous and vexatious the various cases which came before the court to be tried. All persons of all ranks in Ireland were principals or accomplices in a pursuit which made it a school of anarchy; and good servants of the State, who believed that laws were made to be obeyed, lay under the ban of opinion as public enemies. . . . Government tried stricter methods, substituted English for Irish officers at the chief ports like Waterford and Cork, and stationed cruisers along the coast to seal the mouths of

* "An Enquiry concerning the Restrictions laid on the Trade of Ireland" (1766).

the smaller harbours. But the trade only took refuge in bays and creeks where cruisers dared not run in. If encountered at sea, the contraband vessels were sometimes armed so heavily that the Government cutters and schooners hesitated to meddle with them. If unarmed and overhauled, they were found apparently laden with some innocent cargo of salt provisions. . . . Driven from Cork warehouses the packs were stored in caves about the islands, and cliffs, and crags, where small vessels took them off at leisure; or French traders, on signal from shore, sent in their boats for them. Chests of bullion were kept by the merchants at Rochelle and Brest to pay for them as they were landed. When the French Government forbade the export of so much specie, claret, brandy, and silks were shipped for Ireland in exchange on board the vessels which had brought the wool."

For some of the above particulars Mr. Froude is indebted, as he acknowledges, to a manuscript preserved in Dublin Castle, bearing the date of 1730. The price of fleece wool in Ireland at that time, according to the same document, was fivepence a pound; of combed wool, one shilling. In France Irish fleece wool sold for two-and-sixpence a pound; combed wool, from four and sixpence to six shillings.

It is not easy to understand why the French, who were ready to give such a high price for Irish wool, did not turn their attention to the flocks of their own country. Arthur Young described their sheep as wretchedly cared; fed, or rather starved, on straw during the winter; and lying on dunghills, so filthy was their stabling. The fleeces were poor, and of a bad quality, and three sheep were kept where there might have been a hundred. France spends, says this observant traveller, 27,000,000 livres a year on importing wool, every pound of which might be produced in the country. Of course it was all the better for poor Ireland that France was so negligent in this particular; for, says Swift, "Our beneficial traffic of wool with France hath been our only support for several years past, furnishing us all the little money we have to pay our rents and go to market."

A THOUGHT FOR ASCENSION THURSDAY.

BY WESTON BEAY.

"In my Father's house there are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you" (*John*, xiv, 2.)

OH! shall I attain the bright mansion
My Lord is preparing for me,
The one spot in the house of the Father
He has destined mine only to be?

I reflect on the gifts and the graces
Which through life o'er my soul have been shed,
And they seem like sad faces of lost ones
Who reproachfully rise from the dead.

I think of the bright early springtide,
With its good seed, abundant and rare;
But where is the rich, golden harvest,
That good seed was destined to bear?

I remember the griefs and the sorrows
God has lovingly laid upon me,
And I know that each one was a jewel
For my mansion's adornment to be.

But where was the meek resignation
Which changes each woe into gold?
And where was the swift correspondence
To graces in number untold?

For years it has seemed there are glimpses
I've lost of God's beautiful face;
And I fear lest this veil should foreshadow
The loss of my once-destined place.

I know there are other fair mansions
In that beautiful kingdom on high,
And I know for the lowest among them
We well might a thousand times die.

But still if I reach not the glory
My Lord had for me set apart,
My failure has been disappointment
To Jesus' adorable Heart.

The Monk's Prophecy.

Less glory for Him and His Father,
 Less praise and less love would there be,
 If I fail in attaining the mansion
 My Lord is preparing for me.

Oh, tell me, then, Jesus, oh, tell me
 The means of repairing the past,
 That so, after all, I may enter
 My own special mansion at last.

Oh! welcome each grief and each sorrow,
 Oh! welcome each fresh-coming pain,
 Which, steeped in sweet tears of contrition,
 May help me that place to attain.

And, oh! when I'm tempted and weary,
 May life's brightest joy ever be
 The thought and the hope of attaining
 The mansion preparing for me.

THE MONK'S PROPHECY.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

In the morning Mrs. Barry returned to her business, and promised Sydney, who was becoming alarmed, to come again at night. Mrs. Ormsby wrote that day to Mrs. Wyndill, telling her of her great anxiety about the possibility of leaving Sydney unprotected, and her desire to go to her as soon as it could be managed. She lay back exhausted after writing the letter, and when Mrs. Barry arrived she found her rather worse than she had left her.

"I wish you had someone that would help Miss Sydney," she said, "and cheer you up. This Nellie would be of great use to us, and would be like a bit of old times to you, only for that cow."

"Mother, should we ask Mrs. Hassett to come see you?" said Sydney.

"She wouldn't care to come, dear. Carrie is more suited to the house of rejoicing than of mourning."

Mrs. Barry made no remark; but when she was going to the apothecary's, impelled by her increased uneasiness, she hurried on to Merrion-square, knocked at the door, and desired the servant to tell Mrs. Hassett a woman wanted her on particular business. She was told by Mrs. Hassett's orders to send up her message. She sent back the servant again to say the message was about Mrs. Ormsby, and that she implored a few minutes' conversation.

After considerable delay Mrs. Hassett appeared. "I understand you have some message from Mrs. Ormsby?" she said.

"Not from her, ma'am; I came of my own accord. She is very ill."

"Indeed! I am very sorry. I have not seen her for some time."

"No one sees her," said Mrs. Barry, "and I think, ma'am, that's part of her sickness. She is pining away for the want of a friend's face."

"Oh, nonsense; hasn't she her daughter? She is not so weak-minded, I suppose. What's the matter with her?"

"Worn-out, like, ma'am; and 'tis her child that's killing her, for fear she would have no one to look after her."

"Oh, that's foolish. There are institutions for the education of officers' daughters, I believe; she ought to get her into one of them."

"I suppose the poor lady didn't like to part with her, ma'am, and she her only comfort; but I thought if you came to see her that it would be cheer to her, and you may be able to make her mind easy, in a way."

"Yes, I'll call to see her, of course. Has she a doctor?—is she confined to bed?"

"She has a doctor, ma'am; she gets up for some hours every day."

"And what does the doctor say?"

"He says she might get better if she cheered up, ma'am; but she isn't cheering up a bit, only getting lower, I think."

"Oh, I dare say you are alarming yourself needlessly; probably she'll get all right. I sometimes feel very poorly myself, but I have no time for nursing my ailments. However, I'll call when I have time."

"Make time for it, ma'am, for God's sake; for, doctor or no doctor, I think she is far gone. Maybe you could come to-morrow?"

"You are quite an alarmist," said Mrs. Hassett, tranquilly,—“perhaps I may be able to call to-morrow;—I shall if possible.”

Mrs. Barry returned to her patient thinking that though Mrs. Hassett did not seem a very kind-hearted visitor, a visit from her might be better than nothing.

Next day Mrs. Ormsby was unmistakably worse. Mrs. Hassett

called. The servant told her, in answer to her inquiries, that she was very ill ; so she sent up her card, said she would call again, and took her departure.

The maid brought up the card.

"Did she ask for Miss Sydney?" asked Mrs. Ormsby, her face flushing.

"No, ma'am, she only asked were you within, and when I said you were very ill, she gave me the card, said she would call again, and went away with herself."

The widow lay back with a weary sigh. "Teach me to cling to Thee, O Lord," she murmured, "and not to creatures. My poor Sydney! But you'll be happy, my love. God will take care of his own. You'll go to Winnie;—Winnie will be a second mother to my blossom."

"Mamma, you are frightening me," said the girl, kneeling beside her, and clasping her round the neck. "My darling mother, do you feel very ill?"

"I don't know, my child. I have a dull pain in my heart this long time. You foolish girl, don't cry. 'Tis only a heavy cold, and if it be God's will, I will be soon better. He may leave me yet awhile; but his will be done; his blessed will be done. He will take care of you; He will give you safe to Winnie," she murmured, dreamily. "He will cherish my lamb within his bosom, keeping her without stain." Her eyes closed, and she lay back in a quiet sleep.

"Oh, Mrs. Barry, I'm afraid she is very sick," said Sydney, when the laundress was coming up stairs that evening; "sometimes she does not know what she is saying. Oh! what shall I do, Mrs. Barry, what shall I do?" and she clung sobbing to her only friend.

"Don't let her see you cry, my poor lamb, it would break her heart. Put your trust in the Lord, dear heart, and He will do what is good for you."

That day Mrs. Barry went for the priest, and he found his penitent in sore need of spiritual comfort. She dreaded death because of her child. Natural fears broke in upon the fulness of her faith, and filled her with unspeakable desolation. He spoke gently to her of the unutterable love of God, and the strange foolishness of human creatures in supposing they are necessary for the care and protection of each other. It is God who cares and protects, He but makes men the dispensers of his gifts. If He remove one friend, He will raise up another, no one is forgotten, no one is neglected; her child was as guarded and absorbed as much of his divine thought as if she were the only human being on the bosom of the broad earth; she was in the arms of God; she had only to cling to his breast.

He administered the last sacraments, and that evening she rallied considerably, and spoke quite cheerfully of the future. "Thank

God," she said, "I feel so much better; my dear Lord has strengthened me, soul and body. How ungrateful I am ever to murmur or fear. You must go to bed early, Sydney, darling, you are on your feet all day, as Mrs. Barry is staying with me. I'm afraid she will be greatly tired. What would we do without you though, Mrs. Barry? But, perhaps, I will want no one to-morrow night."

Sydney went to bed, according to her mother's desire, and Mrs. Barry settled herself in the arm-chair. Silence gradually fell upon the house. Mrs. Cosgrave crept up softly and had a few words with Mrs. Barry, and crept away again; Mr. Cosgrave let himself in with his latch-key, and stumbled muttering down stairs. The roll of cars and carriages lessened by degrees, till at last the great city, as if worn out by the passionate action of the day, lay hushed and motionless.

About three o'clock Mrs. Ormsby woke out of a troubled alumber, and opened her eyes wide. "I am called," she said; "he is waiting for me under the great palms;—must I leave his child?—Mrs. Barry, you won't forsake her till she goes to them. No, no, I cannot leave my Sydney."

Mrs. Barry soothed her, but she tossed restlessly about.

"My Lord," she murmured, "my wounded Lord, keep her close to your heart;—guard her innocence—my Sydney—my one comfort. O God," she cried, mournfully, "am I leaving her in the world alone—alone?"

The girl sprang out of bed, and knelt sobbing by her mother's side.

"Not alone," said Mrs. Barry; "the Lord will be always with her."

"He will;—He is a God of love;—my Sydney will never grieve Him. I'll watch,—I'll watch,—if I be permitted.—My girl!—oh, 'tis hard.—You will look after her, Mrs. Barry, till Winnie knows;—you won't lose sight—"

"I'll never lose sight of her till she is in safe keeping, so help me God," replied Mrs. Barry."

"Thank God;—you have a girl in heaven;—would that mine were there before me;—I am leaving her behind on the cold deep sea;—I am going—going—"

"O mother, mother, are you leaving me?" and Sydney clasped her arms about her, "O mother take me with you."

"In good time, love, in God's time;—live in his vineyard—work in it for Him—always for Him;—I was very tired, love—I was a poor labourer. Herbert—I will tell him you are like him—my Herbert's girl." Her voice grew lower, and she murmured fitfully: "There is a flood in Poulansse to-night—I hear the music of the shining waters—I am happy—happy but for her, my only one, my one ewe lamb—my only child.—Nellie, is baby asleep?—Look at her eyes, Winnie, aren't they as blue as heaven?—Untroubled peace—what a beautiful word—"

untroubled peace.—Sweet Mother, pity a mother's heart.—Was there any sorrow like to thy sorrow?—Guard my treasure—keep her pure—for Him, the adorable One—the Man of sorrows—of sorrows——”

Her head fell back. “She is dead!” shrieked the girl. “Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Barry, is she dead?”

The dying woman started. “No, no, my child—I cannot leave my child.” She looked upwards with wild eyes; in a moment a look of ineffable surprise and joy flitted over her face; again one of holy expectation, she lifted her arms: “He comes,” she whispered, “the light is near—He comes—his arms are about her—O Jesus, O Mary.” She laid her head on her daughter's shoulder; another moment and creature and Creator were united.

Mrs. Barry made all arrangements about the funeral. She learned from the desolate orphan that they had no burial-place in Castleisken or Lisduff, and thought it would be unnecessary and unwise expense to take the body so far. “I have a grave in the old abbey of Moan,” she said, “and there are few of us now to fill it;—no one but me and Jim; 'tis better to bury the dear lady there than to be buying a new grave. The Barrys were a decent stock, once in their time; and sure, anyway, 'tis all equal in the grave.”

The orphan kissed her, and told her to do what was best. On a cold February morning a poor funeral left the city for the churchyard by the sea; Sydney and Mrs. Barry followed the hearse, in a mourning-coach, and dumb with grief, and blind with weeping, when all was over, the girl returned to her lodgings. The laundress made her eat and drink. “Trust in the Lord, my poor child,” she said, “and act as if you thought He and your dear mother were watching you,—and sure so they are. I'll come in to-night and stop with you, dear heart. I wouldn't go now if I could help it.”

Mrs. Barry hurried away, thinking she should work hard to make up for the loss of the past hours. “But Jim will have the water and everything ready,” she said, “'twas God sent him home to me after all, my poor boy.”

In the evening she returned to her charge. She found her asleep on the sofa, her bright hair tumbled about the pillows, the round cheek flushed, the crimson lips parted with heavy sighs that shook the white breast, looking so fair and soft and innocent that the faithful laundress lifted her spirit in prayer, beseeching God to send her proper guidance and protection.

After a few moments she awoke to a fresh consciousness of her desolation, and clung to her humble friend in an agony of grief. She soothed her, as best she could, with tender words and prayers, rocking her upon her bosom. When the paroxysm of emotion had exhausted itself, Mrs. Barry smoothed the girl's hair with gentle touches, and said: “Listen to me now, dear love, and let us talk of what is best to

be done. Your mamma gave me a charge over you, like, and I'll see to it, please God. What I want to settle, is the way you'll manage till you hear from your friends. How long will it be till you get a letter, dear?"

"Mamma's letter was never posted," said the girl, sitting up; "her last letter," and again the tears rolled down her face.

"Well, we'll post it to-morrow, dear; but I was thinking if you could stay altogether at the school, till you were sent for. Wouldn't it be a good thing?"

"I think I couldn't, Mrs. Barry," and Sydney wiped her eyes, and tried to collect her thoughts. "We hadn't much money. Just before mamma got sick she paid Mrs. Cosgrave for three months, she used to pay in advance; and she got in a supply of things. What am I to do? She also paid for my next quarter at school; so I think we can't have a great deal. I'll get her desk, Mrs. Barry, and we'll see."

After a good deal of consideration, Mrs. Barry said: "Well, Miss Sydney, dear, maybe 'tis the best plan for you to go on as you are, till we look about us. It would be so much lost if you went out of this, and the lodging-money paid; and you have as much in the house as will go far in supporting you for the next six weeks. Sure, if you went down the country to your own place you'd lose the schooling, and your mamma, the Lord be with her, wouldn't rest easy in her grave. She was all for the schooling, though, sure, dear knows, I think you know as much as would do a dozen."

Sydney smiled faintly. "I don't know much, Mrs. Barry," she said; "I'd like to go on with my studies; I'm sure 'tis what mamma would wish."

"Yes, I'm sure it is, dear, and 'tis just the most saving way to stop here till your time is up. The Lord knows what would happen before then; or who He would rise up to befriend you. You'll want to get a bit of mourning, dear; lucky enough 'tis mostly black things you have already. And 'tis better for you to go to the school in a couple of days' time: I'll go with you myself, and tell the nuns all about you. You'll do well, my lamb, with the help of the good God. This is a quiet place; Mrs. Cosgrave is a decent poor fool of a woman, and that's what I won't say of more of them, but you'll have nothing to say to them or anyone else; a young lady, like you, must keep to herself like, and pass no freedom with anyone."

And so were the present details of Sydney's life arranged. Mrs. Barry went with her to the convent, and told her sad story to the nuns, who listened with deep sympathy; but friendless orphans are no uncommon experience in conventual establishments, and they approved of Mrs. Barry's management. "I wish I could take the poor child," said the Reverend Mother, with a sigh, "but there are many, many worse off, and I am helpless to relieve them. It goes to my heart to

be obliged to withstand the appeals made in their behalf. But I'll see that she has every advantage that we can give her, and 'sufficien for the day is the evil thereof.' "

Sundays were the lonely girl's worst days. She spent the greater part of them in the churches, and contrived to have a book for the evenings, for she was afraid to go out alone to Benediction.

So she lived on from day to day with a certain child-like faith, that her present isolation was only temporary and that by the time her education was finished Winnie would take her away. She lived in the present, studied, attended to all her little duties, and gave no deep thought to more unhappy possibilities, falling asleep at night, poor child, with wet lashes, and the name of God and her mother on her lips.

One day Mrs. Barry said to her abruptly: "The Sundays are the loneliest for you, dear, and, do you know, I was thinking if you came with myself next Sunday I'd bring you to see a nice place you were never in; you won't be too proud to walk along with me? I am very decent in my best suit, and the people would take me to be your nurse. 'Tis the sweetest spot you could see;—flowers and everything would rise your heart like?"

"Oh, it would be lovely, Mrs. Barry. I'd like it ever so much. Where is it?"

"'Tis the Rivers' almshouse," she replied, with a little hesitation, but there's no one in it but ladies;—and real ladies some of them are, surely. I washes for them. And there's one young lady in it as handsome as a picture, with a pair of eyes like two stars, and as good as she's handsome. Maybe we would see her."

"And would they let us walk about there, and look at everything?"

"'Deed then they would, I think. They are very friendly with myself, and as for my Jim, nothing is done right but what he does; the ladies are as fond of him as you can't think—but everyone takes to him, my poor boy. He jobs about for them, and Miss White teaches him a power with his one hand."

"Who is Miss White? Is she one of the ladies?"

"She is, and a real lady; better than her isn't walking the world. If *she* doesn't go straight to heaven, I don't know who will. A little angel she is; she's advanced in years now, but she's as light,—and only for being a bit delicate—she'd be as smart as yourself. I can make very bold on her, and bring you to see her; and maybe we'd find her within. I wouldn't take you there, dear, only I know they're such as your mother would like you to keep company with, though they are a bit down in the world, from what they ought to be."

Mrs. Barry departed in a glow of satisfaction at Sydney's evident pleasure in the proposed disposal of some of her Sunday hours. They

were to hear Mass at what was called the Alms-house Church. It was built so near the alms-house that a little passage was constructed for the convenience of the old ladies which led through a side-door directly into the pew appointed for their especial use.

(*To be continued.*)

O'CONNELL:

HIS DIARY FROM 1792 TO 1802, AND LETTERS

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.

PART II.

THE most agreeable book that has crossed our path for many a day is "The Mendelssohn Family," tracing the quiet fortunes of the great German composer's kindred through many generations. Would that materials existed for a similar record of "The O'Connell Family." It would contain many portraits worth preserving, besides the grand central figure.

We introduced the original documents, of which this is the second instalment, with some remarks on the position held by the O'Connells in Kerry, long before Daniel O'Connell made the name famous over all the world and through all coming time. If we had not limited our proofs to unpublished documents, we might have gone back to the days of the Nuncio Rinuccini; the first bishop he met in Ireland was Rickard O'Connell, Bishop of Ardfert and Kerry.* But we ought at least to have given in this context the following letter from the Knight of Kerry, who was then a member of the Irish government: the answer sent by O'Connell's uncle was printed in our last Number:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind intentions, and for the pains you took for me. I have now, thank God, weathered the storm; and, unless I meet some unforeseen misfortune, I never shall encounter such distress again.

"I have no doubt you will exert yourself, and prevail on your friends to do so, in favour of the plan for removing the abominable grievance at Drungbill. I suppose Jermyn has before now made a good progress in tracing the proper line and forming an estimate. I think the work should be done in a style of solidity and duration, well guarded by arches, and a stout lintern, from the mountain waters, and so executed as to make it an everlasting work for the purpose. We must not hesitate at some

* A graphic account of their interview in Macroom Castle, will be found at page 352 of the Rev. C. P. Meenan's "Irish Hierarchy in the Seventeenth Century."

extraordinary expense, and I think we shall by the subscription make the burthen easy to the barony.

"I have been thinking of a scheme for saving the barony of Iveragh from being the asylum of the outlaws and vagabonds of the other parts of the country. The Associations of Volunteers have done wonders, over the kingdom, in civilising the country and quelling lawless proceedings. Why should not a corps be raised in that barony, westward of the River Begh? The gentlemen of property, of your religion, in that country, uniting with the Protestants, might soon raise a body of men, I should imagine, that might be relied on for executing the above purposes. If a spirit of that sort should be raised and carried into execution, the men disciplined and well-officered, I will furnish them with firelocks. In such an undertaking care must be taken to avoid entering into feuds and factions, and to have no object in view but the peace and good of the public.

"I am, dear sir,

"Your most obedient and most faithful servant,

"ROBERT FITZGERALD.

"*Merrion-Square, February 1st, 1780.*"

The original of a much older letter lies here before us, written at Darrinane, on the 23rd of April, 1748, by John O'Connell, the great-grandfather of the Liberator. The style and matter prove the writer to have been an educated gentleman—which is more than could be said at that time of many holding high positions.

But we shall not go further back than the death of O'Connell's grandfather. We have not ascertained the year when that event occurred—the following letter is dated October 3rd, from Killarney, of which the writer was parish priest:—

"The death of Daniel O'Connell has been so much and so sincerely lamented by all the good, to whom he was known either by fame or personally, that it would be an idle and unmeaning sort of consoling to say to his widow and children—*don't grieve*. I do not say it to you, for my own grief, though not so immediately connected with that worthy man, was such that I can't suppose they could be without those feelings which good nature suggests and christianity permits upon such occasions. Yet it is to me, and should be to them, a matter of comfort that his life and conversation have been no very imperfect sketch of the glorious picture which Holy Writ exhibits to us of a true servant, in the Book of Ecclesiasticus—where after encouraging us to bestow praises upon the meritorious kindred that went before us, "*Laudemus viros gloriosos, etc.*," the description goes on to this purpose: "*Men great in virtue and endowed with innate prudence . . . men rich in virtue studying the beauty of order and rectitude, and producing peacefulness in their own houses, and thus giving glory among their neighbourhood, men abounding in piety and mercy, affording to the people proofs of their wisdom and to the Church matter for their praise.*" From all which the holy penman infers that there are grounds to hope that good things shall dwell with their children as with holy inheritors, who by imitating their virtues acquire a right to be in God's powerful keeping.

"The above, if well attended to, will, I think, contribute to calm the afflicted gentlewoman at Darrinane, and her children, and will also afford joy to his posterity, if with an eye of *faith* they look up to the 'good things' &c., mentioned above, which I most sincerely wish they may. And now, cousin Maurice, to you in particular, I

say would be no wonder if I had got proper notice of your father's approaching death, and a friendly call to mingle my tears with those of the family, then, or, at least, at the end of the month after it—but probably it is my own fault that so few care for me.

"I am, indeed, with tender affection to you all,
"MORGAN O'CONNELL."

The pages we have given from O'Connell's unpublished diary were written in his twentieth year, while he was a law-student in London, lodging at a Mrs. Rigby's in Chiswick. We shall not print the account which the smart, cynical young lawyer furnishes of the character and appearance of his landlady; but here is his description of her house:—
"A sketch of the characters of my fellow-lodgers and some of my acquaintances may, perhaps, at a future period, be amusing; the drawing or attempt at drawing must be of present utility; these arguments justify in my mind the enterprise. I shall preface the characters with a description of the situation and of the house. This house fronts the Thames and commands a view of Barnes at the one side, and of the Margrave of Ansbach's house on the other. An island covered with reeds and osiers, lies opposite the door, and extends some length both ways. Nothing can be better calculated for a lodging-house than this is. The apartments are extensive and unconnected; each inmate is as much alone as if in a separate house."

Before transcribing the next entry in the diary, we may give the concluding words of the one preceding it: "Mrs. Hunter desired me to insert in my journal an observation of her daughter's. It is that in fifty years I would doubt whether I was a man or a cabbage-stump, so much was I inclined to suspicion." Miss Hunter and O'Connell himself had little notion of what he was to be in fifty years. That term of years brought him down to 1845. One would be curious to know how far his Chiswick fellow-lodgers followed the young Kerryman's career.

"*Thursday, December 31st, 1795*:—With this day the year closes. How fleet has it been in its progress, how rapid in its course! It seemed to commence but yesterday, and behold it already is no more. A few more such years, and the scene will close upon me. I who now write, who now think, who now move with strength and velocity will be stretched, pale, motionless, inanimate—my mind now can grasp in its comprehension millions of

"Adamantine spheres
Rolling unshaken through the void immense."*

It can descend from this elevation, either gradually or with one bold stride to the minute insect that escapes the eye of the microscope. What is to become of this comprehensive mind? The body, placed in a solitary corner, a prey to worms and vermin, soon will restore to the elements

* Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination."

the portions of each which it has absorbed, or I should rather say of which it is composed. But the mind—the mind! “Through what variety of untried being” is *that* to roam?

He ends his airy speculations with this practical bit of business: “I read this day 12 pages of E. N. P., about 40 pages of Godwin, and as many of Gibbon, and 5 pages of “*Para's Physique Expérimentale*.” For some days I have not inserted what I read. It was not because I was idle these days.”

“*Saturday, January 2, 1796.*—I this day received a letter from Maurice, dated Carhen, on the 21st ultimo. He is extremely irritated against the general. It would be extremely improper in me to inform the latter of the opinions of his conduct which this letter contains. However, I will behave with prudence and firmness on the occasion. I will not deny having the letter, nor will I show it. It would be happy for me if I could follow the same method of conducting myself at all times; and why should I not? It is only necessary for this purpose to weigh well each action before I commence it. I am not now *en train* for deep speculation, neither am I fit for gaiety or vivacity: what I write must be dull and vapid, void of reason as of wit.

“I this day read the usual quantity of E. N. P., sixteen pages of Godwin, ninety pages of Gibbon, and eighty of Booter's Historical account of a suit at law. This book will in future be mentioned under the title of B. S. L. I read likewise some passages of the Manual of Liberty (to be contracted in future numbers to M. L., and a hundred-and-twelve pages of “Hugh Trevor” to Miss Hunter. The Manual of Liberty is composed of quotations from different authors, which quotations contain arguments to demonstrate the folly or ridicule to show the absurdity of existing Political Institutions. The confused false or exaggerated representations which crafty tyranny invents in support of these institutions, and which blind prejudice receives are dangerous to the liberty, that is to the happiness of mankind. The book in question supplies arguments to combat and convince even prejudice; and must, therefore, be useful in propagating the cause of truth.

“*Sunday, January 3rd, 1796.*—I read to-day 90 pages of Gibbon, and 63 of the ‘Rights of Women,’ written by Mary Wolstoncraft. This work may, if perused with attention, be very useful. It is calculated to open the road to truth by clearing away prejudice. That the present state of female education is miserably erroneous, that mind has no sex, and that women are unjustly enslaved, are opinions I have long entertained. What portion of power in the governing world ought to be entrusted to the female sex is a question which I cannot decide. However, Godwin has in some measure made up my mind on the subject, by proving that Government to be best which

had fewest restraints upon private judgment. Surely the judgment of the one sex ought to be as unshackled as that of the other.

"*Tuesday, January 5th, 1796*:—I was in town yesterday and I did not return until late in the evening. The General did not ask for Maurice's letter. I went to bed last night at one o'clock and got up this morning at eight. My watch was at the maker's these some days past, and this is the reason of my omitting the insertion of the hours of going to bed and rising.

"I will no longer insert the number of pages which I read each day. I shall content myself with setting down the day I begin and the day I end each book. From this rule I will except my law study. I have already resolved to read twelve pages a day of E.N.P. Should I fail in this I will remark it, in order that the insertion of one fault may serve to admonish me and prevent a repetition.

"I last night began the "*Life of Dr. Johnson*," by Arthur Murphy. This is reckoned the best life of him extant; it neither fatigues by the recital of trifles into which Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi descend, and still it is so managed as not to disgust by a mere list of dates. Mr. Murphy is now sitting at tea with Mrs. Hunter in the room beneath this in which I write. He is a very lively agreeable old man, and looks extremely well although at the age of 75. He was attentive to me when I was here last year. He once attempted to argue me out of my democratic opinions, but he handled the subject ill, and indeed gave me several arguments against the propositions which he endeavoured to establish. However, I was not permitted to make use of any argument; he kept the debate entirely to himself, and of course had it all his own way.

"*Wednesday, January 13th, 1796*:—A week has elapsed since the last was written—a soreness in my eyes, a trifling one indeed, and negligence, were the causes of the interruption. I now reassume my pen, having formed a resolution to write something everyday; the time of sitting down to begin the number for the day, shall not, I intend, be later than half-past three. In mentioning the studies of the day, a practice I mean to reassume, the term "*day*," must be understood to mean the time that elapsed since a similar entry was made on the preceding day.

"I went to bed last night at half-past twelve and got up this morning at ten. Since I commenced this journal at Chiswick, I have felt many salutary effects from thus taking a retrospective view of my conduct. I study much more than I did before. Indeed, while at home, I read or write almost continually. But in the article of sleep I am as culpable as ever; instead of going to bed early and getting up early, I do the reverse. Many resolutions I have formed on this head—no beneficial effect has ensued. The resolution of the present moment may be as futile as its predecessors. Were this journal to fall

into the hands of any of my acquaintances, how ridiculous would it appear, but it would be the deuce itself if it was by any accident met with by one of those whose characters I have endeavoured to sketch.

"Bennett set off for Liverpool on Monday evening to be called to the Bar. He was not married a month at the time of his departure. How happy or how miserable would his condition make me!—I mean, not his absence from his wife, but his connection with her; but I will not now speculate on this subject.

"*Thursday, January, 14th, 1796.*—I went to bed last night at about one, and got up this morning at nine. I read 15 pages of E. N. P., and 30 of "Godwin." I have likewise read two volumes and a half of a Novel called "The Ring," the most stupid, insipid work I have met with; yet I mean to finish it before I go to bed. I heard from Owney this morning; he mentions the conduct of Maurice while at home, which I will treat of in a future number.

"*Monday, January 18th, 1796.*—I went to town on Friday, and did not return until Saturday evening. On Friday I attended at the Old Bailey; two highway men were tried and found guilty. Now, if these unfortunate men are hanged, will one more virtue be infused into the bosom of anyone? will one crime less be committed than had they escaped? Certainly not; the experience of ages shows the inefficiency of punishment. The reasoning of the speculatist shows its immorality. Yet men continue to inflict it on their fellow beings. Driven to despair by the wants of nature and the contempt of his acquaintance, the man whose strenuous efforts are insufficient to procure him subsistence, takes the road and forcibly deprives the luxurious or the unfeeling of a portion of their superfluities. The sacred rights of property thus violated, devote the head of the unwilling spoliator to destruction. And this is what we are taught to call justice. O Justice, what horrors are committed in thy name! I read this day 58 pages of Para, 60 of Godwin, and 103 pages of an Essay on the "Life and Genius of Johnson," by Arthur Murphy. I believe I have already remarked that Mr. Murphy's style is easy, clear, and not inelegant; but he is nothing less than a philosopher. He seems to defend not truth but Johnson; he runs out in many unnecessary declamations on modern reformers, and metaphysical theorists.

"I wrote and despatched a letter to-day to my uncle Maurice for money. The style of this letter satisfied me more than that of many others of mine has done.

"*January 19th, 1796.*—I read this day 110 pages of Gibbon, 23 of Godwin, and 33 of Para. I read likewise part of the treatise on aerology, in Hall's Encyclopædia. I read but 5 pages of E. N. P. The artificial unnatural distinctions of the law disgust me, while the iniquity of punishing ignorance shocks. To understand the second branch of the foregoing sentence it is necessary to recollect that in new

cases the probability is that the losing party was prompted by the doubtful terms of these Acts of Parliament to undertake or defend the suit. Ignorance is punished in another manner in the English courts of Justice. Men unavoidably lose not unfrequently considerable interests through the ignorance of the special pleader. The omission of a word in a declaration is sufficient to set aside the best founded judgment; and this case is peculiarly cruel, as the individual who suffers is innocent of the mistake or neglect which proved fatal to his interests.

NEW BOOKS.

IN order to gain some more space for the subject to which the concluding pages of our present issue will be devoted—the Denis Florence M'Carthy Memorial—we shall condense still further our usually very brief notices of books. Many of the works that we mention in this curt fashion will require us to return to them next month.

We must reserve for a separate article the wonderful series of volumes, forming a library in themselves—*Bibliotheca Neo-Aurelianensis*—which we owe to the religious zeal and literary industry and skill of Mother Austin Carroll, of the Convent of Mercy, New Orleans.

Such, also, must be, for the present, the fate of two volumes of verse, very different in their aim and character, published by an Irish parish priest and an English oratorian. From the press of Messrs. James Duffy & Sons we have "Verses on Doctrinal and Devotional Subjects," by the Rev. James Casey, P.P., who uses with great zeal and skill this novel instrument for the religious instruction of our simple people; while the poems of the Rev. H. I. D. Ryder, of the Birmingham Oratory, which our own publishers, Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son, have just issued in an attractive little volume, will be found to constitute a remarkable addition to English literature, full of original thought, expressed with consummate grace and refinement. Of course our readers shall hear more on this subject.

Messrs. Burns & Oates have taken up their abode at Granville Mansions, Orchard-street, Portman-square, London, W. Their new address is not more conveniently written: may it have compensating advantages and form a "new departure" in a long career of literary enterprise. We can only mention among their new publications a very clear and brief "Catechism of the Vows of the Religious State," by Father Cotel, S.J., and the third of the Granville History Readers, in which Mr. T. J. Livesey

tells, very simply and pleasantly, the story of England from the Wars of the Roses to the present time. Those who have anything to do with our Catholic soldiers, many of whom are so wonderfully good, ought to provide themselves with "The Soldier's Companion." It begins with brief addresses from two priests and two officers. We prefer the laymen. The same publishers give us, in a small volume, sketches, by the Rev. William Lloyd, of the four recently canonised saints—Clare of Montefalco, Laurence of Brindisi, Benedict Joseph Labre, and John Baptist de Rossi.

For June the Granville Mansions Press supplies also a new issue of that most solid spiritual work, Father Arnold's "Imitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," with an introduction which, for the first time, gives an account of the author, a Belgian-American Jesuit.

We lately called attention to a Child's Prayerbook which can only be had on application to the Sisters of Mercy, Limerick.* We ought in that context to have given many words of praise to the Child's Picture Prayerbook, published by Mr. Washbourne, of Paternoster-row. But we refer to the Limerick publication at present for the purpose of complaining that another Limerick Religious house has adopted the same policy as regards the circulation of a little book which deserves the widest circulation—we mean "A Retreat for Men," by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R.—vigorous and original sermons in preparation for the renewal of baptismal vows. Their merits are of that sterling kind which will be expected by all who have either read or heard Father Bridgett. The title-page contains a curious statement, or rather two of them—"To be obtained only from the Redemptorist Fathers, price sixpence." This last circumstance explains the first: the book is given on such ruinous terms that poor terrestrial booksellers, who must look to something else beside the good of souls, cannot afford to have anything to say to it. If our unauthorised announcement draws down upon the good Fathers of Mount Alphonsus, Limerick, an avalanche of sixpences (with three half-pence added for postage), we tender to them beforehand the most ample apology.

We announced last month the publication of "A Collection of Chants and Melodies for the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by Joseph Jenks" (Burns & Oates). We did not express any opinion (for we had none) as to the merit of the collection. Our musical critic *has* an opinion. "The publication of the above, the production evidently of an inexperienced writer, is to be regretted, as the work cannot in any way be commended. The melodies are weak and secular in character, and in all many of the harmonic progressions are faulty and most unsatisfactory. There is no want for good Litany chants however, as they are to be found in the numerous collections of hymns and chants published by the German and American Cecilian Societies, and

* Since our remarks were printed—*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*? "My Little Prayer-book" is published by M. H. Gill & Son.

to be had, we believe, of Messrs. Burns & Oates of London, and other Catholic booksellers."

Finally, as it has come so far and as it is specially appropriate to the month of June, we offer our preliminary welcome to "Hymns of the Sacred Heart, by Eleanor Donnelly, adapted to original and selected melodies" (Philadelphia, 534 Pine-street). We have heard that Miss Donnelly is a singer in two senses of the word; and we trust that our critic will find the music as sweet and true as the verse which it translates into another language.

For a convent-prize or gift-book there is nothing fresher or better than "A Saint Among Saints—Sketch of the Life of St. Emmelia, Mother of St. Basil the Great" (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son)—of which more anon.

DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY.

II.

It was less than a fortnight before Mr. MacCarthy's death that the writer of these simple memorial notes, after congratulating him on the improvement in his health, went on to take blame to himself for having so long delayed a projected *causerie* about his poetry, such as had been already devoted to the poetry of his friend Aubrey de Vere, Coventry Patmore, Dalton Williams, Adelaide Procter, and many others less deserving of this homage from the *IRISH MONTHLY*. He ventured also to ask the poet what were his own favourites among his poems—what samples he would prefer to see set before our readers. But now it matters less what flowers are culled from the poet's garden; for our garland is to be laid on a grave. Well, let us do all we can for one another while we are in this mortal state, which enables us to give and to take such services. In grown-up hearts there are chords similar to that which Mrs. Hemans touches lightly in a childish heart:

"Ah! when my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more."

The chief tribute paid in these pages to our poet's memory shall, this month, consist of the list of names found on one of the few leaves which now remain to be filled. If any of our readers are unacquainted with Denis Florence MacCarthy's worth as a man and a poet, they may learn it from the array of contributors, many of them distinguished men and representatives of many classes, who have already come forward to do honour to his name.

The sanction of Cardinal Newman's name is more precious even than his too munificent subscription. The deceased poet yielded to none in the affectionate reverence which he felt for the illustrious Oratorian Cardinal. His last gift to a dear relative was a copy of the famous Oulless portrait of his Eminence.

Our new Irish Cardinal wrote, on the 5th of May, from Rome :—

"I am glad to see that the friends of Denis Florence MacCarthy are exerting themselves to erect a Monument to his memory. I trust that the result of their labours will be worthy of the man. To his high literary character he added the still higher title of Christian gentleman. I believe I am quite safe in saying, that during his chequered career, no word escaped his pen that could wound the most sensitive modesty. No act of his public or domestic life weakened his hold on the affectionate esteem of those who knew him from earliest manhood. The memory of such a man should be cherished. To help this good work, I send you a cheque for £5, with my most sincere wish for its success."

We may be allowed to mention here that Cardinal Mac Cabe and our deceased poet were fellow-students, and that the friendship of youth was maintained to the end.

One of the most refined and thoughtful volumes of verse that have ever issued from the press has just been dedicated by its author—Father Ryder of the Birmingham Oratory—"to Aubrey de Vere as a slight expression of reverence for one whose life has been a happy blending of fidelities to his church, his country, and his muse, in an age which presents but few examples of any such conjunction." Denis Florence MacCarthy was another example. That these kindred spirits were linked together by a high mutual appreciation and regard is known to those who have had the honour of their acquaintance, and is testified by the survivor in a letter from which we take a few extracts :—

"I need hardly say that I shall be but too glad that my name should be added to those connected with the D. F. MacCarthy Memorial Fund. It is indeed well that Ireland should do honour to one who has done honour to her, not only by his genius, but also by the fact that he always employed that genius in the interests of virtue and religion as well as of Ireland. Wherever his poetry is read—whether his original poetry, so much of which relates to Ireland, or his translations from the great Catholic poet of Spain—it will diffuse a healthy influence, raising the hearts of men *ad altiora*."

The same names—De Vere and MacCarthy—occur together in a letter of Longfellow's, which we have the privilege of printing for the first time. Some of our readers may have met in print, though only printed privately, two other letters of the great American poet, written in 1857 and 1862. The following is nearly ten years later. The Cambridge is, of course, the American Cambridge, near Boston.

"Cambridge, June 13, 1873.

"DEAR MR. MAC CARTHY,

"Do you remember what Göethe says of Calderon ?

"Many a beam the orient throws
By the distant waters caught :
He alone that Hafis knows
Knows what Calderon has thought."

"And this is what Mr. Hillard means by his ' Oriental element shining through it, like the ruddy heart of an opal.'

"Whatever it is, it is something very charming ; and I was truly delighted with your new volume, as with the others. Accept my best thanks for your kind remembrance ; also for the two beautiful sonnets by which you dedicate to me 'The Two Lovers of Heaven,' received long ago.

"I am glad to see that you dedicate one piece in the new volume to Aubrey de Vere : a sweet and noble character, and a true poet, who well merits this recognition from your hand.

"I am particularly pleased with the style in which the book is printed, and wish all the others were in this form.

"Of our days in Rome I often think with a melancholy pleasure—melancholy because they are no more. Would they might come back again. *Quien Sabe ?* Perhaps they may.

"Always with great regard,

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

SS. Chrysanthus and Daria were the holy pair whose story was dramatised by Calderon in the play that Longfellow refers to. His reference must be our excuse for quoting Mr. Gladstone's opinion of Mr. Mac Carthy's version, expressed in a letter to the late Dr. Russell of Maynooth, which lies before us. "It was with much admiration," says the most learned and literary of Prime Ministers, "that I read his translation of Calderon's *Two Lovers of Heaven*." Our last annotation on Longfellow's cordial letter shall be to transcribe the dedicatory sonnets, for which he thanks our Irish poet who offers them, "in grateful recollection of some delightful days spent with him in Rome." They are dated, "Dublin, August 24, 1869."

I.

"Pensive within the Coliseum's walls

I stood with thee, O Poet of the West :—
The day when each had been a welcome guest
In San Clemente's venerable halls :—

Ah, with what pride my memory now recalls
That hour of hours, that flower of all the rest,
When with thy white beard falling on thy breast—
That noble head, that well might serve as Paul's

In some divinest vision of the saint

By Raffael dreamed, I heard thee mourn the dead—
The martyred host who fearless there, though faint,

Walked the rough road that up to heaven's gate led :
These were the pictures Calderon loved to paint
In golden hues that here perchance have fled.

II.

" Yet take the colder copy from my hand,
 Not for its own but for THE MASTER'S sake,
 Take it, as thou, returning home, wilt take
 From that divinest soft Italian land
 Fixed shadows of the Beautiful and Grand
 In sunless pictures that with the sun doth make—
 Reflections that may pleasant memories wake
 Of all that Raffael touched, or Angelo planned :—
 As these may keep what memory else might lose,
 So may this photograph of verse impart
 An image, though without the native hues
 Of Calderon's fire, and yet with Calderon's art,
 Of what Thou lovest through a kindred Muse
 That sings in heaven, yet nestles in the heart."

We plead ignorance of the authority that has made it the test of merit *laudari a laudato*, to be praised by those who themselves are praised by all ; but it is on this principle that this mosaic of kindly criticisms has been pieced together. We might add the testimony of Mr. S. C. Hall, the founder of the *Art Journal*, who expresses his satisfaction in contributing to " a memorial that will commemorate not only the lofty genius but the social and moral worth of one of the truest poets and best men it has been his lot personally to know, regard, and honour." But, perhaps, the warm Irish heart of the Laureate of Erin would be most pleased with the spirit in which Father James Casey—himself a poet though a hard-working parish priest of Elphin—sends his help to the Mac Carthy Memorial :—

" If the claim of your lamented friend to the proud title of Mac Carthy *Mors* be disputed, no one can question his right to the title of Mac Caura *Millish*—Mac Carthy the Melodious. Had he never written a line but his inimitable translation of the *Lauda Sion*, or his beautiful verses on the Pillar Towers of Ireland and on Erin's Native Shamrock—the former emblematic of the solidity, the latter of the perpetual freshness, of his fame—his Memorial would have strong claims on every Soggarth Aroon and on every lover of faith and fatherland."*

* Many of our readers in the country, not used to deal with committees or corporate bodies, may find it more convenient to entrust their contributions towards this good work to the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner-street, Dublin.

O'CONNELL:

HIS DIARY FROM 1792 TO 1802, AND LETTERS.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.

PART III.

SOME of these pages would have little worth or interest if they were not written by O'Connell. After the second of the following entries (which ends with the startling announcement that he had begun to write a novel) the young law-student removed from London to Dublin.

* * *

Sunday, January 31st, 1796.—I did not get up this morning until ten, notwithstanding the many resolutions I have made on the subject of lying in bed. I do not know when I shall be able to cure myself of laziness. I lose through it the most precious part of the day.

Were I to make a few remarks on my style, I should find much to blame. My sentences do not flow into each other with natural ease: they are unconnectedly jumbled together. It is not necessary to quote anything I have written to illustrate these assertions; even while I mention my faults I give a specimen of them. I cannot help observing that, since I treated this subject before, my style seems to me to have improved. I read this day 48 pages of the "Rights of Women" by Mary Wolstoncraft, and 124 of Gibbon. In the "Rights of Women" there are many truths mixed with several errors. The authoress certainly possesses a strong mind. Her style is not good, though the language is correct. She is too fond of metaphor; images crowd too fast on the reader, and in the decoration we lose sight of the substance. I have finished the first volume, and am told a second has lately appeared.

Thursday, February 18th, 1796.—I this day finished the fifth volume of Gibbon. I have read, since my last entry in this journal, "Caleb Williams," by Goodwin, 3 vols., the 1st, 2nd, and 4th vols of Voltaire, which contain some of his Tragedies; the Confession of J. J. Rousseau, 1 vol.; "Recueil Necessaire," 1 vol. I finished the "Manual of Liberty." I began yesterday a translation of Taputa's questions from "Recueil Necessaire." I have likewise begun a novel, which I probably never will finish.*

Saturday, December 3rd, 1796.†—I now resume my journal after

* One feels curious to know what was the name and subject of O'Connell's youthful novel. We are not aware that he or Butt ever attempted verse-making, like Grattan, Curran, and most of the orators from Cicero to Thomas Francis Meagher.—Ed. I. M.

† At this date he was in Dublin, lodging with a Mrs. Jones.

almost a year of neglect, with a resolution to continue it with punctuality for the future. I know not how long this resolution will last, but this I know that to persevere in it would be of the utmost utility to me. Did I but record the regular reading of the day, shame would prevent me from being negligent. The perusal of my Journal would be the best reward of diligence, the surest punishment of idleness. I read this day 130 pages of Gibbon. I read, and with attention, the first chapter of Smith's "Wealth of Nations." Dr. Smith, in this chapter, proves that the product of Nature is increased by division, so that ten men can make more of a given work in one day than one man in ten days. He supports this position by the example of penmen, nailors, &c., and by reasoning.—1st, argument, improvement of dexterity; 2nd, no time lost as in the passing from one branch to another; 3rd, more ready invention of machinery. "It is the great multiplication of the products of all the arts, in consequence of the division of labour, which occasions in a well-governed society that universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest rank of society," page 11. Each workman has to spare a great quantity of the produce of his labour, each can therefore easily provide the necessaries of life in great quantities. The division of labour cannot take place in agriculture; the corn of a rich country cannot therefore always in the same degree of goodness come cheaper to market than that of the poor. The corn of Poland is as cheap as that of France.

I wrote a letter to John Hayes, and part of one to Henry Baldwin.

Monday, December 5th, 1796.—Yesterday read 145 pages of Gibbon. The edition was printed by Luke White,* in Dame-street, 1789. I this day extracted from Gibbon a chronological list of the Emperors from Gallus, successor to Decius, A.D. 252 to the year 324, when Constantine, falsely called "The Great," was sole emperor. I read and noted 8 pages of Coke on Littleton, vol. 1st. I read Blackstone's "Commentaries" to p. 38, vol. i. It is the small Dublin edition which I read at present. I mean to peruse it with the most accurate care and the most searching attention. I will afterwards read Christian's edition of the same work, in order to imprint on my mind more strongly the doctrines of my author. Blackstone possesses one very singular advantage for a law writer: he is clear and not uninteresting. As for Coke's "Institutes," were it not for the happy absurdities which abound in them, the pedantry of style, the obscurity of matter, and the loathsome tediousness of trifling would create insurmountable disgust.

Wednesday, December 7th, 1796.—Yesterday subscribed to the Dublin Library in Eustace-street. I paid two guineas—a large sum of money for me, but I think I shall have very ample value for it. I

* Ancestor of Lord Annaly.

mean to spend four days in the week there. I am at present engaged in reading Whittaker's "History of Manchester," and Henry's "History of England." The former, I find, has an implicit belief in the genuineness of Ossian's Poems. On this subject I must read Blair's "Critical Essay." I must remark that the names of Ossian's heroes were familiar to my infancy and long before I had heard of Macpherson or his translation, the characters of the poem were mostly known to me.

I yesterday read the article "Gladiator" in the *Encyclopedie* and in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. The latter seems if I may judge by this article, to be the work of compilers, the former that of Philosophers. They both agree in deducing the savage custom of Gladiatorial shows from perhaps the less savage one of sacrificing prisoners at the funerals of deceased kings or princes and heroes.

I read yesterday 14 pages in folio of the preface to Bayle's "Dictionnaire Philosophique et Critique." I likewise read 15 pages of the preface to Dr. Henry's "History of England." This day read 18 pages of Whittaker's "History of Manchester," and 79 pages of Henry's "History of England."

Saturday, December 10th, 1796.—I yesterday had a letter from my father, and must answer it by next post. I have very little to say in my Journal at present of my private life and opinions. Perhaps it would be more useful for me now to write on them than on the subjects of my late speculations; certainly it would be more entertaining if at a future and distant period I should read the contents of this book, but unfortunately I have nothing to write on. My life, though not in any degree insipid, is monotonous and unchequered. I spend the greater part of the day in the library; in the perusal of a favourite author I feel not the time slip away. Was the library to remain open till one o'clock at night, I am sure I should frequently be there at that hour. As it strikes ten, I am forced, very reluctantly, to leave it.

I supped with Marshall, Bland, Fuller, and Hickson of the Brigade last night. We remained up until about two. I was not by any means intoxicated, nor was I much amused. Marshall paid the bill. I like Marshall very much, as everyone must who knows his character. He knows me not yet; he wishes to be acquainted with my heart, my disposition. I will not hurry his knowledge of it, let time unfold by degrees that which it would not be easy to show at once. A man, I believe, meets with many difficulties in playing even his own character. I am anxious for the friendship of Marshall and Bland; I think we shall make a valuable triumvirate. I can here indulge what elsewhere would be deemed vanity. I am thinking on paper—that is all. I yesterday read 30 pages of Henry's "England." I read within these two days a chapter of Gibbon. I now read much slower though I write much faster than I was accustomed to do. I read with more reflection and profit. I inserted some notes from Henry's "England."

Tuesday, December 13th, 1796.—I have let two days slip without adding a word to my Journal, but they were two days in which little was added to my knowledge. After Mass on Sunday I went to Bennett's, and we walked out to view the Volunteers. In the evening I read a play. Yesterday I read a few pages of Gibbon, and 48 pages of "La Cour de Berlin," par Madame Mirabeau. I have been much more diligent this day, and read 70 pages of Henry's "England," 54 of Boswell's "Johnson," and the article on "Dogs" in Buffon's "Natural History." I also wrote a letter to my father in answer to one received on Saturday. I have little to speculate on at present. I have been looking out for a subject but found none to please my fancy. Many present themselves on a distant view; but when I endeavour to contemplate anyone nearer I find I am not able to say anything satisfactory on it. These remarks put me in mind of some one who makes a long discourse in praise of silence.

John Segerson is in town and has outbid my father for one of his own farms, that has been set up for sale under a decree of the Court of Exchequer. This farm was sold under a mortgage which Segerson had granted to a Mr. Chute. It was on the subject of this farm that I wrote to my father. My life is very easy at present, and if I can contrive to raise 12 pounds on my note payable next November, I shall enjoy this winter more happiness than ever I tasted. The dark clouds which have frequently overshadowed my youthful horizon are withdrawn, or are, I hope, about to be withdrawn. I am of a sanguine disposition; I have a relish for happiness, and I have often reflected on that subject. I feel no present inconvenience, and the sum I have already mentioned would take away all apprehension of future difficulties. I enjoy the use of a moderate collection of well-chosen books of which I am growing daily fonder and more fond. Add to this I live in a most pleasant family. Why should I not, therefore, be happy? I feel that I am so. The recollection of this winter will, during the course of my life, bring with it pleasure; yet, perhaps, danger, difficulty, and distress are nearer to me than I am aware. This world of ours is so badly organised that the most penetrating judgment cannot assure the permanence of any blessing. I had a letter from Henry Baldwin yesterday, advising me to go to confession to Mr. Beattie, a Jesuit. [Father Betagh.]

Friday, December 23rd, 1796.—I am sorry that so much time has elapsed since I wrote the last number. It would be advantageous to me for the present, and amusing in the future, was I each day to put on paper the mode of thinking that rules the hour. I do not express myself accurately, I meant to say the thoughts of the day.

I have read the remaining part of the first vol. of Boswell and the second, also 14 pages of the third. I dislike Boswell very much: yet why should I? He was not a man of genius; he ought not to

have obtruded himself on the public notice. His "Life of Johnson," however, will long be read with pleasure. Boswell should have remembered that the public were not curious about his own affairs, his family transactions, his opinions, &c. He says that he differed from Dr. Johnson on the right of the British Parliament to tax the colonies, and the affirmative was argued by the doctor in some pamphlets. Dr. Johnson said if he was a country gentleman he would punish any tenant who voted for any but the candidate of his master's choice. Johnson hated the name of a Whig; he complained that the government was too weak; that the king had too little power. Boswell too boasts of his Toryism!!! At the end of the eighteenth century, as it is pompously exclaimed, such things still continue. We are all barbarians; we have just civilisation enough to perceive that we are barbarians—that is all.

I took my seat on Wednesday night in the Historical Society; the admission fee a guinea and a half. The question was a comparison between biennial and septennial Parliaments. I had prepared myself to speak in favour of the former. I did not: there was no debate.

Boswell's wife remarked on his partiality to Johnson that "she had often seen a man lead a bear, but never saw a bear lead a man." The jealousy was truly feminine: she wished, I suppose, that nobody should lead her husband but herself.

Saturday, December 24th, 1796.—I read 148 pages of Johnson. I read the Introduction to the Pagan and that to the Monastic Antiquities of Ireland in "Grose's Antiquities."

Dr. Johnson doubted the appearance of ghosts. Murphy says that the doctor wished to believe it. Johnson said "it was a point that at the end of 5,000 years was yet unsettled in the world; all belief was for, all argument against it; that is to say, men believed, they knew not why. Yet this universal belief is urged, I think, by Johnson, in the "Rambler," in favour of the opinion believed. Addison, or one of the writers in the "Spectator," has expressed that thought. With regard to myself, though I am perfectly convinced of the non-existence of ghosts, I mean when I reason, when I make use of my faculties, I am convinced of it; yet I have preserved a strong superstitious dread of them. Let me employ my judgment on this subject, let me controvert the existence of ghosts whenever it is mentioned in conversation. I have often declared that I would wish to see a ghost, though I fear I did not tell the truth; but the assertion made a wrong impression on my mind. I granted to my mind that there were such things when I made any supposition concerning their appearance. Yet if there really were ghosts, it would be extremely useful for me to see one. There are none; philosophy teaches there can be none.

'Hence, horrible shadow! unreal mockery, hence.'

I have formed a resolution to go in the night to the Abbey below Darrinane. I can by doing it give a practical proof of my disbelief in ghosts I would be ashamed that anyone thought I believed in them.

Mr. Grose, or the editor, Mr. Ledwich, whom I believe I knew in London, in the affair of Denis Kean Mahony's robbery, says there were two religions in the Northern regions, the Celtic and the Scythian. The Scythian got the upper hand in Britain about 300 years before Christ. Whittaker holds partly the same opinion; see "*History of Manchester.*" The groves were druidical, Celtic; the circle of stones Scythian. The cromleachs were sepulchral monuments. The cromleachs were erected by placing a large oblong square stone on three or four supporters. They are in the shape of altars. There is one not far from the top of Comb-a-Kistih, near Darrinane, and another near Currane. I will examine both next summer. The cairns were heaps of stones raised in the figure of a cone. They were likewise monuments. It is still a custom, though almost worn out, to raise a pile of stones where any one met with an unexpected death. In Iveragh, I mean, this custom is fast expiring. There were loose heaps of stones near Drung Hill of which tradition tells a monstrous story. They are twenty or thirty paces one from the other; yet is said they were created in order to facilitate, by supporting its sides, the stripping of an ox. The ox was killed on this spot by Bran, a greyhound of Fin MacCoul, after a course that commenced in Ulster. The ox swam across the bay from the opposite side; the greyhound, unwilling to wet his skin, galloped round and arrived at this side as soon as the ox.

Monday, December 26th, 1796.—I read nothing this day but Boswell's "*Johnson*," 280 pages. I went to bed last night at one, and got up this morning at ten: this is too much sleep, and the indulgence must be corrected. "I would be a philosopher but that gaiety breaks in upon me," said Edwards, a school-fellow of Johnson, to him; so should I too, but that in the gaiety of my heart I forget that sacred love for what is fact, that noble spirit of rectitude that enlivens my retired moments. I hope that in spite of the allurements and falsehood of the world I shall yet find means to practise the lessons of wisdom. I know that I have not sufficient recollection to enable me to avoid entangling myself in the opinions of a misjudging world. When I think by myself, my notions are in general very correct.

I dined yesterday at Bennett's, who seems to enjoy as much happiness as most men I know. I received this day a letter from my father, containing a draft on Mr. Franks for £40. This money I am to pay to the college.

Thursday, December 29th, 1796.—I read on Tuesday 97 pages of Boswell, to the end of the last volume. On the whole, I am better satisfied with this work than I thought I should have been. Indeed, I entered upon it with a very unfavourable impression of the merit of

the performance. For a long time, nay until I was concluding the book, I considered it through the cloudiest medium of prejudice; but the candid criticism of the reviewers has made me regard it in a new point of view. Boswell was certainly a well-disposed man. Johnson I admire and pity. I love him in one moment, and almost hate him in the next. He must, indeed, have been a great man, as his minutest words and actions are very well worth the relation. His mind was powerfully strong, his intellectual view most acute and distinct; yet his mind was clouded with many prejudices. He was intolerant of any opposition to his own orthodox opinions of Church and State. I do not assert that his opinions were strictly conformable to the doctrines of the Church of England. On the contrary he fostered doctrines received by the Catholic Church, such as prayers for the dead. I believe it was Johnson who said that he did not love a man who was zealous for nothing. Whoever said it, the sentiment is quite in unison with my opinion. The man whose mind is not forcibly excited by some object is not capable of receiving any strong impression. He is incapable of love or friendship. Give me the man whose generous mind is inflamed now with ardent enthusiasm, now is chilled with causeless apprehension—I mean not the apprehension for self, which degrades the man, but the apprehension which arises from excess of desire and anxiety for success. The man who conceives strongly is the man of genius; he is the friend and the patriot.

The French Fleet is arrived in Bantry Bay. An officer whom chance has cast ashore was this day examined before the Privy Council. The French will perhaps meet with a greater resistance than they have been, in all probability, led to believe. I know not what conjectures to make for the future. I love, from my heart I love, liberty; I do not express myself properly. Liberty is in my bosom less a principle than a passion; but I know that the victories of the French would be attended with bad consequences. The Irish are not yet sufficiently enlightened to bear the Sun of Freedom. Freedom would soon dwindle into licentiousness, they would rob, they would murder. The altar of liberty totters when it is cemented only with blood, when it is supported with carcases. The liberty which I look for is that which would increase the happiness of mankind. To the service of this liberty I have devoted my life and whatever talents I have or may acquire.

I attended the Historical Society last night. I spoke twice against the partition of Greece into small portions. I knew the part of Blackstone in which we were examined better than any other individual.

Saturday, December 31st. 1796.—With this day closes the year. Twelve months since I wrote the same sentence in my Journal. During this period I have advanced somewhat, though not much, in science; the summer was almost entirely thrown away. I have had many

happy moments during the year. I have had many miserable ones. I have declined or rather suddenly fallen off in the opinion of my uncle; indeed, I knew not what it was to be economical in London. I spent foolishly what I bitterly lamented since. During this year there has been no action of mine which ought to bring regret to my conscience or shame to my cheek. I have done nothing which should exalt the self-love of my heart into approving joy. The only things I have acquired are something more of knowledge and firmness in the ways of life; somewhat more of prudence in the conduct of my opinions; this indeed is a late acquirement; I had it not in the country. I have added to the stock of my miscellaneous knowledge. My acquaintance with the law has not been much, it at all improved.

I was yesterday informed that Darby Mahony was dead. I heard it with real concern. I remember with delight the commencement of our intimacy; when infants, or a little older we were kept asunder by family dissensions; when we became acquainted, our former distance rendered the change more pleasing. I remember, as the happiest days of my life, a couple of Sundays on which he was allowed to join us at Carhen. Our intimacy increased; we hunted together, we were at school together, we barred out Linahan, our master together. Darby on this occasion did signal service; armed with a sword, he attacked Linahan who was forcing open a door filled with stones; this was at Bahaile's; the difference of the schools breaking up was only one day!!! The Passion Week of 1790 we had this unfortunate quarrel which caused a total coldness until our departure for Harrington's in the summer of the same year. I saw him not until 1793; in February we met in London. I was come from Douai, he from the campaign with Brunswick. As we walked down the Haymarket, I showed him some caricatures; we were to have come with him and Marcus O'Sullivan to Ireland. The General interfered and sent us to Lejans. I met him again in the summer of 1795 in Iveragh; we were together at one hunting match at Fernboy; he shot a hare at Connagh the first evening. His conversation was always agreeable to me, but he was in general very silent. He sang pretty well: I have heard him sing Wolfe's song "Why, soldiers, why?" and "Immortal was his soul." Nay, there are a few words he was fond of repeating and which I now insert, because they appear to me as the sacred reliques of a friend: "Haniman diaoul," says Darby, "I'll dislocate your jiggling bone." He had a great talent for natural drollery. He followed me the day I left Carhen for London, in October, '95, but did not overtake me, though he came as far as the top of Drunghill. His brother did, and we sheltered from a violent shower at a forge in Glanbeigh. I was told by John that he went out in despondency to the West Indies. Too well, alas! have the forebodings of his heart been justified. Oh, Darby, oh, my friend, accept this tribute from him that loved you!

But already are the particles that composed his frame dissolved and absorbed by the elements to which they belonged. How soon will this be the case with me? and who will then shed a tear over my grave? Oh, that I were remembered by some soft, sympathetic heart, that the gay and the thoughtless may sigh over my tomb, that the sedate and grave may mournfully bend over the spot that contains my ashes. But, as life is short, let us acquire what knowledge we can; and for my part I will endeavour to be as happy as I can. I will make my heart a heart of love; that and that alone is the way to be happy.

I have read Bolingbroke's "Vindication" of his own conduct towards the Jacobite party, which he had joined in his exile in France in the years 1713, 1714, 1715, in a letter to Sir William Wyndham in 1717. His letter must have injured the Pretender's party very severely. He was a rigid bigot, a man without talents or virtue. Bolingbroke seems to have been innocent. Read to 107, vol. i., the edition in quarto by Mallet. I have read the first section of the third chapter of Henry's "England," on the British Divisions. The Romans divided England into four provinces—Flavia Cæsariensis, Britannia Prima, Secunda, and afterwards Magna Cæsariensis; and a fifth was added, called Valentia, after the Emperor Valens. I read the Preface and 24 pages of the "Transactions of the R.I.A.," the 19th chapter of Gibbon, and Johnson's poems of "London," and the "Vanity of Human Wishes." I read the third Essay of Watson's 'Chemistry,' on salts.

Tuesday, January 3rd, 1797.—I do not mean to write much; yet I have much to write. I have many resolutions to form, I have many pernicious habits to disclaim, but I must defer all to another time. I read since I last wrote 41 pages of Bolingbroke's works; they contain "Reflections on Exile," and the first number of the "Occasional Writer." The first are elegantly written, as is everything that Bolingbroke wrote.

I was on Monday admitted to the Lawyers' Artillery, and have written to my uncle to get leave, that is, in fact, money, to enter into their corps. I wrote to-day to Terrie McCarthy.

Thursday, January 5th, 1797.—I read 28 pages of Bolingbroke. Had the Allies succeeded in placing the Crown of Spain on the head of the Emperor's brother, the balance of power would be exposed to the same danger to rescue it from which was the purpose of the war. I also read 30 pages of Henry. The learning of the Druids is a matter of mere conjecture. They committed nothing to writing. I have read the "Travels of Anacharsis the Younger;" this work is a masterly production.

I dined yesterday with the three Rices in Eustace-street. Stephen seems to possess more information than any many I know. How different, how superior is his knowledge to mine! He made me creep

into my ignorance, yet I am at times apt to be vain of what little I know; perhaps I may be learned when at his age. He is by no means obtrusive in his learning. I do not mean to write much, as my fire is out. I have again been reading Watson's "Chemistry," likewise Henry's "England." He believes in the authenticity of Ossian's poems; he must have a strong faith.

The other day a man called Ireland endeavoured to pass off a piece called "Vortigern and Rowena," as a play of Shakespeare's. The play was very bad, no proof of its not being Shakespeare's, who wrote a wonderful deal of nonsense, and has been the occasion of much more, like his Falstaff, with regard to wit. I read lately a treatise on the "Police of London," &c. &c. Distinction of property is a great evil; the spirit of self is a great evil; the love of superiority is a great evil. Man is a complication of evils. Were I born in the wilds of America, I should spend my life in destroying the beasts of the field, and principally my fellow-brute, man; but, born in Ireland, education has poured the milk of human kindness into my bosom. I would, and I trust I will serve man. I feel the sacred and mild warmth of patriotism. I will endeavour to make the narrow circle of friends and relations happy, and give cheerfulness and ease to the peasantry I may one day rule over. I will endeavour to give liberty to my country, and increase the knowledge and virtue of the human kind. O Eternal Being! Thou seest the purity of my heart and the sincerity of my promises; should I appear before thy august tribunal after having performed them, shall I not be entitled to call for my reward?

THE DYING INFIDEL.

BY SISTER MARY AGNES.

THE end of all is very near me now,
 The last cold sweat lies beaded on my face,
 And no hand wipes the death-dew from my brow,
 Though many angels fill this haunted place—
 Angels of evil—not God's holy ones!
 This is no place for beings such as they,
 Nor I fit company for them to keep,
 But as the vultures round their hoped-for prey,
 So watch these heralds of eternal sleep,
 Whose very breath seems only smothered groans!

"Eternal sleep!" Yes, once I babbled so!
Death was a phantom only then to me,
A gate through which all men but I must go,
Never a personal reality
Till now, when I have reached the mystic door.
But is death sleep? and is it restful sleep?
Or but a search for rest unsatisfied,
That as the moments into ages creep,
Grows sadder as its craving is denied?
Can death be this—and is it nothing more?

O God! these spirits dread, whose faces grim
Mock at me, now give ground for darker fears.
Nay, not to God make I appeal! to Him
No prayer has passed my lips for many years,
He would not hear me now,—nor will I seek
Help I despised in life, since I must go
Where those unpitying fingers beckon me,
I go at least unconquered; men shall know
I die as I have lived, and they shall see
If at death's touch my spirit hath grown weak.

But, oh! how awful are those demon forms,
Like unto whom I soon myself shall be,
When what of me can die has fed the worms!
I *cannot* face that future fearlessly!
My vaunted courage is an empty boast.
As on each fearful countenance I look,
My reason totters, and my spirit quails,
For I can read them like an open book,
All full of horrors, each with different tales,
And on each face the pain of something lost.

Lost, lost for ever, and beyond all hope,
The vision of the Beautiful and Good!
Condemned for ever in the dark to grope,
Not daring on the blessed to intrude,
Since for them there exists no further grace,
And now for me no further grace can be,
No further mercy, even from the One
Whom men call Saviour,—for not even He
Could pardon and forget what I have done,
So shall I never, never see His Face.

Ah! I remember in my early years,
That hoped-for vision seemed a beacon light,
To lure me heavenwards, and all other fears
Were nought, to fear of losing this delight.
I had been taught to think the bliss supreme.
And now, when for long years his once-loved Name
I have not uttered save in mock disdain,
What would I give one last appeal to frame,
To Him for pardon, and to have again
The faith I laughed at as a puerile dream!

But it is just that I who have unmoved
Listened to anguished cries for priestly aid,
From dying lips, of those, who then had proved
Their trust in proud Philosophy betrayed,
Should now myself sigh for that aid in vain!
That I who drowned in mirth the trembling prayer
That rose from hearts once infidel, to Him,
Whom they acknowledged in their dire despair,
As dormant faith awoke their souls within,
Should, in my turn, dare not to pray again.

Open the window! let the light come in!
Ah! I forget that there are none to hear!
That of all those so eager once to win
My favour, none in this dread hour are near,
Scared off, it may be, by my frantic cries.
So must I go to meet my Judge alone!
Within the shadows of eternity.
Meeting the Infinite and the Unknown
In that strange place whose border-land I see,
As earth-light darkens—fades—and quivering dies!

THE MONK'S PROPHECY.

A TALE,

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ALMS-HOUSE.

WHEN the day and the hour came for their ramble, Mrs. Barry arrived punctually, carrying a small basket. Sydney, as was her habit, had been to an early Mass already ; but Mrs. Barry had to remain within to give Jim his breakfast comfortably, so she said it was as well for them to proceed on their way. "'Tis early, dear ; but you know 'tis little time I does have to stop on my knees, and I like to be in a bit early, so I can collect myself and think of what the Lord is going to do for me, praise be to his holy name ! Sunday is a blessed day, dear heart ; there's rest and peace in it for the poor. Often I heard grand ladies saying they didn't know what to do with themselves on a Sunday. 'Twas a dull day, a horrid day, they had nothing to do.' Dear knows, it used to make me sorry in a way, and I used to say to myself, maybe after all, 'twas a fine thing to be bare of the things of this world, for they stand between one and the Lord, like. Sunday is a blessed and a pleasant day for the poor ; and 'tis only the poor value it, maybe, though they're ignorant itself, and can't have the understanding of their betters."

After a pleasant walk through the bright, sharp atmosphere, they arrived at the Almshouse Church. Mrs. Barry motioned Sydney to go up to one of the seats opposite the altar, and took a place herself in one of the side aisles.

When the girl had prayed for some time, she sat up and fixed her eyes on the altar. It was a beautiful one, of pure, cold marble, covered with snowy linen. The lights shone softly down upon the delicate flowers, all making an exquisite combination of created things around their Divine Creator, who, as was his wont, in all the circumstances of his earthly tragic life, remained hidden there except to the eyes of faith.

The bell commenced to toll gently, and worshippers began silently to fill the seats. A small side door, just opposite to Sydney, opened, and several old ladies entered and took their places in the pew. The last one was leaning on the arm of a young girl, who at once attracted Sydney's attention. She was exceedingly handsome, tall and slender, with a slight air of hauteur in the pose of the head. The face was a pale clear olive, with firm scarlet lips, and large dark eyes

that were splendid in their beauty. "It is they," Sydney said to herself, gazing intently at the strange girl, who bent to put a cushion before her companion's feet; when she raised her head, she paused for a moment looking towards the altar, then turning a little, she encountered Sydney's earnest eyes. She returned the gaze with one as searching and intent; then she passed out of the pew, went down the side aisle, and up into the choir. A few moments more and the little bell tinkled. The priest came out of the sacristy, preceded by the white-robed acolytes, and Sydney tried to turn her thoughts to the holy sacrifice about to be offered. The girl lifted her pure young heart to God, and felt more peaceful and less desolate than she had done since her mother's death. She felt nearer God, more protected in this little church than in any other she had been in for some time. She wondered was the sweet soprano voice floating out in such a pathetic *Agnus Dei* coming from the heart of the dark-eyed stranger; and she thought she would like to know her. When Mass was over, and when the music was evidently at an end, Sydney joined Mrs. Barry, and they went out and round to a low iron gate, which admitted them into the alms-house grounds.

Those houses were built, almost a century and a half ago, by a benevolent lady, who had once suffered the stings of poverty herself, and who came in for considerable property when she was too old, or perhaps too wise to put it to any more personal purpose than gratifying her propensities for doing good. They were very pretty, built in the Gothic style, consisting of three rooms each: a little sitting-room at one side of the tiny hall, a baby kitchen on the other, and a large airy bedroom above them. The houses formed two sides of a square. The wall of the churchyard, covered with ivy and all manner of creeping plants, ran down the third side, and on the fourth, on a lower level, was a high mossy bank, shadowed by three pine-trees standing, at regular intervals, beneath whose pendent boughs the river swept by slowly, with soft lappings and gurgles. A wide gravelled walk went all round the little demesne, and in the centre numerous flower-beds, having various owners, raised their brown bosoms from the emerald sward. Many green lancelike shoots, drawn forth by the wooing spring breath, gave promise of abundant bloom and perfume; while anemones, crocuses, and all manner of old-fashioned early flowers lifted their fresh, new-born beauty to the colouring sunbeams; prim-roses and violets showed their blue-and-gold loveliness on the bank by the river, and a few crows, perched on the swaying tree-tops, seemed only to intensify the tranquillity of the place with their noisy cawing.

The Charity was in the hands of certain trustees, who elected the candidates for admission; and of applicants, it is needless to say, there were always a large number. They were to be of gentle birth and of irreproachable character, the kindred of the foundress having first

claim. The houses were always kept neatly papered, painted, and in perfect order. The fortunate possessor of each little abode was to have, besides, a certain quantity of coal, twenty pounds a year, so many a gentle lady was enabled by this kindly institution to retain the refinement and independence to which she was accustomed, and was saved from the oftentimes cold charity of relations. When one occupant was laid away in the quiet churchyard hard by, or in some ancestral vault elsewhere, as it sometimes happened—for many persons receive attentions when dead that were denied them living—another got possession of the three pretty rooms, and accounted herself happily treated, at last, by that fortune that had been so fickle.

"Ah, lucky enough, there's Miss White herself," exclaimed Mrs. Barry, as they entered the gate, and she walked rapidly after a small slight figure that was proceeding along the walk by the river. Sydney followed slowly, and when she came near, Mrs. Barry said: "This is the young lady, ma'am."

"How are you, my dear?" said the little lady, coming to meet her, and taking the girl's hand in hers. "I am very glad you came; Mrs. Barry told me all about you: a sad story, my child, but your story won't always be sad."

The girl's eyes filled with tears, and the expression of mute appeal in the young face touched the little lady still more.

"It won't be always sad, dear," she continued, cheerfully. "God gives the sunshine as well as the rain to bring forth my flowers.—I hope you like flowers.—I must show you all my buds."

"I love them," said Sydney.

"Do you? Then we are friends already. Come round this way; I was going to see a small plantation of white violets I have in the corner of the bank. I'll show you everything by-and-by; but first come in and pay me a grand ceremonious visit, sitting on my best chair, and Mrs. Barry will make us a cup of tea; Mrs. Barry is a famous hand at making tea, you must know;" and chatting pleasantly, the little lady made Sydney fancy she had known her always.

Miss White belonged to that much maligned and despised sisterhood who manage to get along through this vale of tears, even to the gates of heaven, without masculine aid. She was an old maid: the gentlest, kindest, and prettiest old maid to be seen. She was seemingly about sixty years old; her face was small, pale, but singularly unwrinkled, with the loveliest silver hair lying on her smooth brow, gentle blue eyes, and an upright, slight little figure. She laid aside her shawl and an old black hat when she got into the hall, and led Sydney into the sitting-room. She wore a black cashmere dress, a small white lace square, folded cornerwise and crossed upon her bosom, and a large white muslin apron. On her head was a graceful little cap of black lace, with a small bow of crimson ribbon.

The sitting room was a picture of neatness, everything, of course, of the simplest description, but showing evidences of taste and refinement. It reminded Sydney of The Hut. The bedroom was equally pretty: there was a beautiful coloured engraving of "the Man of Sorrows" at the head of the bed, one of "Mater Dolorosa" hung at the foot. A little altar, with a burning lamp before it, was at one side, and over the mantel-piece was a large photograph of a young man in a sailor's uniform. The windows of the bedroom looked away across the trees and river to where mountains lay purple in the distance.

Sydney and the little lady chatted pleasantly while the tea was being made, and the latter, always impressionable and sympathetic, was very much won by the desolate child's simple account of herself. She perceived at once that the laundress had not exaggerated her story, and that the orphan was by birth, education, and natural instinct a gentlewoman. She had a quick perception of character, and as she thought of the guileless girl living so utterly alone in the heart of the hurrying city she was thrilled with compassion.

Mrs. Barry brought in the tea, and was overjoyed to see Sydney looking so happy.

"We have had a great chat, Mrs. Barry," said the little lady, "and we are going to be great friends."

"Whoever has you for a friend has the Lord on her side," replied Mrs. Barry; "I didn't see a poor day since the one I met you."

"Mrs. Barry has a silver tongue, my dear," said Miss White, with a sweet little laugh; "I always tell her she'll make me proud, and then we will be punished together."

"'Deed, then, we wont; not a punish," replied Mrs. Barry, with confidence; "I only tell the truth. 'Tisn't a right thing to conceal the truth, so it isn't; but you hide a good deed you done, as if 'twas a man you murdered. Here now, ma'am, I hope the tea is to your liking."

When the little lady was satisfied that Sydney had eaten as much as she possibly could, she called Mrs. Barry and told her to take her own luncheon, and they would go out and see if Miss Lestrangle was to found, that she might make Miss Ormsby's acquaintance. Miss White put on her hat and shawl, and they walked on until they came to No. 5. A young girl was sitting in the window, who nodded with a bright smile, stood up, and opened the door.

"Ida, dear, I have made a new friend," said Miss White, "and I want you to be a sharer. This is Miss Ormsby; and this is Miss Lestrangle, my child," turning to Sydney, "my gardener, my everything. An officer's daughter, also, like yourself."

Ida Lestrangle put out her hand frankly. "I saw her at Mass," she said. "I was wondering who you were," she continued, looking at Sydney, with a radiant smile. "You must know I'm extremely clever, and detect a stranger at once."

"Well, my dear, will you be clever enough to show my young friend, all the flowers present and to come, and I'll go in to speak to your aunt for a few moments?"

"Yes, I will," said Ida, taking her hat off the little table, "and I'll convert Miss Ormsby to my method of cultivation. Miss White is such an obstinate little person, Miss Ormsby, she clings to her own ideas in a most ungodly manner."

CHAPTER XIV.

NEW FRIENDS.

THE two girls walked down the pathway. "I'll bring you first to the bank, which is our especial pride," said Ida: "I suppose because it is beautiful without our aid—though it was I planted the violets and primroses. Sometimes I love looking at the river more than the flowers, perhaps because the action of it is more evident: it carries me away on its bosom."

"We had a river by our house at home," answered Sydney, "and a grand waterfall; it used to look so beautiful in the moonlight."

"So you also grew up amidst the music of rushing waters?" said Ida. "How I would miss its sweet moanings out of my life. I like to put words to it: sometimes joyous ones, sometimes sorrowful. The flow fits into all. I laugh at myself then, and remember it is my mood, and not the water that changes. Are you fanciful?"

"No, I don't think I am," answered Sydney. "I can't think of things, but I like to hear of the beautiful things other people fancy. Geoffrey used to make pictures out of the falls, and clouds, and fire, and then he'd make me see them."

"Who was Geoffrey?"

"Major MacMahon's son—some of our friends—they are in Italy now. Geoff is delicate: you would like Geoff very much, I'm sure; he wishes to be a painter."

"Does he? Is he young? A painter, and in Italy!"

"He is younger than I."

"I have a brother a painter. He is in Italy, too," and Ida smiled till her wonderful eyes grew larger."

"Is it not well for you?" said Sydney, looking at her seriously. "I have no one in the world; but Eustace is like my brother. I am sure it was just the same, but he is far away too."

"We both seem to be as lone as the oft-quoted pelican," answered Ida. "I don't remember anyone belonging to me but aunt and Frank; we were home with aunt when my father and mother died abroad;—we have relations, of course, but they ignore us. It would be ruinous to notice people living in an alms-house."

"I have no one," said Sydney, "no one but Mrs. Wyndill, my mother's friend. We were to go to her when I was educated. I have not heard from her yet: isn't that being very lonely?" She looked at Ida with a such patient, yearning expression in the violet eyes that, like Miss White, the girl was touched. She drew her hand within her arm, clasped it, and said brightly:

"Well, are we not getting on very well, nevertheless. I think we both look as thriving as if we were rich and great, and had relations and cousins within and without the forbidden degrees. I was never lonely: I was too young to regret my father and mother, and I was always occupied. When I was very wee, aunt made me mind her garden, and Miss White made me mind my lessons, then I went to school; now I teach music, and sing in the choir, and do any amount of things."

"You must be happy?" said Sydney, gazing on her with great admiration.

"I am happy when Frank is at home," said Ida. "Life is half empty without him, leaving room for occasional sad echoes. He will be home this summer, please God. I'll be as happy then as a queen in a child's story."

"To whom do you teach music?" asked Sydney. "Is it at school you teach?"

"Not at all; I'm done with school those years past. Private tuitions; five girls. I go to their houses three times a week. I'm paid also for singing in the choir, so I'm quite a money-making young woman."

"Are you not wonderful to be earning money? You don't look much older than I."

"I am sure I am," answered Ida, "I look on you as 'an infant whom I should protect, though you are tall. I was twenty-one my last birthday. How old are you?"

"I will be seventeen in a few months. That isn't so young, and yet I don't feel as if I were growing up; perhaps it is because I am not clever."

"You'll have some of the child in you when you're an old woman," said Ida, laughing, "like that dearest of little women, Miss White."

"Oh, is she not kind?" answered Sydney; "and I can't tell her how grateful I am. I'm sure she will let me come to see her again: if you know how much it is to me. I *was* so lonely, and sometimes I used to be afraid."

"Of course she will let you come to see her again. If you didn't come her gentle little heart would be troubled lest she hadn't been kind enough to you; and you have to come and see me, too, you know, a weighty event that will take a special day to itself. You are not to

come into, and to go out of our lives like a flashing comet. I'm sure we will get on well together. Do you like me?"

"I do, greatly," replied Sydney, with such emphasis that they both laughed.

"Well, I like you also," said Ida. "'Tis a true case of love at first sight, though I must tell you I am not at all enthusiastic about persons. I am less disappointed when I reserve such emotion for things."

"But if you be disappointed in me?" asked Sydney, inquiringly.

"I don't think I shall. You're as transparent as the river;—look down at the soft white clouds and shadowed heavens."

"But, after all, you don't see through the water," said Sydney, gazing into it, "it only reflects; the beauty isn't gone through. Is that the way with a person, do you think?"

"Very often," replied Ida, laughing, "we have all a lower stratum of mud, in which abide unutterable slimy monstrosities. When we are stirred up their ugly heads come to the surface. I have an intimate knowledge of my own peculiar little monsters. Have you a lively consciousness of yours?"

"No, I have not," said Sydney, shaking her head. "I don't know what is my predominant passion. I should like to know."

"It must be that they are all so fully developed and interwoven that you can't take hold of a separate one," answered Ida; "your little person is quite suggestive of a temple full of evil spirits."

The two girls walked up and down talking more of themselves and each other than looking about them. Nature attracted nature by that subtle odic force, which is utterly unexplainable. Some magnetic fluid was poured into Sydney's soft temperament from the strong, confident, self-reliant disposition of her new acquaintance. She felt strengthened, protected and as if there were no longer anything to fear; and Ida on her side felt a sudden sense of protectiveness that made her feel additionally stronger, and a sense of relief in being able to pour herself out to another, who not alone sympathised and understood her, but who had feelings somewhat akin, though differing perhaps in intensity.

Bulwer Lytton says, "Nought but youth can echo back the soul of youth." There is truth in the assertion. Later years cease to echo, for they have come to perceive that what they once thought a word of divine meaning was but an empty sound; but later years are more sympathetic. Youth is essentially self-absorbed, and is generally interested in the heart-revelations of friendship, as much for the sake of the cause as the friend, such cause being possible in its own life; the sympathy of experience must be repressive rather than enthusiastic, and the cool finger that would disillusion is as chilling to the hot heart of the young as an obstructing iceberg to a northward bound ship.

: Who can persuade the young man standing on the shores of life

in the growing sunrise that he will not sail the illimitable ocean before him with the triumph he anticipates? The wondrous 'glory of the morning fills the arching skies with intolerable splendour—colouring every tiny dewdrop with the hues of heaven. Miracles of fragrant creatures slip out of the dark soil into floral existence. Out of the earth's mighty womb, which takes all things back and gives all things forth, spring the golden corn, the waving grasses, the great forest-trees; and before him lies the deep-hearted sea, laughing in the light, singing in its monotone of softened thunder a psalm to the illuminating sun. Who can persuade him that he will fail to be happy with the mysterious beauty of that external life above, around, beneath him, saturating his thrilling senses with subtle influences, feeding him with its strong, vivifying breath; and the strange, emotional complex existence within him, half human, half divine—an intelligence that can track the stars into infinitude, and a heart that can glow with love? He may be happy, perchance, but it will be with a lower or a higher happiness than that of which he dreamed in the morning of life.

After some time Miss White came out, joined the girls, and showed every bud and blossom to Sydney. The hours stole away so rapidly that she was startled and ashamed when Mrs. Barry emerged from Miss White's kitchen, and said: "Miss Sydney, dear, 'tis on the point of four. I wouldn't mind only for Jim's dinner."

"Oh, was it not a shame for me to stay so long?" she said, "you must be tired of me; why didn't you call me, Mrs. Barry? I'll never do it again."

"Yes, you will, my dear, very often," said Miss White; "you will come to see me soon again? I should call on you," she added, with gentle dignity, "but I am not able to walk far, and youth mustn't stand on ceremony with age."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't expect it," said Sydney. "I shall be only too glad to come sometimes. This has been a happy day."

"I would call on you," said Ida, "but my time is too valuable to waste on conventionalities, at least for the next week; but she is to come to me next Sunday, Miss White, for her afternoon tea, and we shall have a long walk by the river, shall we not, Miss Ormsby?"

"I shall be delighted," answered Sydney, looking at her new friends with grateful eyes.

"Come to Mass here as you came to-day," said Ida, "and we shall have a long, and, I hope, a sunny day to weave wonders out of."

The little lady kissed her kindly; Ida walked with her to the gate, kissed her also, and then stood looking after her as she and Mrs. Barry went away, with a sad expression in her radiant eyes. "Poor little thing," she murmured, "she is lonelier far than I am, and how patiently she bears it. She is one to live more in others than herself;

and my own life is everything to me. I wish I could forget the individuality of Ida Lestrangle.

While Ida was musing with her white hands clasping the iron-gate, Sydney and Mrs. Barry walked on greatly exhilarated by their kindly reception at the Alms-house. "Oh, Mrs. Barry, isn't Miss Lestrangle beautiful? I thought she was growing handsomer every moment. Sometimes her face looks as if it were all eyes, they get so large and earnest. Is her aunt nice, like Miss White?"

"She is, then, and real good, but not the same as Miss White, though; she is grander, like, and more distant in herself. I believe they were great quality at one time, and Mrs. Huxstone is always bringing up the old times to let one know it; and, sure, 'tis a great change for the dear lady to be there, though there isn't a neater place in the world. Jim often gives them a hand; but 'tis little he is able to do, poor boy."

"Ah, 'tis a pity he is so lamed," said Sydney; "but he is a great company to you."

"Deed, then, he is, dear, the best company in the world, a fine scholar, able to read and write; lucky enough 'tis his left hand that went. Sore and sorry I was the day he enlisted in the Dragoons, but when I seen him in the sojer's clothes, dear knows I thought it would be a pity he was anything else, he looked so fit to wear them. Then he went out to foreign parts, to fight in one of them wars they thinks so little about; and, before one year, my fine boy came home to me—with one arm and sixpence a day."

"It was very sorrowful," answered Sydney.

"'Twas, dear, sorrowful and hard to bear; to see my boy's life destroyed because one country wanted to get something in spite of another. I wish we never had fighting, killing, and maiming thousands for the sake of a bit of land, and they'd say a great deal to a poor person for keeping a houl't of an acre. 'Tis well he has the sixpence a day itself, for he wasn't long in; and a short way sixpence a day goes in feeding a man that's well able to eat his share. He grudges himself enough, my poor boy, thinking he is heavy on me; but sure 'tis a happy thing for me to have him to work for. Only for him I'd be very lonesome since God took my little girl. Everything the Lord does is for the best, dear heart; maybe we get our greatest comfort out of our greatest grief."

Mrs. Barry left Sydney at her lodgings, and then hastened home to see after Jim's material well-being.

That evening Sydney wrote a letter to Nellie, and told her about her new acquaintances. When she had finished it, she lay down on the sofa, thinking over the day, speculating as to the possibility of her mother's knowing that they had been so kind to her at the Alms-house, and picturing to herself the lovely face of her new friend who seemed

so strong and clever, and the gentle little lady who spoke to her so tenderly. "Oh, I hope they will like me," she murmured; "I wish Sunday were nearer." She fell asleep, and after about an hour she was awakened by unusually loud voices down stairs. There were the sounds of weeping and passionate upbraiding. She started up and went to the door. The furious voice of Mr. Cosgrave was distinguishable, as he said: "You have them as you reared them, letting them ramble about instead of stopping at home doing something of use."

"They can't stop in the house when you are in it," said his wife, weeping; "they run into the streets from your abuse and violence. You only stop at home yourself to treat us like dogs."

"Oh, you old hag, I wish I broke my neck the day I joined you."

"I wish you did," she sobbed, "but there was little fear of the like of you. You should live to break my heart, and the hearts of your children. If all the tears you made us shed were together, you could swim in them."

"Blast you! he cried, viciously, "am I to be master in my own house? I wish I was a thousand miles away from the whole cursed crew."

"And why don't you go?" she cried; "who is keeping you? What do you give us but curses and abuse? We'll live without you."

"Ah! you're a nice doe," he said, "you're a pattern wife; 'twould be better for a man to be hanged than among such a clutch."

"I never answer you till you drive me mad," she replied; "everyone runs when they hear your step. Why don't you give us peace? I don't know what it is to have a day's comfort."

"Comfort!" said the boy's voice, "is there such a thing as comfort?"

"Give me the money I asked for, or I'll smash your neck," shouted Mr. Cosgrave.

"I haven't it," she answered; "I paid the bread man with it, and if I had it I wouldn't give it to you to spend in the public-house."

There was the sound of a scuffle.

"'Tis no use," said the boy, "you mustn't strike my mother and I by. Leave off, father; I'm stronger than you."

There was a volley of blasphemous oaths; in another moment Mr. Cosgrave was heard trampling heavily upstairs; he stumbled over a mat, kicked it with a muttered curse, went out of the hall-door, and banged it after him with such violence that the whole house was shaken.

"Go after him, Tom, for God's sake," said Mrs. Cosgrave, "there's no knowing what he'll do. Try and coax him back."

"Coax him!" said the boy, with a hard laugh, "coaxing and scolding isn't good even for children, you might as well try to draw

in the tide before its time as to speak to a man like him. Let him alone."

"I wouldn't be surprised if he played away with himself when he is in one of those tempers, and he full of whisky," answered Mrs. Cosgrave, with a weary sob. "If he meets Julia now, the Lord pity us; and she oughtn't to be stopping out this way. Go after him, Tom, for the Love of God."

"Stop your crying, mother, and I will; but there's little fear of him," and the boy ascended the stairs and followed his father.

Sydney sat down trembling. She had often heard the sound of disputing voices in the lower regions before, but their meaning was never so fully explained. She remembered with a shudder that she now the only lodger in the house. A gentleman who occupied the floor above her had left that morning. However, she recollected with feelings of relief that Mr. Cosgrave was out for the present; she summoned courage to ring the bell and ask for the tea-kettle. In a couple of hours the hall-door was opened again, and unsteady footsteps staggered along the passage.

"Come, my boy, keep your legs; you'll never do it younger;—a regular chip of the old block," said Mr. Cosgrave, with a drunken laugh. "Make your head while your young; that's the ticket. Does your mother know you're out? Whoa up, Neddy."

"What's this?" said Mrs. Cosgrave, in a shrill voice, coming to the foot of the kitchen stairs.

"Hold the light out, you useless old wretch," shouted Mr. Cosgrave. "Do you want us to crack our necks down those infernal stairs? drunk as a lord this son of yours: a chicken-hearted cub, not able for a second glass. All your coddling, keeping him too tight. Hold the light, I say."

"Oh, my poor boy," the mother answered, in heart-struck tones. "Who gave you the drink?—why did you take it?"

"I gave him the drink, my old dame, to pay him for following me," said Mr. Cosgrave; "did the thing decent, and made him stand a treat all round. I'll teach you to send dodgers after me, you jade. Clear out of the way." They went into the kitchen, the door was shut violently, but Sydney could hear the fire-irons and furniture banged about in a manner unpleasantly suggestive. After a while the uproar ceased, and Sydney's heart began to beat less rapidly. She was about to retire to bed when there was a low tap at the door, and Mrs. Cosgrave entered; her face was very pale, and her eyes were swollen from weeping.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Miss," she said, "but my husband is in bad humour, and you would do an act of charity if you called up Julia when she comes in; or I'll set one of the children on the stairs to tell her you want her; she is so headstrong she wouldn't mind facing him, and he'd kill her as soon as look at her now; if he thought she

was out. I said she was with you ; and she oughtn't to be out so late ; 'tis nearly ten." Mrs. Cosgrave sighed heavily.

While she was speaking rapid footsteps came to the door ; they paused for a time ; there was a laugh, then steps passed on, and the latch-key turned in the door.

"Bring her here, Mrs. Cosgrave," said Sydney, and the woman crept softly down. In a few moments she returned with Julia.

"Good-night, Miss Ormsby, and God bless you," she whispered ; "I'll send up when he's asleep."

(To be continued.)

[The Serial Story "DEAD BROKE" will be concluded in September.]

MAGNET AND DIAMOND.

BY JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR.

I.

THE magnet still attracts the steel,
 Its subtle influence to deal ;
 The steel doth feel the magnet draw,
 Its atoms recognising law ;
 The magnet it can *not* repel ;
 The attraction is, and it is well :
 How can we break the magic bond ?
 Betwixt them place the—diamond !

II.

The still small voice of Conscience still
 Would magnetise the human Will ;
 The Understanding yields assent ;
 The Will is free—belligerent ;
 The Conscience it can *not* repel—
 The attraction is, and it is well :
 God is the Magnet, strong and fond,
 And *Mammon* is the diamond.

FRA BARTOLOMMEO, THE GREAT DOMINICAN PAINTER.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

PADRE MARCHESI, himself a Dominican, speaks thus of his convent :—
 “ San Marco has within its walls the Renaissance, a compendium in two artists, Fra Angelico the painter of the ideal, Fra Bartolommeo of form. The first closes the antique Tuscan school. He who has seen Fra Angelico has also seen Giotto, Cimabue, &c. The second represents the modern school. In him are also comprised Masaccio, Lorenzo di Credi, Leonardo, Buonarrotti, and Andrea del Sarto. Fra Angelico sets himself to contemplate the fount and archetype of the beautiful, and, as much as possible, to mortal hands, reproduces and stamps it in those works which a sensual mind cannot understand, but which to the heavenly soul speaks an eloquent language. Fra Bartolommeo, with more analysis, works thoughtfully . . . he ascends from the effect to the cause, and in created things contemplates a reflection of spiritual beauty.”

It is true the Dominican Order has been as great a patron of arts as the Franciscan of literature. It united with Nicolo Pisano to give form to national architecture. It had sculptors, miniaturists, and glass painters. As a building San Marco has always been a shrine of art. Since the time that Michelloggi, with the assistance of the Medici, built the convent for Saint Antonine, and Fra Angelico left the impress of his soul on the walls, a long line of artist monks has lived within its cloisters.

Four years had passed since Fra Bartolommeo's entrance into religion, and the monk had never touched a pencil. But his mission in art was not fulfilled, and events were working towards that end; for the spirit of art once awakened could not die either in that convent or in that age.

His friend, Mariotto, kept him *au courant* in all the gossip of art, and told him of the great cartoons of Leonardo and Michelangelo, which he, too, went to see. They might have inspired him afresh; or, perhaps, in advising Albertinelli, he felt himself impelled to paint, or possibly the visits of Raphael, in 1504, influenced him.

However that may be, it is most interesting to the Catholic mind to dwell on the four years of absolute retirement which intervened between the two active periods of the great painter's career. The ardent youth who had lived and worked in, if not of, the world, and played his part with passion in terrible dramas of the time, was for ever gone. The monk, wrapped in prayer before the altar of that God whom only he would serve, knew that youth no longer, nor was he aware whether the hopes and inspirations of the youth were destined to find any fulfilment in the future of the man, which had been unfalteringly placed at the disposal of heaven. He awaited the bidding of his master, and, meantime, purified and strengthened the soul within him by prayer.

In 1504, the will of God was made known to him. Padre Marchese says that Santi Pagnini, the Oriental scholar and lover of art, came back in that year, as prior, to S. Marco, and used not only his entreaties but his authority to induce Fra Bartolommeo to recommence painting. At all events, when Barnardo del Bianco, who had built a beautiful chapel in the Badia from Rovezzano's designs, wished for an altar-piece worthy of its beauty, which he felt no hand could execute so well as that of the Frate, he yielded to persuasion, and the *Vision of S. Bernard* was begun. The contract is dated 18th of November, 1504; and a part payment of sixty florins in gold was made 16th of June, 1507.*

This picture, now in the Belle Arti of Florence, is so much injured by re-painting that some parts seem even crude. The saint is on his knees writing, while the vision of the Virgin and Child stands poised in air before him; she inspires his pen, and the infant Christ gives his blessing on the work. There is great spirituality and ecstasy in St. Bernard's face, his white robe contrasts well with two saints behind him, which carry out Fra Bartolommeo's favourite triangular grouping, and, with a rich harmony of colour, balance his white robe.

The Virgin is drawn with great nobility and grace, her drapery admirably majestic, yet airy, and a sweet infantile playfulness renders the Child charming. The angels beneath the Virgin's feet are lovely, but the groups of seraphs behind are the least pleasing of all. They are of the earth, earthy, and seem reminiscences of the Florentine maidens the artist met in the streets. Possibly this is the part most injured by the restorer's (?) hand. The colouring of the two saints behind S. Bernard—one in a green robe, with bronze-gold shades, and the other blue and orange—is very suggestive of Andrea del Sarto, and seems to render probable Rossini's assertion that the Frate taught the first steps of this difficult career to that artist who alone was called *Senz' errori.* **

Fra Bartolommeo now began the works of his life in earnest, and at this time was painted the "Meeting of Christ with the Disciples at Emmaus" (1506), a beautiful fresco in a lunette over the door of the refectory at S. Marco, in which is combined a richness of colouring rarely obtained in fresco, with a drawing which is almost perfect. Fra Niccolo della Magna, who was prior in that year, and left, in 1507, to become Archbishop of Capua, sat for one of the saints. Contemporary with this may be dated also the figure of the Virgin, painted for Agnolo Dono, now in the Corsini gallery in Rome. Giovanni de Medici also gave him a commission.

It is curious to hear of the bargaining that went on for a long time about the price of the picture of St. Bernard. The money for his work

* "Padre Marchese, Memorie," &c. Document iii., vol. ii., p. 594.

** Fra Bartolommeo. By Leader Scott, Author of "A Nook in the Appennines." London: Sampson, Low & Co. 1881.

of course belonged to the convent, not to the Frate himself; but, being called upon to value his labour, he named the sum of 200 ducats. Bernardo, for whom the picture was painted, offered only eighty ducats, which were not considered sufficient by the Frati. The Abbot of the Badia was called in as umpire; but being unable to move Bernardo, he declined to act any further in the matter. The affair was placed in the hands of a council of friends to no purpose. The question was laid before the Guild of Druggists (*arte degli apenziali*), which, at that time, included doctors and painters; but in the end the business was arranged by a relative of Bernardo, one Francesco Magalotti, who priced the painting at 100 ducats, and with this sum the monks had to be satisfied.

A strong friendship existed between Raphael and Fra Bartolommeo, but the date of its beginning seems uncertain. Raphael was in Florence in 1504; but at this time the great Dominican painter was leading a life of complete seclusion and prayer, and had no works of his own near him to excite Raphael's notice and admiration. Padre Marchese and others assert that the intimacy between the two masters of painting began during Raphael's visit in 1506, when he might have seen the newly-finished fresco of the "Disciples at Emmaus." Their intercourse was beneficial to both. Raphael studied anew Leonardo's principles of colour under Fra Bartolommeo's interpretation of them, and the Frate improved his knowledge of perspective and harmony of composition. It is said that they worked together at some pictures, of which one is in France and another at Milan, but there is not sufficient evidence to prove this.

It is also thought that Fra Bartolommeo helped in the composition of Raphael's famous "Madonna del Baldacchino," which is truly very much in his style.

In the year 1508, the Frate first made acquaintance with the Venetian school, which had some degree of influence upon him. The Dominicans in the different parts of Italy often exchanged visits; and Fra Bartolommeo went to sojourn with his brethren in Venice. Here he met with an old acquaintance and namesake, Baccio di Monte Lupo, a sculptor, who had fought side by side with our own Baccio in the siege of St. Mark's church, and had fled from Florence upon the death of Savonarola. Baccio, the sculptor, was at the time of Fra Bartolommeo's visit to Venice at work there upon the tomb of Benedetto da Pesaro in the church of the Frate, and was delighted to show the beauties of the Queen of the Adriatic to an artistic mind. Tintoretto was not yet born, Titian was only just rising into fame, though his style had not yet become what it was after Giorgione's influence; but Fra Bartolommeo must have found much that was sympathetic in the exquisite works of Giovanni Bellini and his school, and much to admire in the glorious colouring of Giorgione.

An interesting mention of St. Catherine of Siena occurs here in the history of Fra Bartolommeo. Having been commissioned by Father Dalzano, vicar of the monastery of St. Peter Martyr at Murano, to paint a picture of the value of seventy or a hundred ducats, and not having time to paint it during his stay in Venice, the Frate promised to go to work upon the picture immediately on his return to Florence. He was then paid in advance twenty-eight ducats in money and colours, and the rest of the hundred ducats was to be raised by the sale of some MS. letters from St. Catherine of Siena, which a friend of Father Dalzano, near Florence, held in his possession.

His visit to Venice gave Fra Bartolommeo a fresh impulse for painting, and he returned home to Florence full of the idea of diffusing as widely as possible the religious influence of art. He desired now to enlarge his atelier and school at San Marco. In the convent he had two or three assistants, the foremost being Fra Paolino of Pistoia, the others one or two miniaturists who could soar no higher than mere missal-painting. Fra Paolino (born 1490) entered religion at a very early age, and was removed to Florence from Prato with Fra Bartolommeo. His father, a painter, Bernardino di Antonio, had taught him the first principles of art; but all his skill was learned from the Frate, under whom he worked for years.

However, the assistance and companionship in labour of this youthful convent pupil did not prevent Fra Bartolommeo from longing for his old friend Mariotto, who had worked with him for so many years from childhood upward, and who could follow out his designs in his own style so closely that an unpractised eye could not see the difference of hand. The convent was willing to give full power to the Frate, who was its pride and delight, to arrange his affairs as best might assist the great work he had begun, and Mariotti Albertinelli, the worldling, was taken into partnership with his old 'chum' and fellow-student Fra Bartolommeo the Dominican monk.

It was a curious partnership, but it worked right well. There was Albertinelli on the one side, and the convent and Fra Bartolommeo on the other. The partners provided money for all expenses, and the profits were to be divided between the convent and Mariotto; for the vow of poverty, of course, prevented the Frate from touching any portion of what he earned. This state of things began in 1509, and ended in 1512; and the inventory of the profits and the divisions made when the partnership was dissolved, fully set forth by Padre Marchese,* are very interesting. Separate monograms distinguished the pictures painted entirely by one or other of the two artists. To his monogram the Frate always added the touching petition, "*Orate pro pictore,*" while his friend merely Latinised his name. Works accomplished by both in partnership were signed by the united monogram.

* "*Padre Marchese, Memorie,*" &c., vol. ii.

It is pleasant to dwell on the happiness of poor Mariotto during the three years which followed the invitation of his beloved friend to live and work by his side, even if within convent walls. Albertinelli had been almost driven mad by his grief for the loss of Baccio, and unaccustomed to govern his passion, or to resign himself to the will of God, knew not how to endure so great a sorrow. He fell into despair, vowed to give up painting; declared he would become a monk only that he now hated monks a thousand times more now than he had hated them before. His first agony over, he turned sadly to the unfinished fresco of the Last Judgment, which his friend had bequeathed to him to complete. Better thoughts came to him, perhaps, as he laboured at this solemn task; at all events he began to work regularly at his painting once more, and leaving Baccio's house at the old gateway, took a room in Gualfonda, now Via Val Fonda, a street leading towards the fortress built by the Grand Duke Cosimo, on the north of the city; and here, in time, quite a school grew up under his tuition. His scholars were, Francia Bigio, then a boy; Visino, who afterwards went to Hungary; Innocenzio da Nicola, and Piero, Baccio's brother. Guiliano Bugiardini was his head assistant rather than his pupil.

Some noble paintings made their way into the world out of Mariotti's bottega in Val Fonda. Though they are quite his own, the influence of Fra Bartolommeo can be traced in almost all. The finest is the *Salutation*, dated 1508, ordered for the Church of San Martino, now the gem of the hall of the Old Masters in the Uffizi Gallery.

This is a work considered fine enough to mark him for all time as a great master. It has been thus described: "So simple is the subject, and so grand the proportions, and in the figures there is such majesty of maternity and dignity of womanhood. A decorated portico, with the heavens behind it, forms the background to the two noble women, in one of whom is expressed the gracious sympathy of an elder matron, with the awful mysterious joy of the younger. The colouring, perfectly harmonised, is the most masterly blending of a subdued tone, with soft, yet brilliant richness, and shows a deep study of the method of Leonardo."

During the nine years that intervened between Baccio's entering religion and the formation of the second partnership between him and Mariotto, doubtless the friends exchanged frequent visits. Fra Bartolommeo would spend an hour occasionally in the bottega of the Val Fonda, and Albertinelli would, despite his hatred of monks, rush off at every spare moment to refresh his feverish spirit in the calm atmosphere of the Frate's studio in the quiet cloister. All this time the monk continued to love the rash, wayward, but warmhearted companion of his early days, and, in 1504-5, Fra Bartolommeo gave a striking proof of his faith and trust in the friendship of Mariotto.

The Dominican, Santi Pagnini, who had acted as guardian to Piero, Baccio's only remaining brother, having been removed as prior to Siena, Fra Bartolommeo appointed Albertinelli guardian and instructor to the youth, signing a contract, giving to Mariotto the use and management of all estates and possessions of Piero, including several *poderi* in the country, as well as the house at St. Piero Gattolini. It appears that this Piero was a troublesome youth, and a great care to his illustrious brother: and no better proof could have been given of the Frate's confidence in Albertinelli than this trust of guardianship which he placed in his hands.

However, Mariotto was undoubtedly a wanderer, and full of caprice. After sending forth many great pictures from the Val Fonda we hear of him, about 1506-8, abandoning art, and taking to other occupations. He married about this time, and his wife's father kept an inn at St. Gallo. Some say that Mariotto was induced to try the management of the inn for a time: but if so, his new way of life did not satisfy him long, for in 1509 he was at work again with the brush, and, in 1510, he began one of his masterpieces, the *Annunciation*, for the company of St. Zenobio, now in the Belle Arti. It was on the completion of this picture that Fra Bartolommeo returned from Venice, and the convent partnership commenced.

Then followed the three happy years for Albertinelli, the happiest of his restless and not very happy life. Working by the side of his beloved friend, breathing the calm atmosphere of his presence, Mariotto found himself in heaven. The days passed quickly in the busy atelier where the two men, so different in their natures and in their ways of life from the very beginning, who had done their tasks together as children, learned their art in the same school, loved and trusted each other amidst a thousand differences of temperament and circumstances, now laboured side by side in the prime of their manhood.

They had many patrons, and orders flowed in upon them. Bugiardini was still Mariotto's head assistant, and Fra Paolino, and one or two other monks, worked under Fra Bartolommeo. Both had pupils, among whom were Gabriele Rustici and Benedetto Cianfanini.

The studio of St. Marco was in the part of the convent between the cloister and the Via del Maglio. It is easy to picture the interior. The two great masters, such a contrast in face, in dress, in manner; the busy pupils, the younger ones whispering and grinding the colours, as Mariotto and Baccio had once done together, under the shadow of the ungenial presence of Piero di Cosimo. There stands the "lay figure," first invented by Fra Bartolommeo, and on which he draped the garments that take such majestic folds in his works. Casts and models are to be seen in different parts of the room; grand cartoons in charcoal hang on the walls, like those we see to this day in the Uffizi and Belle Arti.

So many of these masterly sketches are the Frate's, and so few Mariotto's, that it is to be supposed the former was generally the designer. His design may be called truly perfect. Every figure harmonised in its lines with the geometric rhythm in the artist's mind. Not a cartoon was sketched in which the lights and shadows were not as finely gradated and finished as in a painting, although they were merely drawn with charcoal.

We are told that the same kind of talk went on in the convent bottega as that which is to be heard in modern studios. When the frame-maker came, Fra Bartolommeo would be vexed to see how much of his work was hidden beneath the massive cornice, and would vow to dispense with frames altogether. This idea he carried out in his *St. Sebastian* and *St. Mark*, by painting an architectural niche round the subject, like a carving in relief.

The exquisite pictures painted in the studio of *St. Marco*, and sent forth to the world, to be placed in noble cathedrals, and remain there for the wonder and delight of future ages, would form a long list, and descriptions of individual paintings might seem tedious to our readers. For three years the friends worked together in perfect harmony, and then, to Mariotto's heavy sorrow, the convent partnership was dissolved. In 1512, *Santi Pagnini* came back from *Siena* as prior of *St. Marco*, and it is said that he had no love for *Albertinelli*. It has also been suggested that jealous care for the Frate's reputation and great personal love for him may have led the new prior to look on the partnership as undesirable. However that may be, we cannot but feel sorry for Mariotto's disappointment. The stock, of which a full list is given by *Padre Marchese*, was divided, each artist taking the pictures in which he had had most to do. The properties, amongst which were the lay figures, easels, casts, sketches, blocks of porphyry to grind colours on, &c., were to be left for *Fra Bartolommeo's* use till his death, when they were to be divided between his heirs and *Albertinelli*.

Poor Mariotto returned sadly to paint in his solitary studio. Who could know that he had only three remaining years of life before him? While he continued his work alone, *Fra Bartolommeo* was sent to *Rome*, where he received immediately a commission to paint large figures of *St. Peter* and *St. Paul* for the church of *St. Silvestro*. These he began, but did not finish; for the air of *Rome* did not agree with him, and he fell into bad health. It has been said that *Raphael* finished these works, though the statement is doubted by good authority.

Fra Bartolommeo brought home the malaria with him to *Florence*, and never quite got rid of it during the remainder of his life. Yet, he worked on. Even in the hospice, where he was sent for the good of his health (*Sta Maria Maddalena*, in *Pian di Magnone*), he turned his attention at once to the decoration of the walls that sheltered him,

and many beautiful frescoes remain there to tell of his sojourn in the place. On the wall of the infirmary he left behind him a lovely Madonna to gladden the eyes and hearts of future invalids; which, however, is no longer to be found where he placed it, but has been taken away, and placed in the student's chapel of San Marco, Florence.

His health restored for a time, he returned to Florence, and went to work again with great energy, producing his San Sebastian, a picture described as very splendid, but which seems to have been lost sight of in latter years; unless it be in the possession of Monsieur Alaffre of Toulouse, who owns a picture which corresponds with the description given of it by Vasari.

In 1515, we find Fra Bartolommeo at Lucca, with his old friend, Santi Pagnini, the Orential scholar, who was now prior at that place, painting for the Church of San Romano there, his great work, the *Madonna della Misericordia*, which is thus described:—

“The composition is full and harmonious. A populace of all ages and conditions, grouped around the throne of the Madonna, beg her prayers; she, standing up, seems to gather all their supplications in her hands, and offer them to heaven, from which, as a vision, Christ appears from a mass of clouds in act of benediction. Amongst the clouds of supplicants are some exquisite groups. Sublime inspiration and powerful expression are shown in the whole work.”

Returning from Lucca, leaving this masterpiece behind him, the great Frate stopped at Pistoja on his way, to paint there a fresco of a Madonna on a wall of the Convent of San Domenico. In October, 1515, we find him again at the hospice at Pian de Magnone, suffering, no doubt, from a return of fever. An exquisite Annunciation in fresco was the gift here left behind him in exchange for renewed health. Returning to Florence later in the autumn, he stopped on his way to visit the home of his childhood, and see his relations near Prato. His delighted friends knew not what to do to express their joy at having him among them; him of whom they were so justly proud. With the little children of the family round his knees, he was obliged to tell them that he could not come very soon again because the King of France had sent for him. Yet, he did not go to the King of France; but to the death-bed of poor Mariotto, who needed him more.

Albertinelli had been to Rome, and had painted some pictures there, and probably would have lived to paint many more only for an indiscretion of his own. At Viterbo, he over-exerted himself at some gay festival in which he took a part, and fell ill in consequence of his folly. He had himself taken on a litter to Florence, and his dear and faithful friend was soon at his side. We can fancy how the poor worldling, whose heart was yet so warm and true, turned in such an hour to such a friend. Fra Bartolommeo smoothed his pillow and

soothed his pain, and brought comfort and peace to his anxious soul; trying to make up by his own ardent prayer for the shortcomings of a dying brother. Mariotto died on the 5th of November, 1515, and his friend followed him to his grave in St. Piero Maggiore.

After all this, Fra Bartolommeo had yet to paint his greatest masterpieces. One of these is *Christ as the Centre of Religion*, in the Pitti Palace, a wonder of composition and colouring. Another is the enthronement of the Virgin, which an attack of illness obliged him to leave unfinished, and which is yet called one of his richest compositions. In this picture, in a group of three monks, is to be found a portrait of Fra Bartolommeo himself, a noble face, full of reverence, feeling, and intellectual power. After painting vigorously for some time he was forced to retreat once more, and for the last time, to the hospice on the hills, where the *Vision of the Saviour to Mary Magdalen* remains above the door of the chapel, his last thank-offering for a renewal of life and the power to work. This time the renewal was granted for but a short period; for, returning to Florence in the autumn of the same year, he caught cold, and died, after some days of exceeding suffering. His death occurred on the 8th of October, 1517, his age being 42.

The loss of one so dearly loved among them, and of whom they were so justly proud, was a heavy sorrow to the monks of his Order. He was buried with great honour in San Marco, and his memory lives for ever, shedding glory on their name.

BORROWED PLUMES.

II.

ONLY once before (vol. ix. p. 555) have we been able to carry out our wish of occasionally making our own of poems which strike us as of special worth, and which are unlikely otherwise to come under the notice of those readers for whose pleasure and profit we are bound to cater as diligently as may be. At present the reasons will be obvious why we insist on finding room for the two "borrowed plumes" that deck this paper, although Maga is suffering just now (to mix our metaphors) from a severe congestion of both verse and prose. Some will think, indeed, that our pages, which are pledged to eschew all reference to the politics of the day, ought not to be darkened by any clouds that may be passing over the land. We sympathise with this feeling so far that we will not trust ourselves to any expression of our

horror at a crime which, rightly or wrongly—whether perpetrated by some of her degenerate sons or by aliens—has made Ireland the theme of many a dismal paragraph in those newspapers, which rule the ideas of the world, and of which so few are controlled by friends of Ireland. But as a witness to the real feeling of Ireland and her peasantry, we think that even the most prejudiced politician would admit the *Nation* newspaper. On April 8th, 1882, and therefore, a month before that dreadful Saturday evening, May the 6th, the thought of which made one write to me lately, “our beautiful Park will never be the same again,”—in the *Nation* of the date just mentioned, appeared the following lines, which Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., might have cited in the House of Commons as proof that he at least had not been slack in denouncing outrages. The initials, A. H. R., appended to “Ireland’s Appeal,” are new to us.

What have I done to thee, my people? Wearing
Rent raiment of my shame, I made no cry—
Wounded and worn, sharp chains of bondage bearing,
Gladly I went, though it were forth to die.

Glad for the stainless love ye bore your mother,
Glad for the steadfast faith of former years,
For the strong truth of brother unto brother,
For the white innocence of woman’s tears.

For the strong hands that sowed for far-off reaping,
For dying lips that hailed the distant day,
For eyes that watched, while all the land was sleeping,
For prophet souls who bade prepare the way.

Did ye see nought, O children! save the token
Of bleeding wounds, of bondage and disgrace?
Could ye not see, beneath her banner broken,
A sunrise glory on your mother face?

What have I done, my people? Bound and stricken,
Must I a deeper agony behold
Than they that watched the famine children sicken,
Than they who saw their country bought and sold?

With hands blood-stained, O sons! would ye defile her
The whiteness of whose brow no gyves could stain?
The kisses of your drunken lips are viler
Than all the curses of her thralldom’s chain.

Were not my sad lips smiling when they bound me?
Yes, O my people! for your love was sure,
What should avail their mockery who discrowned me?
Their hands were red, but yours, beloved, were pure.

What have I done? My children, ye have made me
A path to Freedom that I may not tread.
What have I done? Wherefore have ye betrayed me?
Why have ye stained my royal raiment red?

Red is the throne your bloodstained hands would fashion ;
Red is the wreath wherewith ye crown my head ;
Ye strike, O children ! blind with pain and passion,
And lo ! my honour lies among the dead.

What have I done to you ? Oh, hear my pleading—
Your mother's agony, O sons ! behold—
Helpless and bound, with open wounds and bleeding,
Betrayed for vengeance now, as once for gold !

This was before the calamity which thrilled all true Irish hearts with horror, and made them pray, " From ruthless miscreants like those, God save Ireland !" After the deed was done, this " Greeting in Sorrow " was addressed by Miss Rosa Mulholland to the Countess Spencer, on her landing in Ireland. It has been copied from *The World* into many journals on both sides of the Atlantic.

O good and noble lady, who hast dared '
To set thy foot upon our blood-stained sod,
Our aching hearts commend thee to that God
Who for the brave and true hath ever cared !

Long time ago we knew thee in our isle,
We saw thy shining beauty and rejoiced ;
For thou wert tender-eyed and gentle-voiced,
And won our love by winning word and smile.

In happier summers thou hast gladdened seen
The splendour of our hawthorn-trees in bloom ;
Thou comest to us now in robes of gloom,
And pale with grief is " Spencer's Fairy Queen."

Thou comest to share our sorrow and our dread
With us in darkened homes who sit and weep ;
God bless thine every step, and may He keep
All evil from the ways thy feet must tread.

We fain would bring our flowers to strew thy path,
But they are scathed, and hang their heads for shame ;
The rose is wan, the lily red as flame,
And no more joy our field or garden hath.

Our homesteads are o'erturned by storm and flood,
Our hearths are cold, our children lying low ;
The very grass is stained with our woe ;
Ochone, ochone ! the shamrock's drowned in blood.

Yet com'st thou, gentle queen, to rule the storm,
To bide with us and trust our grateful love ;
Heaven give us life, that we may live to prove
Our souls are true, our Irish hearts are warm.

Lay not to us the sin that slays the just :
 Oast on the foreign demon his black guilt ;
 Brand, with the blood his alien knife hath spilt,
 The coward murderer of a nation's trust.

He is not ours, we will not take his crimes—
 The hideous blade to Irish hands unknown
 Hath marked him alien, and we will not own
 The wretch whose baseness grew in other climes.

Storm-tossed are we, and caught in deadly throes,
 Yet never has our vilest smote to death
 The stranger trusting to his friendly faith—
 So let this fiend be numbered with our foes !

Bid him thou lov'st be welcome to our shore,
 And go his gallant way for God and Right ;
 Weed out the wicked, cut with sword of light
 Time-hardened knots that bind us evermore.

Though heavy be his task, in this sad land,
 Oh ! be thou near, the innocent to save ;
 Think on the sufferings of the peasant slave,
 And bear sweet mercy in thy small right hand.

Yes, even in the first paroxysm of anger against the crime which "gives strength to the enemy." of justice and of every social virtue, it is well to remember that peasants, too, can suffer, and that other homes may be in mourning besides Chatsworth. Would that high and low would feel and act in the spirit of the noble words written in her fresh grief by the widow of Lord Frederick Cavendish !

But is it not better to try and forget this hideous nightmare, at once and for ever ? No, it is wise to be prepared for the worst possibilities of human nature, and to be reminded that human laws are impotent without the divine sanction ; that progress and civilisation, education and political reform, the "dismal science" and every other science, can avail little to secure the real welfare of mankind, even on earth, without practical faith in Him who gave the ten commandments from Mount Sinai, in Him who spoke the seven words on Mount Calvary. One of the ten is *Thou shalt not kill*, and one of the seven is *Father, forgive them !*

IRISH WOOL AND WOOLLENS.

BY A DISCURSIVE CONTRIBUTOR.

IV.

IF, in the interval between the Restoration and the Revolution, the conversion of Ireland into a vast sheep-walk was condemned as discouraging agriculture and forcing human beings to give place to wool-producing flocks, with much more reason was the aggravation of that system during the greater part of the eighteenth century regarded as a grievous injury to the country at large. Unquestionably, the peasantry suffered in the earlier period; but, then, there was some compensation to the general community in the lucrative employment of a large body of artizans engaged in working up the wool into cloths and stuffs for foreign markets. In the later and longer period, though camblets and other woollen fabrics were clandestinely carried to Spain and Portugal, and serges were smuggled into Scotland, and the people for the most part "sheared their own wool and wore it," nevertheless no manufacture was carried on at all commensurate with the enormous production of raw material. In point of fact there was no adequate industrial compensation for the neglect of husbandry and the low status of the agricultural classes.

Up to the middle of the eighteenth century the "pernicious sheep-walks" formed the main feature, after the bogs, of the Irish landscape. The counties of Tipperary, Limerick, and Carlow were mainly given up to wool growing. The baronies of Corra and Terrera in Sligo, and a great part of Roscommon, particularly that part between Athlone and Boyle (30 miles long and 10 miles broad), were continued sheep-walks. There were flock masters in Connaught who had 20,000 sheep on their farms. Patches of corn and potatoes appeared like a trimming on the skirts of the pastoral plains, and amidst these patches grovelled the wretchedly-housed peasants. Arthur Young, who notes these particulars, observes that at the period of his tour (1776-78), the population had greatly increased, and was sensibly encroaching on the grazing lands. Still, the sheep farms were seldom under 400 or 500 acres, and rose to 3,000: about 6,000 or 7,000 being then the greatest flock kept by one owner.

Among the four provinces, Connaught kept the pre-eminence in wool growing. The greatest quantity was produced in that western region, the quality of the fleece being also superlatively good. A wool fair was annually held at Ballinasloe, in the month of July, and lasted for several weeks. On these occasions sales to the amount of £200,000

were frequently effected.* It does not appear that time was reckoned as a very valuable commodity by the Connaught flock masters and their customers, for at this fair they were wont to spend a vast amount of it in bargaining. A later writer than Young says that an improved method of transacting business had recently been adopted by the Cork and Limerick buyers, who went to the growers' houses, made such bargains as they could, and paid in bills at various dates. Still the July fair held its ground, and was conducted in accordance with traditional modes. "It is," continues the author referred to, "perfectly ridiculous to see sensible men walking about the streets of Ballinasloe, the buyers on one side and the sellers on the other, for often six weeks and more. This has been carried so far sometimes that the buyers have made parties to take a tour to Killarney or elsewhere for a fortnight or more, thinking to tire the sellers into a bargain."†

Most of the Connaught wool was conveyed to Munster. Five hundred cars laden with wool might be seen at a time on the road to Cork city, and in the county of Cork half the wool of Ireland was combed. Clothiers established at Charleville, Donnerail, Mitchelstown, Kanturk, Newmarket, and other places bought up wool, got it combed in their own houses, gave it out to be spun by the peasantry, and then sold it to the weavers, or disposed of it to the French agents. All over the South weavers were at work, some living in cabins about the country, and others inhabiting cottages with small gardens in the towns.

Everywhere throughout Ireland, except, perhaps, in some parts of Ulster, the people prepared the raw material and made their own clothing. In every cottage there was a spinning-wheel, and at the door in fine weather, sat mother or daughter spinning and singing the while—for music, which in those days was generally an enlivener of most domestic and out-of-door avocations, was invariably an accompaniment to wool spinning. Dr. Petrie and other collectors of our national melodies, have preserved many of these spinning tunes. It was an understood thing that while the men supported the family by their labour in the fields, the women, who in those days never engaged in agricultural work, paid the rent by the profits of the distaff. Wakefield remarks that the people display great ingenuity in the manufacture of their cloth and stuffs. "Instead of using oil in the weaving, as is the case in all woollen manufactures, they extract in the summer time the juice of the fern root, which they find to answer the purpose; and for dyeing they employ the indigenous vegetable productions of the country, such as twigs of the alder, walnut and oak leaves, elder berries, &c."‡ By all accounts, an excessive quantity of

* "Tour in Ireland," vol. ii.

† Dutton: "Survey of Clare" (1808).

‡ Ireland, Statistical and Political," vol. i (1812).

wool, far more than skilful artizans would approve, was used in the domestic manufacture of friezes, linseys, stockings, and petticoat stuffs. "The amount of the consumption of woollens in Ireland," says Lord Sheffield, "we cannot know, but it is very great, and, perhaps, no country whatever, in proportion to its number of inhabitants, consumes so much. The lower orders are covered with the clumsiest woollen drapery, and although the material may not be fine, there is abundance of it. Besides coat and waistcoat, the lower classes wear a great coat both summer and winter, if it can possibly be got. Not only their clothing but their stockings seem to contain a double quantity of wool." The women, also, he observes, wear the clumsiest woollens; their petticoats and their cloak, when they have one, containing much wool. Whatever cloth and stuff remained after the farmer's household was supplied found a sale at the different fairs. At Rathdrum, in the county of Wicklow, a flannel fair was held on the first Monday of every month, and the frieze fair of Kilkenny was celebrated.

Manufactories of superior cloths existed in the cities and towns; for although the production of first-class broadcloth for exportation was checked by the prohibitory statutes, it received encouragement in another direction. "When the Irish found themselves prohibited by English laws from the exportation of all woollen manufactures, they thought the grievance insupportable, and to alleviate it applied all their wit and industry to two purposes: first, to export as much unmanufactured wool to France as possible; and, secondly, to make fine cloths for their own consumption. These were deep wounds to the English woollen trade; the one giving our inveterate enemies a rivalry in that business, and the other taking from the English a great part of the Irish trade for fine cloths which they enjoyed before."*

Thus stimulated to exertion, the Irish clothiers succeeded in making a serviceable and sufficiently fine quality of cloth for the use of the easier classes. The Spanish wool required for mixing with the Irish was procured, strangely enough, through London; as indeed was also, at least at one time, the supply of that staple which the French manufacturers had need of. Swift evidently thought that in his day Irish gentlemen had no reason to consider themselves unsuitably garbed in native manufacture, and he did his best, as we know, to bring the fashion of English broadcloth into discredit. Fashion, however, reasserted its mischievous influence as time went on; and Dr. Campbell had reason to complain of the coxcombs of his day for their ignorant contempt of home-spun garments, and their affectation in pretending that woollens of the country were not good enough for their own wear. The Irish, he says, are "very culpable in this affair, but the fault falls not upon the manufacturer, but the consumer. The woollen manu-

* Harris: "Life of William III."

facture, in despite of all efforts to annihilate it, has flourished in the city of Dublin, while it has languished everywhere else. But, as if the natives wished to conspire with other agents in banishing it hence also, they scorn to wear a home-spun coat. Even an attorney's clerk must be dressed in English cloth, and such is the contempt of Irish woollens in Ireland, that it is common with the drapers to sell for English those which are really Irish.*

Thus, the growing, preparing, and smuggling of wool filled up a considerable space in the life of the Irish people during the best part of the eighteenth century; and the manufacture of cloths and stuffs, principally for home consumption, gave employment to a multitude of hands.† And yet the woollen manufacture, though respectable, was immeasurably below the standard it would have reached if a free export had been allowed. "Home consumption," says the writer just quoted, "is not sufficient stimulus. The genius of trade sickens at the very thoughts of restriction, and it dies upon actual restraint." As for the clandestine trade, though a great number derived advantage from it, its drawbacks were neither few nor trifling, and its benefits were in some respects illusory. Precarious, hazardous, demoralising, it was as a system the very opposite of steady, open, legitimate trading. There was all the difference in the world between the constitution of a great commercial community and the enlistment of a host of trading adventurers. Sir James Caldwell, an excellent authority, points out at some length the evils that wool smuggling brought on the country, and says in conclusion:—"It deprives the poor of employment, discourages industry, promotes idleness and debauchery, disposes the common people to insult government, sows the seeds of rebellion, and quenches humanity, by making violence, and in some cases murder, necessary to self-defence."‡

Although France was ready to pay a high price, and at times any price for Irish wool, the mode in which the payments were made increased the general disruption of sobriety and order. As already observed, the French Government objected to so great an amount of specie leaving the kingdom as had been transmitted to Ireland during the first years of the contraband traffic. Cash remittances were therefore discontinued, and an exchange of commodities substituted. Ireland was consequently deluged with wine and brandy, glutted with silks, laces, and such like commodities, and entangled more than ever in an illicit traffic by the necessity of smuggling in French luxuries as well as running out native wool. A superabundance of good wine did not foster habits of temperance, and strangers remarked that the produce of excellent foreign vintages could be got in places where common Irish bread was not to be had. Luxurious and copious

* "A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland" (1777).

† "An Enquiry concerning the Restrictions laid on the Trade of Ireland" (1766).

drinking on the part of the men was emulated by extravagant dressing on the part of the women. French finery suited ill with poverty-stricken surroundings, and only helped to render more remarkable the general disarray. Curious notices of Irish customs in the matter of drinking and dressing are to be found in the *Querist*. Dr. Berkeley asks, "Whether any kingdom in Europe be so good a customer at Bourdeaux as Ireland?" "How many gentlemen are there in England of a £1,000 *per annum* who never drink wine in their own houses? Whether the same may be said of any in Ireland, who have even £100 *per annum*?" The lady's lace is a match for the squire's bottle, and the *Querist* wants to know, "Whether it be not a notorious truth that our Irish ladies are on a foot, as to dress, with those of five times their fortune in England? Whether it be not even certain that the matrons of this forlorn country send out a greater proportion of its wealth, for fine apparel, than any other females on the whole surface of this terraqueous globe?"*

A considerable quantity of French silk was used, in the early part of the last century, at funerals in Ireland. The scarfs worn by the mourners were made of lustring (commonly pronounced *lutestring*), and it was computed that between £11,000 and £12,000 were annually expended in the purchase of this smuggled article. However, after some time, the Cambric Company of Belfast proposed in the interest of the Irish manufacturers that linen should be used instead of silk at funerals. This mode having been adopted at the funeral of "a late great man of the first distinction," a statistician of the day remarked that "it was well judged to bury him in character as a friend to his country and a benefactor to multitudes."† Another authority of the same date remarks that, whereas silk scarfs were of little utility except for the one occasion, linen scarfs might be applied to many other uses. They could be made of all prices, from one shilling to eight shillings a yard, answerable to the quality or fortune of the deceased. Eventually the Ulster manufacture gained the day, and it became the fashion to honour the dead and serve honest trade at the same time by the display of a profusion of white linen at Irish funerals.

I dare say it would be interesting while following the ramifications of illicit trading in Ireland to note instances of complicity in the traffic on the part of the gentry whose property touched on the sea-board. Those who are curious in the matter will find one notable instance of the association of a contrabandist's pursuits with the avocations of a landed proprietor in the early pages of Miss Cusack's "Life of the Liberator."

Clearly, it was Bishop Berkeley's opinion that the Irish people

* The "*Querist*" was first published in 1735.

† Dobbs: "An Essay on the Trade and Improvement of Ireland" (1729).

would have shown more wisdom if they had accommodated themselves to circumstances, relinquished the desire of a free trade in wool and woollens, and quietly directed their commercial enthusiasm into other channels. He thought that hankering after a foreign trade, and grieving over its loss, enfeebled the national mind; and he enquires "Whether it would not be more prudent to strike out and exert ourselves in permitted branches of trade than to fold our hands and repine that we are not allowed the woollen?" and "Whether if there was a wall of brass a thousand cubits high round this kingdom, our natives might not, nevertheless, live cleanly and comfortably, till the land, and reap the fruits of it?" But it is also plainly indicated in the *Querist* that the treatment which the wool had received destroyed all feeling of security in other trades; that people could not get rid of the idea that industries of other kinds, even though they should be "with great pains and expense thoroughly introduced and settled in the land," might be at any moment similarly uprooted; and that, therefore "they stuck to their wool."

Moreover, nearly every other Irish industry had its grievance as well as the woollen trade. The Ulster linen manufacture received many a stealthy thrust and many an open blow from English jealousy, and was subject to disastrous fluctuations which kept the passenger traffic between the north of Ireland and America busy for scores of years deporting weavers out of work. In 1772 such was the state of affairs in Ulster that, as reported to the Irish House of Commons, the best manufacturers and weavers, with their families, had gone to seek bread in America, and thousands were preparing to follow. The Irish glass manufacture was most injuriously treated. Disabling duties were imposed on the Irish hempen manufacture, which at one time had supplied the whole British navy with sail-cloth. Irish fishermen were not allowed to appear off Newfoundland, and petitions were presented to Parliament by English fishermen, praying that the Irish might be prevented from catching herrings on the coast of Waterford and Wexford.

In fact the only extensive, and, occasionally at least, unfettered trade that Ireland enjoyed in those days was the export of salted provisions, which began immediately after the prohibition of the cattle trade with England. The French took immense quantities, and it was believed that without the Irish supplies they could hardly have victualled their ships. For a number of years the French settlements in the West Indies were provided from the same quarter. According to a contemporary foreign authority a breast of Irish beef was the greatest regale in those islands.* Besides beef, the French took butter tallow, and raw hides in great quantities. Prior, in his "Observations on the Trade of Ireland," gives an idea of the extent of the foreign

* See the treatises of Dobbs and Sir J. Caldwell already quoted.

exports. "It appears," he says, "from the quantity of our commodities exported to France, at a medium yearly for seven years ending 1726, taken from the custom house books, that the French take from us, one year with another, two parts in five of all our tallow, above one-third of all our butter, a fourth part of our raw hides, and above one-third part of all our beef, which last commodity may otherwise lie a drug upon our hands, since no other foreign nation has occasion for the same, either for their own consumption or for the use of their colonies." Later on, the British navy received supplies of Irish beef; and in times nearer to our own, as, for instance, during the Peninsular war, the British army was, to a great extent, victualled from Ireland.

Vicissitudes, of course, tried this trade as well as others. Although it did not excite national jealousy in any marked degree, it was victimised on occasions in the interest of the English contractors. "Of all the restrictions," says Arthur Young, "which England has at different times most impolitically laid upon the trade of Ireland, there is none more obnoxious than the embargoes on their provision trade. The prohibitions on the export of woollens, and various other articles, have this pretence at least in their favour, that they are advantageous to similar manufactures in England; and Ireland has long been trained to the sacrifice of her national advantage as a dependent country; but in respect to embargoes even this shallow pretence is wanting: a whole kingdom is sacrificed and plundered, not to enrich England, but three or four London contractors!"

The operation of this system of embargoes may be inferred from the account given by MacPherson of one of these transactions, shortly told as follows. An embargo was laid, in 1776, on the exportation of salted provisions from Ireland, in the apprehension of the French furnishing themselves with a stock of Irish provisions for victualling their fleets in the impending war, and was still in force in 1779. The French suffered no inconvenience, nor did the West India islands, for the American market was open to them. But to the Irish it was a grievous and ruinous disappointment. "Their discontent was almost converted into indignation by a belief, which prevailed very generally among them, that the measure did not originate from the professed motive, but from a design of giving enormous lucrative contracts to ministerial favourites." So great was the distress following this prohibition that it was feared the country would become depopulated unless the commercial grievances of Ireland were speedily redressed. Multitudes went to America where their countrymen were fighting in the rebel ranks; and the charity of the higher classes in Dublin was strained to the extremest limit by the necessity of feeding daily 20,000 poor citizens ruined by the new prohibition.*

Passing strange it is that the spirit of enterprise was not wholly

* "Annals of Commerce," vol. iii.

crushed by the discouragements and injuries inflicted on the trade of Ireland during so long a period. Necessity stimulated energy; and it must be remembered that in trade lay the one chance for the Catholic body to rise from the degraded position it was held in by the penal code. Lord Chesterfield, albeit disdaining to use the vulgar arts of persecution, was far from desiring to see the Irish papists acquire power of any kind. He had sagacity enough to perceive that a serious pursuit of mercantile avocations would sooner or later enable them to obtain position, wealth, influence. His policy, therefore, would have been to repeal the laws that forbade Catholics to purchase estates, lure them thus from commercial enterprises, and then rely on the Gavel Act for breaking up, by subdivision, the newly acquired properties. Fortunately, Chesterfield's viceregal reign was too short to allow him an opportunity of carrying out his subtle schemes. The temptation to exchange the office of merchant for that of estated gentlemen was not just then set as a snare for ambitious Catholics. Traders of that religion worked on in the industrial grove and amassed in many cases respectable fortunes. Their foreign relations afforded them opportunities for educating their children. It was the custom to send out Catholic youths as *soi disant* apprentices, on board of trading vessels; and then, when they had got some education in the colleges of France or Spain, to smuggle them back into Ireland with the brandy and Bordeaux.

But, to return to our sheep once more. All through those years the Irish never reconciled themselves to the loss of the legitimate wool trade. In vain they were that told it was unbecoming and ungrateful on their part to refuse this little compensation—the wool monopoly—to England: that great nation which had been at such trouble and expense in quelling the frequent rebellions of the Irish.* In vain they were invited to acquiesce in the inevitable and give up the wool. They could not be made to recognise their obligations, and they would not accept the inevitable. For eighty years they kept on persistently *not acquiescing*, until in the end they paid off old scores in quite another fashion, and made the inevitable fly from before their face.

Several of the authorities we have quoted set the trade question in a fair light from time to time, between 1728 and 1766. They showed that, in order to relieve the English woollen trade, the Irish manufacturers should be allowed to join in competing for the foreign market: they pointed out how such branches as the Turkey business, for

* "The monopoly of wool and woollen yarn has been the greatest occasion of complaint in Ireland, of hardship laid upon it by England's engrossing so valuable a branch of trade to itself. This the English claim as due to them upon account of the charges from time to time they have been at in reducing the natives of Ireland, as also in restoring the British interest when routed or disturbed by the frequent rebellions of the Irish."—*Dobbs*.

instance, might well be carried on in Ireland, while the English weavers were employed in producing finer fabrics; and they ventured to inquire how it was that England still continued to compliment the French with a trade which she denied to Ireland. Reiterated observations of this kind produced some effect in the long run. Thinkers and legislators in this island began to understand that something must be done to relieve the country from the intolerable oppression that weighed it down; and a vigorous public opinion grew strong by degrees, and finally demanded a hearing. Ireland, dreaming that the wool might yet be free, was gradually preparing for a struggle; while England still maintained an impassive front, determined not to read aright the American lesson. A contest at close quarters was now inevitable. It was not destined to be a long one. Let us note the points of advance and retreat, observing the order of events, and keeping close to our best authorities.

In 1770, as Mr. Lecky writes, the Viceroy, Lord Townshend, suggested the necessity of relaxing the commercial restriction under which Ireland laboured; and suggested that a coarse kind of woollen cloth, which was made in Ireland, but not in Great Britain, might be sent without danger to the Spanish and Portuguese markets. His efforts, however, were completely futile. In 1776, a few slight commercial concessions were granted by England. Newfoundland and other fisheries, from which Irish fishermen had been excluded, were thrown open to them; and the Irish were permitted to furnish the clothing of their own troops when they were stationed out of Ireland.† In 1778, the Prime Minister, Lord North, proposed to relieve the commercial restraints of Ireland by allowing a free and general exportation of all kinds of goods, except the woollen manufacture, "that article being reckoned too sacred to be yet meddled with." But so great was the commotion excited in the manufacturing towns of England that Lord North had to reconsider his proposal.

"A general alarm," says MacPherson, "spread through most of the trading and manufacturing parts of the kingdom." They considered the "admittance of Ireland to any participation in trade as not only destructive, in the most ruinous degree, of their property, but as being equally subversive of their rights. They were as little disposed to consent, that the people of Ireland should cultivate their own manufactures, and dispose of their native commodities at the proper foreign markets, as they were to admit them to any limited degree of commercial participation. In short, the alarm was universal, and took such absolute possession of the public attention, that, for a short time, the American war, and all its brooding events, appear to have been forgotten." The table of the House of Commons, as we read in Plowden's

* "The History of England in the Eighteenth Century," vol. iv.
Vol. x. No. 109.

"Historical Review," was covered with "petitions against any extension of commercial advantages to Ireland, by which the trade of England should be in any way affected. Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow threatened to be no longer loyal if these bills should pass." The popular passion triumphed for the moment. The British Parliament yielded to the pressure from without, and only some slight modifications of the commercial code were effected.

Ireland was now fast assuming a formidable attitude. Her Parliament was determined to assert its rights; and the Volunteers were demanding free trade with arms in their hands.

In February, 1779, "The Sheriffs of Dublin represented to the Lord Lieutenant that 19,000 persons connected with the weaving trade in that city, besides many other poor, were on the brink of starvation, and that nothing but an extension of trade and a free export of manufactures could save them." Two months later a meeting was held in Dublin, at which all present pledged themselves "not directly or indirectly to purchase any of the goods or manufactures of Great Britain, that could be manufactured at home. . . . Agreements to use only domestic manufactures, and to abstain from purchasing English goods till the commercial restrictions were removed, were now entered into by the grand juries of many counties, and by numerous county meetings, and were signed in most of the great towns." The Viceroy, Lord Buckinghamshire, having requested the leading Irishmen of the day to make him acquainted with their opinions concerning the state of the country. Lord Lifford, Sir Lucius O'Brien, Flood, Hussey Burgh, Forster, and Hely Hutchinson, stated their views in pamphlets and treatises—all agreeing that, unless the commercial restrictions were speedily removed, Ireland could no longer pay her way.*

Hely Hutchinson's "Commercial Restrictions" was by far the most remarkable contribution presented to the Government on this occasion. It was a piece of sound and creditable work. Having done excellent service to Ireland in its day, it still possesses a vivid interest and high value for the student of history. Already the work has been several times quoted or referred to in this paper, and it would naturally call for special notice just at this part of our story, only that its rare pages have been reprinted, under singularly able editorship, and given to the public within the last few days. Henceforth it will be no longer out of the reach of general readers.†

* "The History of England in the Eighteenth Century," vol iv.

† The full title of the re-issue reads thus: "The Commercial Restraints of Ireland, considered in a series of letters to a noble Lord, containing an historical account of the affairs of that Kingdom, Dublin, 1779. By John Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College, &c. Re-edited, with a sketch of the Author's Life, Introduction, Notes, and Index, by W. G. Carroll, M.A., SS. Bride's and Michael le Pole's. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son (1882).

Whether the eyes of Europe were on the Emerald Isle at this juncture or whether they were not, certain it is that America was not heedless of what was going on in the old land, and equally certain that the consciousness of American sympathy inspirited the patriots to a high pitch of courage and resolution. Benjamin Franklin watched the progress of events with deep interest. He had visited Ireland and formed friendships with her sons, and he was well informed of her wants and her wrongs. Writing to Sir Edward Newenham in this very year, 1779, he says: "I admire the spirit with which I see the Irish are at length determined to claim some share of that freedom of commerce, which is the right of all mankind, but which they have been so long deprived of by the abominable selfishness of their fellow-subjects. To enjoy all the advantages of the climate, soil, and situation in which God and nature have placed us, is as clear a right as that of breathing, and can never be justly taken from men but as a punishment for some atrocious crime."*

Meanwhile, the Volunteers seconded their demand for free trade by giving the best practical encouragement to the industries of the nation. They clothed their regiments and troops in Irish manufacture, and the brilliant uniform of the different corps at their reviews and military gatherings throughout the country showed what could be done by native artisans with materials of home growth. They encouraged by their approval and supported by their patronage every undertaking which had for its object the extension of trade. Associations for the use of Irish manufactures sprung up in every part of the country, to the serious alarm of the English clothiers, who left nothing undone to compel or induce the small traders throughout the provinces to take their goods at reduced prices and on long credit. "The Volunteers and the leaders of the movement were equally active on their side. The press, the pulpit, and the ball-room were enlisted in the cause of native industry. The scientific institutions circulated, gratuitously, tracts on the improvement of manufacture, on the modes adopted in the continental manufacturing districts, and on the economy of production. Trade revived; the manufacturers who had thronged the city of Dublin, the ghastly apparitions of decayed industry, found employment provided for them by the patriotism and spirit of the country; the proscribed goods of England remained unsold, or only sold under false colours, by knavish and profligate retailers; the country enjoyed some of the fruits of freedom before she obtained freedom itself."† The Volunteer guns were made to express the national sentiment and advocate the cause of Irish wool. Around the necks of the cannons were hung labels with such inscriptions as, *Free Trade or This! Free*

* "Life of Benjamin Franklin" vol. iii. (1833).

† MacNevin: "The History of the Volunteers of 1782."

Trade or speedy Revolution! Even the drums lent their aid in intensifying patriotic ardour. With more point, perhaps, than poetry, words had been fitted to a stirring march-tune adopted by the regimental bands, and the moment the roll of the drums was heard the popular memory suggested the verses:—

“ Was she not a fool,
When she took off our wool,
To leave us so much of the
Leather, the leather?
It ne’er entered her pate,
That a sheepskin well beat,
Would draw a whole nation
Together, together.”

In the month of October the Irish Parliament met and unanimously resolved to address the throne, and represent to His Majesty that it was not by temporary expedients but by a free trade alone that Ireland could be saved from impending ruin. The Speaker, accompanied by the patriot leaders, carried the addresses of the Lords and Commons to the Castle, the streets being lined with the Dublin Volunteers drawn up in arms, under their commander, the Duke of Leinster, and thronged with a rejoicing multitude. This action was followed by a proposal to withhold the supplies, or to limit the duration of the money bill, until free trade was yielded by England. During the debate on this question, the Prime Sergeant, Hussey Burgh, delivered the famous speech, in which he declared that if Parliament were weak enough to grant supplies for two years it would thereby destroy the fair prospects of commercial hope, and lead the British minister to treat all applications for free trade with contempt. “The usurped authority of a foreign parliament,” continued the orator, “has kept up the most wicked laws that a jealous, monopolising, ungrateful spirit could devise to restrain the bounty of Providence, and enslave a nation, whose inhabitants are recorded to be a brave, loyal, and generous people; by the English code of laws, to answer the most sordid views, they have been treated with a savage cruelty; the words penalty, punishment, and Ireland are synonymous, they are marked in blood on the margin of their statutes; and though time may have softened the calamities of the nation, the baneful and destructive influence of those laws have borne her down to a state of Egyptian bondage. The English have sowed their laws like serpents’ teeth, and they have sprung up as armed men.”*

During the delivery of this speech, Hussey Burgh, in reply to some one who had observed that Ireland was at peace, thundered forth these words: “Talk not to me of peace. Ireland is not at peace; it is smothered war.” Extraordinary excitement was produced both

* “History of the Volunteers.”

within the house of Parliament and outside its walls by the Prime Sergeant's courageous words.* He ceased to hold his office under the Crown; but the money bill was passed for six months only. By this time the temper of the parent State had undergone some change. Mute alarm had taken the place of outrageous clamour. The British Parliament met in November, and the signal for a new departure was immediately given. "Severe censures were thrown out in both houses upon the ministry for endangering the loss of Ireland, as they had already accomplished that of America, by delaying to grant what it would be no longer in their power to withhold, whereby they were now reduced to a necessity of yielding, as a matter of right, much more than would have been thankfully received as a favour, if granted with a good grace at a proper time. At last the minister was roused to take up the business in earnest."†

Let the sequel be told, even at the risk of some repetition of statements, in the words, first, of a distinguished writer and gifted Irishman of our own day; and, secondly, of the greatest man that this country has ever produced.

Mr. Lecky, in the course of his ably condensed history of this momentous year, thus writes:—"Lord North, as we have seen, had been already disposed to grant a very liberal measure of commercial relief to Ireland, though he proposed to except the capital article of the wool trade; but he had been intimidated by the clamour of the manufacturers of England. Now, however, the danger was too extreme for further delay. The fear of bankruptcy in Ireland, the non-importation agreements, which were beginning to tell upon English industries, the threatening aspect of an armed body which already counted more than 40,000 men, the determined and unanimous attitude of the Irish Parliament, the predictions of the Lord Lieutenant that all future military grants by Ireland depended upon his course, the danger that England, in the midst of a dangerous and disastrous war should be left absolutely without a friend, all weighed upon his mind; and at the close of 1779, and in the beginning of 1780, a series of measures were carried in England which exceeded the utmost that a few years before the most sanguine Irishman would have either expected or demanded. The Acts which prohibited the Irish from exporting their woollen manufactures and their glass were wholly repealed, and the great trade of the colonies was freely thrown open to them."‡

Edmund Burke, speaking as a member of the British Parliament, conjures up a vision of the Irish people resolute and armed demanding

* See Webb's "Compendium of Irish Biography." Article "Hussey Burgh."

† "Annals of Commerce" vol. iii.

‡ "The History of England in the 18th Century" vol. iv.

a free trade, and thus describes the result: "They (the Irish) interdict all commerce between the two nations. They deny all new supply in the House of Commons, although in time of war. They stint the trust of the old revenue, given for two years to all the king's predecessors, to six months. The British Parliament, in a former session, frightened into a limited concession by the menaces of Ireland, frightened out of it by the menaces of England, was now frightened back again, and made an universal surrender of all that had been thought the peculiar, reserved, uncommunicable rights of England;—the exclusive commerce of America, of Africa, of the West Indies—all the enumerations of the acts of navigation—all the manufactures—iron, glass, even the last pledge of jealousy and pride, the interest hid in the secret of our hearts, the inveterate prejudice moulded into the constitution of our frame, even the sacred fleece itself, all went together. No reserve; no exception; no debate; no discussion. A sudden light broke in upon us all. It broke in, not through well-contrived and well-disposed windows, but through flaws and breaches; through the yawning chasms of our ruin. We were taught wisdom by humiliation. No town in England presumed to have a prejudice, or dared to mutter a petition."*

Good grace, it is pleasant to record, characterised the last act of the drama. English traders, albeit sadly, maintained a becoming silence. Lords and Commons for once displayed unanimity in yielding to a just demand. The king exhibited a royal graciousness in assenting to the measure which repealed the prohibitory statutes of William III. Lord Hillsborough, in a letter dated the 23rd of December, 1779, thus communicates the tidings of the royal assent to William Sexton Pery, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Ireland:

"The King is this moment returned from from giving his Royal Assent to the Irish Woollen Bill, and I take the liberty to enclose to you a printed copy of it thus early, that you may not unnecessarily lose a moment of that pleasure which I am sure it will give you. I most sincerely congratulate with you upon this happy event for Ireland, as I flatter myself I shall very soon after the recess have the pleasure of doing upon the Export and Import Act to and from the colonies, &c. It is a very agreeable circumstance in the passing this Bill that there was not the least opposition in either House of Parliament, and that His Majesty, to whom a Commission was proposed, was pleased to say he would go to the House in person, upon an occasion of so much importance to his faithful kingdom of Ireland."†

Signal as was this triumph in the repeal, after eighty years, of the statutes which had ruined the woollen trade of Ireland, the patriots

* "Speech at Bristol, previous to the Election" (1760).

† Eighth Report of the Historical Manuscript Commission.

were not so dazzled by success as to forget that the victory had still to be secured. The cause might again be lost unless the power of England to make laws for Ireland were surrendered. Therefore, they pushed on to the attack of the inner stronghold. In 1782, after a tyranny of nearly three hundred years, Poynings' Act was annulled, and the commercial freedom of Ireland established on a sound foundation.

It has been said that the freedom of trade, thus fought for and obtained, did little more than put an end to smuggling. Certain it is, however, that a great impetus was given to the woollen industries in Ireland by the inspiring effect of the Volunteer movement, and by the substantial encouragement bestowed by the Irish Parliament on the premier trade. The manufacturers met the demand for home production by increased energy and improved skill, and many thousands of hands were kept in work all over the country. Less wool was exported than formerly, but a larger quantity of manufactured goods was sent out. Despite of vicissitudes, occasioned by war and other causes, the woollen trade prospered during the twenty years that followed its liberation.

Then came the Union. It cannot be maintained that the act of Union inflicted any injury on the Irish woollen trade. On the contrary, it removed disabilities which the repeal of 1779 had left in *statu quo*, and placed Ireland on an equal footing with England in regard to the staple manufacture. But what ensued? There ensued, first a gradual, and then an accelerated decline in manufacturing industry throughout the country. The woollen trade, always spoken of in the eighteenth century as destroyed, was actually at that period in a flourishing condition when compared with the state it was reduced to in the nineteenth.

At the date of the Union there were, it is calculated, between 5,000 and 6,000 persons employed in Dublin and its vicinity, in the various branches of the woollen manufactory. In 1868 the number so employed in all Ireland amounted only to 1,374 according to a return in Thom's Official Directory. To the ruins of castles, abbeys, and lordly mansions that strewed the land, were added, in this our century, the ruins of mills. In almost every direction mouldering monuments and sad traditions survive to testify to the existence, up to a period not long gone by, of a trade that, with all its limitations, deserved to be called national. Completer ruin could hardly be imagined.

Here, no attempt shall be made to inquire into the causes of this calamity. It would be a tedious task, and certain to lead to the most disheartening reflections. Fortunately at this moment there are hopeful signs of a revival, on an extensive scale, of woollen industries in Ireland. The exhibition of manufactures which is about to be opened in Dublin will, doubtless, afford gratifying proofs of renewed activity

in different parts of the country; will help to make more generally known the fact that even during the worst days some relics of a manufacture so ancient, so national, and so rich in interest were preserved; and furthermore, will show that in one branch of high class woollens Ireland has, in our own day bid for and obtained a world-wide reputation for excellence.

The manufacturers who, at this juncture, endeavour to restore the lost trade, undoubtedly merit the most liberal encouragement; while those who represent establishments dating their foundation from pre-Union days, assuredly deserve not only this but the thanks of the nation.

"IN DEATH NOT DIVIDED."

IN 1716 Alexander Pope wrote to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu a most interesting, sympathetic account of two lovers who were killed by a flash of lightning on the eve of their marriage and buried in one grave. In his letter—which may be found at page 193 of a work recently published, Mr. W. P. Scoone's "Four Centuries of English Letters"—the poet transcribes three epitaphs which he had composed on the occasion. The first runs thus:—

"When eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile the faithful Fair expire;
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere the Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized."

In his second attempt he condenses the foregoing a little, without making it more Christian or more touching, as it ought to be:—

"Think not, by rigorous judgment seized
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleased,
And snatched them in celestial fire."

Perhaps the third epitaph is the worst of all, as expressing least of the tender thoughts which the subject might have suggested. You might read the lines and never guess what sort of event had inspired them:—

"Live well and fear no sudden fate:
When God calls virtue to the grave;
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball."

The son of a true poet, whose title he inherits, and the brother of a poet who inherits his father's name, and much more than his father's poetic genius—Sir Stephen de Vere—thinking that the epitaph of this hapless pair of rustics ought be more simple and natural than any of these, has written the following, and sent it for publication in our Magazine, which he does not favour thus for the first time :—

The summer storm is past and gone:
Again shines out the summer sun
On lips that are, though pale and dead,
With living smile still garlanded.

They truly loved, and loving died,
By God's own lightning purified:
He saw their faith, and pitying gave
At once a bridal and a grave.

MICHAEL BLAKE, BISHOP OF DROMORE.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART VI.

MANY interesting names are mentioned in the private notes taken by Dr. Blake during his sojourn in Rome, from which we have already given some extracts; for instance, the following passage, under the date "October 20th, 1827," relates to the famous "Father Prout," who was then simply Mr. Francis Mahony :—

"I wrote to-day to Right Rev. Dr. Murphy of Cork. His lordship had sent by Mr. Francis Mahony a commendatory and introductory letter, in consequence of which I was willing to receive Mr. Mahony into this college, although his age (23) would have disqualified him for any place among the students who have yet to finish their ordinary theological course. I expressed to Dr. Murphy the regret I feel in being obliged to inform him that Mr. Mahony has not thought proper to enter this college unless under conditions which I could not admit. I gave a detailed account of my short intercourse with Mr. M. I related the expression of our Cardinal-Protector as to receiving him. Finally, I remarked that allowances must be made on behalf of Mr. Mahony, which, if they cannot go to the full length of justifying his conduct, may serve to excuse it to a charitable mind."

This passage corrects one of the many blunders which occur in the account given of Father Prout in the "Cabinet of Irish Literature"

(vol. iii. p. 302), the fullest account that we have met with. Dr. Blake's words show that he was born in 1805, and here the writer we refer to is right; but, after stating that his parents designed him for the Church, he goes on to say: "For this end he was early placed at a Jesuit college in France, from whence in due time he proceeded to the Irish College in Rome. Here he wrote his famous 'Shandon Bells;' and in the corner of the room where his bed stood are still to be seen, traced on the wall, the first lines of the poem." It is after this, and after taking holy orders, that he is represented as acting as a teacher at Clongowes Wood College. The fact is that he was a "Clongowes boy"* himself, educated there, and not in a French college, and his unsuccessful attempt to go through the training of a young Jesuit had been ended before he presented himself to Dr. Blake at Rome. We have seen that he and Dr. Blake did not come to terms, and he did not go through his theological course in the Irish College. Did he write "The Bells of Shandon" so early? and are its opening lines written on any wall in Rome? When striking anecdotes are misbuh-ized, they are apt to lose considerably in point.

It is amusing, after hearing Dr. Blake's opinion of Mr. Mahony, to read Mr. Mahony's opinion of Dr. Blake. He gave it in one of his letters to the *Daily News*, when he was Roman correspondent to Charles Dickens. Talking in his unpleasant way about O'Connell, even after his death, he describes the "pilgrimage of the heart," when O'Connell's heart, in a silver urn, was deposited in the Church of St. Agatha of the Goths, adjacent to the Irish College. "The seminary itself (he goes on to say) is far from realising the character of a national institution; it was got up a few years back by a Dr. Blake, whose impracticable temper it had to contend with till his removal, and the appointment of the present mild and considerate president, Dr. Cullen; but it is by no means an improvement on Maynooth."

Another name which will interest many is that of the Rev. Nicholas Callan of Maynooth. We have seen that he was Dr. Blake's companion in travelling to Rome in August, 1824. He did not return to Ireland till May, 1826. How he spent the two years we are not informed. One of the results of his Italian sojourn was, no doubt, his series of translations of the writings of St. Alphonsus Liguori; and another

* A school-fellow of his remembers one day which was to have been a play-day; but, someone having in wantonness chalked the wall of one of the corridors, a prefect wisely or unwisely announced that there should be no play till the culprit came forward and pleaded guilty. There was a long pause, and the hopes of a play-day grew faint. Suddenly young Mahony stepped out, and said, "I did it, sir!" His comrades who knew this was only done that they might not lose their recreation, did not blame him too harshly for the self-accusing falsehood.

As on many other subjects, so also about Father Prout, the reader will find many new and interesting particulars in page 211 of the "Life of Mary Aikenhead, Foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity," by S. A. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son).

was his reception of the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Writing to Archbishop Murray, on April 27th, 1826, Dr. Blake mentions "Rev. Mr. Callan's departure on Friday, the 21st instant, his having been honoured here with doctorship, his having been invited to Maynooth, to stand a concursus for one of the vacant chairs, and my request that his Grace will honour him with his kind attention." And then, next month, May 14th, he gives a summary of what he had written to Dr. Curtis, who was Primate, and Dr. Callan's archbishop. "I informed him of Rev. Mr. Callan's departure from Rome. I praised him, yet expressed my regret at noticing amongst the assemblage of good qualities in Mr. C., not a little of scrupulosity; hence it is fortunate that it is the intention of his friends in Ireland to settle him in Maynooth College, and in a chair where the scope of his attention will be directed to the exact sciences. I remarked that the weakness here alluded to was what prevented me from soliciting his Grace to leave him in Rome for superintending this college."

A familiar name occurring in some paragraph will sometimes make one reader pause with interest over it, while another passes on with disdain. Whenever you are particularly bored with an article here or elsewhere, dear reader, say meekly to yourself: "This is evidently intended for somebody else—much good may it do him!" Thus, in Dr. Blake's journal the bare entry, "a letter for a Mr. O'Reilly," attracts our eyes, for it probably refers to the future Maynooth Professor of Theology, who was afterwards so greatly revered and loved (and is still in our memories) as Father Edmund O'Reilly, S.J.

Meanwhile, while attending to many other matters chiefly connected with the ecclesiastical government of Ireland, the P.P. of SS. Michael and John's (for though he proposed to resign his parish, Dr. William Yore was only his administrator during these years of absence), the Irish priest never for a day lost sight of what was the special object of his mission to Rome. Even the passionless, businesslike entries in his diary reveal the brave and energetic perseverance that he displayed. He pursued the policy which the poor widow in our Lord's parable found successful even with the unjust judge. He never let the authorities and their servants alone till he gained his point. It is quite a usual thing to see an entry on Monday, recording some promise given by some cardinal personally or through his secretary; and then on the following Wednesday the earnest Celt calls to inquire if the promise has been fulfilled. We should in these instances have been greatly astonished if so short an interval as one clear day had proved sufficient for the fulfilment of such engagements; but we are bound to confess that, as a fact, our feelings have never been subjected to this shock. The second entry always records a mere renewal of the promise.

At last the Pope placed at Dr. Blake's disposal the Umbrian College; but the gentleman who was actually in possession of the building still threw many obstacles in the way of the completion of the arrangements.

In calling our attention to a mistake in one of our previous articles, the Rev. C. P. Meehan writes : " Leo XII. gave to Dr. Blake the college situated in the Piazza Santa Lucia near the Gesu ; I think it was Gregory XVI. who gave St. Agatha's to Dr. Cullen." Our learned correspondent, belonging to the second generation of Roman students, can back up his authority with the classic *Esperito crede Roberto*.

We cannot give all the particulars which might be dug up out of these yellow leaves regarding the refounding of the Irish College at Rome. Let us hope that the college archives contain some adequate record of these matters. Sooner or later all such records will be found most useful and interesting. This is particularly to be desired with regard to our great national seminary of Maynooth. What more interesting subject could engage the skilful pen which is sketching the ancient "Irish Theologians" in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* ? That eminently useful periodical affords special facilities for the piecemeal publication of such *mémoires pour servir* as will be a precious Godsend to some Maynooth professor who towards the close of the twentieth century may devote a stately octavo to the history of his Alma Mater.

NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The Dismal Science: a Criticism on Modern English Political Economy*. By WILLIAM DILLON, M.R.I.A., of the Irish and American Bar. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1882).

MR. DILLON's contribution to the study of political economy is a work which, we trust, will have a wide circulation. It exposes some of the crude and disputed theorems of economical writers, and calls attention, above all, to the errors they commit when teaching within the sphere of sociology. Cardinal Newman, as a representative of Catholic teaching, has established the fact that knowledge has its laws of pre-eminence and subordination ; and, arguing from Christian principles, shows that theology, or the science of God, should exercise a controlling effect on all other studies. This doctrine is, as we might expect, ignored by modern thought in England, and public writers on political economy undertake to teach to governments the path which they should pursue. There must be a *scientia prima*, a dominating science, and why should not political economy seize on the vacant throne ?

The statesmen, however, as Mr. Dillon points out, do not show that docility of spirit which scientific writers are prone to expect. The practical statesman finds himself face to face with the complex instincts

and tendencies of human nature, and cannot devote his thoughts and energies simply to promoting the wealth of a nation. A nation, like an individual, has a thousand objects which it may pursue or foster. It has its fame and reputation, its pleasures, its instincts for art and science; also, in some degree—for nations, like individuals, are never wholly corrupt—its instincts of religion, of right and of wrong. A prudent statesman, therefore, is careful not to shock the moral sense of a nation, careful, likewise, not to interfere with its fame or its pleasures, and from time to time he must subordinate to these things considerations of wealth and its increase.

As the English are a race not inordinately given to the analysis of complex ideas, the political economists in England have not met, some individual cases excluded, that rebuke at the hands of their countrymen which they have richly merited. It is no flattery to the English nation to say that, although it loves “riches and golden store,” neither it nor any other nation can make riches the sole object of its national existence. If political economists are unwise enough to suppose the contrary, they will find a practical disavowal of their theorems in the conduct of living statesmen.

Again, every science has peculiar dangers attaching to it in the transition that is made from theory to practice; and political economists make frequent mistakes under this head. The term “doctrinaire” is applied to those who take isolated scientific laws as the sole guide of action. If the bowler were to confine his attention to one particular law of motion, he might imagine that the cricket ball flung from his hand would go on for ever. The doctrinaire either excludes the consideration of laws which enter into a given problem or fails in his grasp of actual events and circumstances.

There is no doubt that, in this country, the ordinary laws of society are modified by facts that are almost unexampled elsewhere. Many of the inhabitants of Ireland are but little interested in the wealth or prosperity of their country. They spend their money in other lands, they imitate the ways of other nationalities, they have ceased to encourage the schools of their own country. To take an example from one of our flourishing cities, let us ask ourselves what would be the result if its inhabitants were to purchase nothing within it, nor to make use in any way of the literary, scientific, or recreational resources which Cork, for instance, supplies. The theatres of Cork would soon be closed, the retail shops would have no further *raison d'être*, the Queen's Colleges would cease to exist for Corkmen, the booksellers, the stationers, the grocers, the confectioners, would soon suspend business, and Cork would cease to be in population the third town in Ireland. A state may be regarded, with some exceptions which it is unnecessary to insist on here, as a city on a large scale. If its inhabitants, from whatever cause, cease to countenance its manufactures, its industry, its

resources for amusement and instruction, they doom the nation to a certain, though, perhaps, a lingering death.

In applying the ascertained principles of social science to Ireland a careful study should be made of actual facts. A Christian science of sociology is nowhere, as far as we know, taught publicly in the British Isles. Catholic writers of great merit have written upon this subject, but the teaching which is confined to books rarely leavens the public intelligence. Mr. Dillon points out in his book some of the leading errors of modern sociologists. He warns his readers against the tacit and false assumption that wealth is the aim of man in all circumstances. He shows the danger of applying to abnormal states of social life the laws that hold in a healthy or ideal commonwealth.

Let us hope that the young intelligence of Ireland will develop his suggestions and endeavour, by a combined study of science and facts, to develop, on correct Christian principles, the theorems of political economy and of social life. Clinical lectures are said to be of great use in acquiring the theory and practice of medicine; and an impoverished country, with a population daily dwindling, must be an object of deep interest to a scientific economist.

II. *Other New Publications.*

We pledge ourselves to operate next month on as many as we possibly can of the new books which have accumulated on our dissecting-table. The two latest of these have arrived from Granville Mansions, the new establishment of Messrs. Burns & Oates: Father Bertrand Wilberforce's *Life of his sainted namesake and fellow-Dominican, St. Lewis Bertrand*, and the fine ample *Life of St. Philip Neri*, by the Oratorian Bishop of Capua, which has been worthily translated by Father Pope of the Birmingham Oratory. We must also give one preliminary word of welcome to two elegant and solid volumes which the Catholic Publication Society of New York has sent to us: Monsignor Seton's "*Essays, chiefly Roman*," and "*Lectures and Essays*" by Bishop Spalding.

O'CONNELL:

HIS DIARY FROM 1792 TO 1802, AND LETTERS.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.

PART IV.

[THE burst of despondency with which our next instalment of O'Connell's unpublished diary opens, seems chiefly due to his uncle's refusal to give him the means of entering the Lawyers' Artillery Corps. Afterwards we see that the good old man relented before a week but the young man records later on that, if the refusal had been persisted in, it would have been much better for his legal studies. But how striking are some of these revelations of his earliest manhood when read by us now in the month which sees the inauguration of the magnificent monument erected by the genius of Foley and the gratitude of Ireland to the colossal fame of O'Connell.]

Wednesday, January 18th, 1797.—I received a letter from my uncle Maurice, refusing, in the strongest terms, to let me enter the Lawyers' Artillery. What a strange world we live in—how strange, flat, and unprofitable it seems to me! I was informed by my father in a post-script to my uncle's letter that John and Miles Mahony were to fight on Friday last. Would that I knew the event of the duel. John, if you have perished; if you have deserted me so early in life; if you render my path clouded and cheerless, why should I remain here the sport of contingencies and victim of regulated events? No, my dear brother, I cannot afford to part with you. O my cold, unfeeling heart, how can you bear the thought?

Thursday, 19th January, 1797.—My mind is more calm to-day; study has restored it to tranquillity. I finished Henry's "England," read twenty-five pages of Watson's "Chemistry," treating of the causes of subterranean fires. If I have an opportunity in the summer I will make a volcano. I read 171 pages of the introduction to "Travels of Anacharsis and the War with Persia in the years 479 and 480 before Christ," with enthusiasm. The heroes slumber in peace at Thermopylæ and Platæa, but their actions live in peace; deathless is their renown while the cloud-capped palaces vie in glory and smoulder in oblivion; while the mountains rear their heads on high, and dwindle by degrees into the plain, their fame continues to increase from age to age. Epaminondas was a man of great talents and virtue. The day after he obtained the victory at Leuctra, he exclaimed: "What gives me most pleasure is that the authors of my existence live to enjoy my renown." Amiable piety!

I walked to-day with Dawson and Bennett; we talked some pure because moderate democracy. Hail liberty! how cheering is thy name; how happy would mankind be if thou wast universally diffused. Strange thou shouldst be hateful to anyone, but thou art calumniated and disgraced by thy nominal advocates, the interested and those who grow fat on the miseries of man. The tyrant and the violent demagogue condemn thee; the one raises his voice aloud to declaim against thee, the other more effectually damns thee by his support.

Monday, January 23rd, 1797.—I received three letters to-day from my uncle, my mother, and John. My uncle gives me leave to enter into the corps. John informs me he and Miles Mahony met near Killarney, but did not fire. I wrote to-day to Captain O'Connell, of Carrick-on-Suir, and shall be impatient until I get his answer. I wish I could make a proper estimate of my own talents, but that is impossible sometimes, and this indeed most frequently; I am led away by vanity and ambition to imagine that I shall cut a great figure on the theatre of the world. Sometimes I fear I shall never rise to mediocrity; but this I always think, that nothing could shake the steadiness with which I would pursue the good of my country. Distant prospects rise unbidden to my view—they are not unwelcome to my heart.

Saturday, January 28th, 1797.—Paddy Hayes called on me this morning before I was up. We breakfasted and walked for a long time together. We talked of the diversions of Iveragh, &c. I have been thinking this day of the plan to be pursued *when I come into Parliament*. If to distinguish myself was the object of my wishes, that would be best done by becoming a violent oppositionist, but as it will be my chief study to serve my country, moderation will be a proper instrument for that purpose. Moderation is the characteristic of patriotism; of that patriotism which seeks for the happiness of mankind. There is another species caused by hatred of oppression; this is a passion, the other a principle.

I have been since Monday attending drill regularly; I have also dined in the Hall, keeping my Terms, which is much more expensive than I imagined. I read nothing.

February 6th, 1797.—Yesterday I appeared for the first time in uniform, in the undress jacket of the Lawyers' Artillery. I received two letters to-day, one from my uncle promising cash; the other from my father with an order for £10. This money from my father I must not accept.

February 15th, 1797.—I dined with Franks. I should have written to my father. I wrote to Charles Casey on business. I did not attend drill to-day, but read a good deal of Anacharsis. The Athenians had a great deal in common with the French, I mean of the monarchy. The changes which the spirit of the Revolution will produce are by me as yet undiscovered; great and decided they must be. Some of the

national traits may be lost; others, and strong ones, too, may more than fill the place of the first. The Athenians were refined and frivolous, polite and luxurious. The French possessed all these qualities. The Athenians loved liberty—here the altered situation of the French may produce resemblance. As regards the system of Athenian education, I admire very much the continual application made to the reason of the pupil. Authority claims nothing, argument everything. It may appear trivial to add that the young Athenian was taught to use both hands indiscriminately.* The Scythians were in the habit of doing the same:

I lately read "*L'Origine des decouvertes attribuées aux Modernes, par Dateau.*" The author proves that Aristotle knew the merit and utility of doubting, and that he was of Locke's opinion on the model of acquiring ideas. Plato was, I believe, the advocate, and the first advocate of innate ideas.

I was in the House of Commons this morning. Sir Laurence Parsons spoke on the necessity of placing Ireland in a state of defence. His oratorical talents are below mediocrity. Mr. Pelham was not in the House. I, too, will be a member. Young as I am, unacquainted with the ways of the world, I should not even now appear contemptible. I will steadfastly and perseveringly attach myself to the real interests of Ireland. I shall endeavour equally to avoid the profligacy of corruption and the indulgence of unreasonable patriotism. Moderation is the chief mark. I dined this day at Mr. Day's.

Thursday, February 23rd, 1797.—Certain it is I should have read and written more, had I never entered any corps; yet it will be pleasant to say hereafter, "I was a volunteer." I spent greater part of this day under arms. We taught the exercise of the cannon. We carried one three-pounder from the ordnance stores to a yard on the quay belonging to a Mr. M'Evoy, one of the corps. Thence we attended it to another yard in Merrion-square.

I have again read a good deal of Henry's "England," and am often amazed at finding so much knowledge unilluminated by a single spark of philosophy. I have often wished that I was a philosopher; I have often wished it in vain. If philosophy illumined my path, I should not for so long a time have permitted my steps to be unnoticed. But no, I am more weak than a woman. Good God! That man alone can be a philosopher who is superior to all circumstances because he is prepared for them; who regards with calm coldness the vicissitudes of human affairs. I am tired of life. If the future resemble the past, what is the advantage of living? A revolution would not produce the happiness of the Irish nation.

* Mr. Charles Reade, the novelist, has recently ventilated this important question.—Ed. I. M.

I loaded the cannon twice to-day; we had two out. Tom Burke is in town.

March 14th, 1797.—I am reading the "Jockey Club." Vice reigns triumphant at the British Court. Vice and error are the rules of the practice of the English Government. The English have become besotted and slavish. The spirit of liberty is checked to protect property from the attacks of French innovators. The corrupt higher orders tremble for their vicious enjoyments.

Thady Duggan went off to-day to the East Indies. I have finished the "Jockey Club"—*O tempora, O mores!* I have spent four hours in reading. My mind is tranquil, my senses feel with precision, my expression is accurate. I love liberty, and this is a moment fit for indulging reflections on that subject. I love liberty as conducive to increase human happiness. Much of the misery of man is derived from the form of government under which he lives. Oppression, oppression harasses his faculties; privilege, confined by accident, insults his understanding; his industry is condemned to support the follies and vices of men who help him not. When it is exclaimed, "the splendour of Government must be maintained," it should be mildly but firmly replied, "No; but the happiness of the people should be established." In fact, the only rational motive for forming a government is the good of the parties forming it.

Saturday, March 25th, 1797.—I have been reading six hours to-day, "Anacharsis," Watson's "Essays," Henry's "England," and some pages of the "Rolliad." Virtue, thou certainly art more than a name: thou bestowest firmness and quietude on the heart of mortals, whilst thou exaltest their conceptions. I was going to say that virtue makes the judgment correct, the conception more accurate; but it is in fact the effect of accurate conception and correct judgment. After having, in the conviction of my soul, made this eulogium on virtue, let me tremble while I ask myself how much of myself entered into my desire or dread of a revolution. Oh! if I was possessed of virtue, I would wish for the happiness alone of mankind. If I possessed virtue, I should meet every want without shrinking. It is impossible for any young man at the present time to guess with probable success at the mode in which his existence will terminate. This opinion has been in my mind for the last two days, and in consequence I have been accustoming myself to consider death without shrinking. Much remains to be done before I can familiarize myself with the idea; but philosophy and the practice of theoretic virtues, where there is no opportunity for the real, may soon make me look upon all events as indifferent to me individually. I must avoid disclosing my political sentiments as freely as I do; at present it would be a devilish unpleasant thing to be caged!—Nonsense! Liberality can never become dangerous.

Monday, May 1st, 1797.—For nearly four weeks in April I slept at Bennett's. His wife was confined on the 3rd, and he was absent on Circuit. On the 9th I thought she would not recover. The state of affairs at present is not a little singular. We are probably near a great change. The Duke of Leinster was deprived of his place in the Hanaper; he has, I am [there is here a break or omission of some sort.]

January 13th, 1798.—I left Mrs. Jones' this day. Some other time I will descant on my reasons. My heart is now sick. I left Dublin for my father's, or rather my uncle's, about the 23rd of June, and remained there till the 3rd November. Since then I have been in town, and at Mrs. Jones'. I misspent my time during summer, and have not done better since. I will now take up the study of the Law with the ardour my situation requires, and think I will persevere in the rigid execution of this duty. I never was more intent upon anything, yet such is the complexion of affairs that it must appear extremely doubtful whether I shall be called to the Bar. But my heart is too sick for political disquisitions.

December 31st, 1798.—I resume my journal after a year of silence—a year wretchedly misspent. My only consolation is, that I am resolved to improve. Alas, it makes me sorrowfully smile when I look at this irregular journal, filled with good resolutions, and to sigh when I reflect how little fruit they have produced. But let me continue my journal with regularity, and all must end well. I have several determinations to form; let me give them vitality by committing them to paper. My first resolution is no less than to be virtuous—this includes everything. Virtue should, I am convinced, be the pursuit of every individual, did each but know she alone bestows happiness. All my other resolutions are but emanations from this one. To be virtuous is to be happy. Every thing contrary to our happiness is necessarily contrary to virtue, for my definition of virtue is, that quality which produces happiness. Vice may be defined that which causes misery. Many, indeed most men, seek for sensual pleasures; but the gratification of the hour is punished by what follows. Thus many find a vicious pleasure in drinking; but punishment awaits them; stupidity, sickness, and contempt are in the train of this gratification. How feelingly ought not I write on this subject; I, whose head aches, whose stomach is nauseated, and whose reflections are embittered by last night's debauch. Oh, let me avoid with the utmost care the fatal vice of drunkenness! Let me continually arm myself with the conviction I now feel of its consequent immorality. Let me for ever retain the salutary hatred which I now feel against this odious vice. My resolution is formed, and from this moment I appeal to the future pages of this journal for the result. I must also become regular in my hour of going to bed and rising, as I have been shamefully deficient in this particular.

With this day closes the year, and with to-morrow the figures change. The artificial periods fixed by man warn us of the flight of time—an hour and an hour, to-morrow and to-morrow, and the wisest that inhabits this our ant-hill vanishes from our sight and is seen no more. O Maurice! O my brother! how early in life hast thou forsaken me. Oh! accursed be the authors of the war, and accursed be the breeze whose pestiferous breath brought death to my brother. On the mountains of St. Domingo his remains lie mouldering, whilst the negro trains his savage bands around, and the more savage white man “hides his diminished head.” Could I but throw myself upon my brother's grave; could I ever behold the spot where for ever his bones are laid, it were some consolation. Would I had never been born. Life is short and full of sorrow; man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. How dreary, desolate, and solitary would not a few deaths more make me; yet the revolving years will bring them. O God! O Eternal Being! of all thy creatures man surely is most wretched. Thou art indeed inscrutable, and I adore Thee.

Wednesday, January 2nd, 1799.—I went to bed last night at one and got up at eleven. Oh, shame, shame! The pursuit of happiness is the business of life; yet how few know what it consists of. Truth is its ground-work, beneficence its only support. I wish to be happy, but become less so every day. Day after day I lose that delicacy of feeling which formerly governed my mind. O truth! shine once more on the head of thy votary. Virtue, thou alone canst give happiness; without thee life is but a miserable burden.

I dined this day with Bennett; we talked much of the late unhappy rebellion. A great deal of innocent blood was shed. Good God, what a brute man becomes when ignorant and oppressed. O liberty, what horrors are committed in thy name! May every virtuous revolutionist remember the horrors of Wexford!

January 4th, 1799.—I have been this day, and indeed for some time, reading a great deal of law—Blackstone and Cummon on Feetail. I also inserted many remarks from them into a book kept for that purpose. I went to bed last night at half-past twelve and got up this day at a quarter-past ten. When shall I correct myself of this sluggish habit? We will try to-morrow morning. Yet I fear this custom is stealing on me, and how much valuable time is lost by it; how much do my mind and my heart suffer by it. Well, if it is now conquered. I know not what to write upon. I must again repeat myself, and take notice of what I have lost in strength of mind, in love for virtue; what I have lost in conversation, eloquence. I have no longer my former fluence and happiness of expression, because I do not think with the intensity and accuracy I used to do. The study of eloquent writers is of the utmost importance to him who would acquire a graceful and easy style. For my part, I always feel benefitted by the perusal of

Gibbon, a great deal of thought is expressed by almost every word he uses. In the course of another year I shall be a tolerably good lawyer. My present method of studying the common and statute law is, I believe, the best. When I have perused it for a time, I will commence equity on the same plan.

Tuesday, June 1st, 1802.—I recommence my journal rather to insert a detail of facts than to give way to desultory observations. I will keep it as a monitor to record my diligence or waste of time. I went to bed last night at half-past eleven and got up at nine. I read a good deal of the law on Fines, drew a declaration on common promises—*Almond v. O'Leary*. I read six hundred pages of "*Paradise Lost*," also fifteen pages of "*Milton's Life*." He was born in London, December 9th, 1608. I also wrote seven letters.

June 2nd, 1802.—I went to bed last night at half-past eleven, rose to-day at half after seven. I prepared myself before I went to court to argue the case of *Galway v. Brie*, but I should have argued it badly. In point of preparation I am too negligent. On my return I searched authorities on the suit of *Andila Querola for Gorham v. Croncelbury*. I read some of "*Milton's Paradise Lost*" aloud.

June 3rd, 1802.—I went to bed last night about eleven, and got up this morning at seven. I spent all day until four reading law. I pursued my research in *Gorham's* case. Had I gone down to the assizes as well prepared as I am now, we should not have been defeated. I read "*Cruise on Fines*."

June 4th, 1802.—I went to bed last night at half-past ten, got up at half-past seven. I was in court for greater part of the day, though I made but one insignificant motion. I drew part of the answer in the injunction case of *Murphy v. Baldwin*.

(Here the Journal ends.)

CHRIST THE GLEANER.

IN a vision of the night
 Looked I upon fields of light,
 Spreading broad beneath the moon,
 Fair as though the night were noon.

Moonlight fell on golden sheaves,
 Woven as the reaper weaves;
 Bounteous harvest gathered there
 Hath repaid the Master's care.

Christ the Gleaner.

All his toilers soundly sleep,
One alone doth vigil keep ;
Who is this that cometh last
Where the reaper's feet have passed ?

One who walketh grave and slow,
Going as the gleaners go,
Stooping oft full tenderly,
That no grain escape his eye.

Gathering in secluded spot
What the gleaners have forgot ;
In his mantle deep and wide
Many a broken stalk doth hide.

Ere the morning shall arise,
Christ the Gleaner with his prize
Maketh goodly sheaf and crown
Out of what was trodden down.

Bruised and broken, held unsound,
Left to rot upon the ground,—
E'en the wisest gleaner saw
Nothing there but worthless straw.

Only He with eyes of light
Pierced beyond our mortal sight ;
In the sullied husk he knew
Living grain was hid from view.

Lo ! it is the darkest hour,
Stars have set and clouds do lower ;
Christ the Gleaner gleaneth still,
Casting radiance where He will.

When the sun shall flood the land,
And the golden sheaves shall stand,
Ripened for the Harvest-home,
Waiting till the Master come :

Riper, fuller, none than they
Trodden once into the clay ;
Gleaned from dust by hand Divine,
In eternal light they shine.

R. M.

DEAD BROKE:

A TALE OF THE WESTERN STATES.

BY THE LATE DILLON O'BRIEN.

AUTHOR OF "FRANK BLAKE," "WIDOW MELVILLE'S BOARDING-HOUSE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XII.

WILLIAM M'GREGOR'S REVENGE.

ROBERT left Mr. Marsh at the door of his office, and then returned to his hotel to write to Lucy.

"No one," he wrote, "has given me a hint of the amount of fortune coming to us; but I suppose my uncle died very rich, for Mr. Livingstone told me he has left large sums to public institutions. This delay will make a great inroad upon my slender purse, and I want to be home with my darlings on Christmas day. So if there is to be any delay in settling my legacy, I shall ask Mr. Livingstone to act for me. I think he would do so; you would like his appearance very much. He is a most kind-hearted looking old gentleman."

Robert took his letter to the post-office, and then strolled about the streets. He had no one to call on; did not know one person in that big city, but the two gentlemen he had met since his arrival; for as he knew before he left home, Jenkins and his wife were in New Orleans, the former, as usual, on the eve of making a large fortune.

Very depressing in its effects is a large city to a stranger with a slim purse; very depressing, but very salutary, is the lesson it gives to "our well-known and respectable fellow-citizen, Alderman Brass," who buys the morning paper as he gets on board the eastern bound train, and reads over, for the fifth or sixth time, the complimentary notice of his intended visit east, and fully expects the eastern papers to copy it; but no sooner does he arrive in the big city, than an utter extinguisher falls upon his local greatness; nay, his very identity seems to be slipping away from him, and he feels that if he should fall into the river, the heading of the eastern item, announcing the accident, would read: "The body of an unknown man found in the North River." To be sure, as likely as not, on his return home, a brass band will blow all the old, nauseous, petty vanity back into him, and thus obliterate the lesson.

Robert, being the most anxious, was the first to arrive at Mr. Marsh's office on the twenty-second.

"You are early, Mr. M'Gregor," remarked the lawyer, as he shook hands with him. "The grave and reverend signors who represent the institutions to which your uncle has left bequests will not be here for

some time yet. Sit down and make yourself at home. There are the newspapers if you wish to look them over."

Robert took one up and read a whole leader through, without understanding one sentence; he might as well be reading a language he did not understand. Although outwardly calm he was nervously excited, now that the time was come for the reading of his uncle's will.

"Poor Lucy," he thought, "no doubt she is just as anxious and nervous as I am this morning; I will send a telegram when I know the amount."

One by one, with short intervals intervening between each arrival, four gentlemen of sour visages, representing officially, gentle charity, and Christian love, entered the office. Robert was introduced to each as the nephew of Mr. William M'Gregor, and was evidently regarded by them as an interloper.

The first gentleman who arrived took his seat close to the wall, and pasted his head against it, and the other three ranged themselves alongside, in like position. They spoke in monosyllables, cautiously, giving side glances at each other.

There were big sums in this business; the old miser had cut up well, and they were not going to compromise themselves.

At length Mr. Livingstone arrived. He bowed familiarly to the gentlemen ranged along the wall, and shook hands with Robert; then Mr. Marsh, coming in from the front office, the banker handed him the will. Robert, feigning a calmness he was far from feeling, prepared to listen to the reading of it.

After describing real estate in different parts of the city of New York, which the testator died possessed of, and enumerating several large sums of money in securities, and lodged in bank, the will directed that all the real estate should be sold, and the amount realised, together with the sums of money already mentioned, and the principal sum of ten thousand pounds, invested by the testator in the English funds, to be divided in equal shares, between four societies named in the will, and which were represented by the four gentlemen I have already spoken of as being present.

Then came the part referring to Robert; it said:

"To my nephew, Robert M'Gregor of P—, in the state of Michigan, I leave all the property which a certain document directed to him, and now lodged in the Livingstone Bank, Broadway, will entitle him to."

"Here is the document, Mr. M'Gregor," said Mr. Livingstone, coming forward; "it is sealed and in the exact condition as when lodged with us."

"Before this document is read," said one of the trustees, "I will ask Mr. Marsh if its contents can affect the bequests mentioned."

"We cannot know that," he said, "until we hear what the con-

tents are. This may be a will of a later date, doing away with all former ones."

There was an uneasy movement among the trustees.

"But it is, doubtless," continued the lawyer, "the title-deed of property not mentioned in the will; it feels like parchment; open the cover, Mr. M'Gregor."

Thus directed, Robert, with a hand, that despite all his effort, trembled, broke the seal; those present stooped forward, and saw him draw from its cover an old moth-eaten rabbit skin—William M'Gregor's revenge. Surprise, and surprise alone, was depicted on every countenance save one, and a saucer-eyed man, the trustee of the Society for the Conversion of the Heathen, laughed outright.

Mr. Livingstone gave him a severe look; but the heartless laugh was of benefit to Robert at that moment of supreme agony. It helped to nerve him, as a dash of cold water will keep a person from fainting. There he stood, pale, rigid, his eyes fixed on the cursed, mouldering thing before him. Mr. Livingstone went over to him. "There is some mistake here," said the banker.

"There is no mistake," replied Robert, without moving his eyes; for the whole scene in the woods years ago—Indian Dick, Jim, the diabolical look of hatred on his uncle's face—was passing like a panorama before him.

Mr. Livingstone spoke again in a kind voice: "Can you explain this, Mr. M'Gregor? Do you wish to do so?"

For the first time since the opening of the package, Robert looked up. "Yes," he replied to Mr. Livingstone, "it is due to myself to do so?" In a few words, he related the boyish trick played on the miser, and his subsequent anger. "And this is his revenge," he concluded, "although he could not have calculated how full and perfect it would be. I suppose, Mr. Marsh, I have no further business here," and he moved towards the door. But Mr. Livingstone interposed to prevent him.

"Do not leave yet, Mr. M'Gregor, or say that you will come home with me; my carriage is at the door."

But Robert shook his head and moved on.

"It is not safe," said Mr. Livingstone aside to Mr. Marsh, "to allow him to leave in the state of mind he is in."

Robert overheard the remark, and coming back, took the banker's hand. "There is no danger, sir," he said, with a sad smile, "I am neither a coward nor an infidel. I am going home, Mr. Livingstone, to my wife and children." And before any further remark could be made, he had left the office.

"Confound the whole business," said Mr. Livingstone, "I wish the old miser had not brought me into witnessing his devilry. I wish now I had refused to act."

"You can withdraw yet," said the saucer-eyed trustee.

"I will think of it, sir," answered the banker, gruffly. "You are a friend to the heathen, I believe. Well, I may require your good offices, for, egad, after what I have just witnessed, I am half inclined to turn heathen myself."

The old gentleman was evidently out of humour, and walking into the outer office, remained there until the four trustees had taken their departure. Then he burst in upon Marsh, with, "I say, Marsh, can't something be done?"

"How do you mean?"

"To smash this will, cheat old M'Gregor, the devil, and the heathen, and give the nephew what should be his by right. The infernal old rabbit skin, I should think, would convince any jury of insanity."

"I am afraid," said the lawyer, smiling, "the testator, like Hamlet, had too much 'method in his madness,' to allow that point to be raised with the remotest chance of success. That was, indeed, a very distressing scene we have just witnessed."

"Very, very," said Mr. Livingstone. "This nephew, I should think, is not in very good circumstances; a perfect gentleman, too, in manner. Do you know anything about his affairs?"

"Yes, we had quite a confidential chat the day after we were at the bank. His father, of whom he speaks with the greatest reverence and love, left him quite well off; but he lost everything by the failure of a Western bank, and a wild speculation he was induced to enter into; swindled, I should think," concluded the lawyer, shrugging his shoulders.

"Do you know what hotel he is stopping at?"

"No."

"Well, if he calls upon you before leaving town—he will I should think—bring him to see me."

"I will do so," replied the other, as he bowed the good-natured banker out of the office.

When Robert M'Gregor left Mr. Marsh's office and reached the street, snow, accompanied with fierce gusts of wind, was falling. Facing the storm, he walked on, finding relief in the big snow-flakes that dashed against his throbbing temples. On, on he walked, conscious of a dull sensation in his head—not pain, but heaviness, and with but one thought passing and repassing through his mind, with the regularity of the swaying movement of the pendulum of a clock—home, home—home, home. On he walked, leaving crowds and streets, and houses behind him, until he found himself outside the city, and his farther advance stopped by the deep snow that lay upon the ground. This sudden check recalled him, in a measure, to himself, and his mind began to free itself from the stupor that the shock of a terrible, humiliating disappointment had plunged it in. Then,

through the storm and blinding snow, there came to him the sweet, loving face of Lucy, and her gentle words, "as God wills, Robert," seemed to sound in his ears. Clasping his hands, and looking upward, he repeated aloud, "As God wills." Even as he spoke, the storm commenced to abate, the leaden colour of the sky changed to a vapoury whiteness, the clouds divided, and God's blessed sun looked down upon the earth.

Retracing his steps, Robert found himself once more in the crowded, noisy streets. Carriages, filled with beautiful, fashionably-dressed women, passed him by, and once his progress was retarded by a bevy of gay young girls, that came trooping and laughing out of a shop. Then he thought of his poor wife, anxiously and hopefully awaiting his return, and the sad disappointment he was about to inflict upon her, and in the agony that thought brought with it he clenched his hands. Once, too, he thought as the human stream swept by: "What if James Allen should come along now?" and for a little while after this, he regarded with interest the strange faces passing him by; but soon, with a sigh, he ceased to do so.

It may seem strange that the disappointment which the malice of his uncle had brought to him should have affected him a hundred-fold more than the loss of his whole fortune. But it must be remembered that when the first event occurred, he was young, fresh, strong, untouched, unbroken by care, and that the more we have suffered, the less we are able to endure. The bow continually bent loses its elasticity.

In his objectless wandering, Robert had turned out of Broadway, up Park-row, into Chatham-street, and after a little time found himself in the midst of a labyrinth of squalid, narrow, ill-lighted streets—the Five Points of New York—where misery, disease, and crime hold high carnival. At the time, this was a dangerous locality, even at noonday, and now the lamps were lighted; but the practised eyes of the professional cut-throats and thieves of the Five Points, saw at a glance that Robert would be no profitable victim, and one fellow, who was lounging and smoking at the door of a low saloon, passing away the time until the hour for doing "a little job" up town—which might include murder—should arrive, actually walked half a street, to show Robert his way back to Broadway. The man felt complimented by the confident way the latter had gone up to him and made inquiry.

Once in Broadway, Robert had no difficulty in finding the hotel he was staying at. Tired and hungry from his long walk, he eat supper, and then retired to his room. Then he counted his money, and found, that after paying his hotel bill, he would have just enough left to pay his fare home.

On his way to New York, he had been thinking what kind of a present he should bring to Lucy. Well, he could judge best when he

looked about him; it should be a stunner, anyway, got up, little madam, regardless of cost. He was to bring a handsome present to Polly Flitters, too; and then, as for Christmas toys, why, he was to bring home a whole boxful, not to speak of a doll that could shut and open her eyes, just as well as little Mary herself, and was to be packed separately. Yes, a whole boxful, and the boys had bargained that they were to be allowed to smash open the box themselves, and take everything out of it. During all the journey to New York, those little trifles and pleasant anticipations had filled Robert's mind, just as much as more serious thoughts, and now he was going home, bringing nothing back with him but his sad news.

He returned to the office of the hotel. Its noise and bustle helped to distract him; men were playing billiards in the room, and he sat looking on, as if interested. At length, happily, nature came to the relief of the weary mind and body, his eyes grew heavy, and when he went to bed, he fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

TICKETS!

THE next morning, Robert M'Gregor left New York. Travelling over the Great Western Railroad, through Canada, he crossed over to Detroit the following morning. There was a train leaving in half an hour, which would pass by P——, but he shrank from arriving home in the daytime, so he waited for the train that was to leave at four in the afternoon, and would arrive at P—— about eight o'clock in the evening. Poor fellow, he was a laggard now, going to that home he expected to have hurried to with such joy.

He had some acquaintances in Detroit, but he avoided the chance of meeting with any of them, and remained in the depot building. Half-past three brought another train from New York, and the waiting-rooms became filled with passengers; so as soon as the train for P—— backed into the depot, Robert went on board and took his seat. He could see from the window of the car passengers taking a hurried lunch at the long counter of the refreshment-room. In a short time, the car in which he sat became pretty well filled with passengers, and two very loud young men, in dress and voice, took the seat on the other side of the car, opposite to where Robert sat.

With an admirable regard for their own comfort, they turned over the back of the seat in front of them, thus making a double compartment, in which they placed coats and satchels to such an extent as to leave them its exclusive occupation, and as the car (if one was to judge by their swagger and loud talk) seemed to belong to them, and the

other passengers only riding on sufferance, no one was likely to dispute their right. In fact, this arrangement was somewhat necessary for the accommodation of a new silk hat, which one of the young gentlemen wore on entering the car. This, after preparing a place for it, he carefully took off, and set gently down, substituting in its place a cap, which he took out of his pocket. But, though his head was under his cap now, it was evident that his mind—what little he had of it—followed his hat; he looked at it, rearranged its position, and finally threw a white handkerchief lightly over it: he treated it much as a fond mother might treat her child; but here the similitude ends, for he was not likely to spoil that hat, by no means;—it was the hat that was likely to spoil him.

"All aboard!" says the conductor, walking towards the train. As he passes the door of the refreshment-room, he looks in, and repeats, "All aboard!"

A square-shouldered, warm-clad traveller, standing at the counter, turns round, catches the conductor's eye, and raising a glass in his hand, beckons to him, but the conductor smiling, shakes his head, and again saying, "All aboard!" takes hold of the iron rail of one of the cars, preparatory to swinging himself on board, when the train is in motion. The traveller drinks the contents of his glass, tosses some change on the counter, and hurrying out, is just in time to get on the platform of the rear car, as the train moves off. "A touch and go," he remarks, as he enters, and takes his seat nearest to the door.

Robert's seat is about in the middle of the car. Daylight is fast fading away, and the gas is already lighted at the depot, when the train, with its ding, dong, dell notice, passes out.

The train which left on the afternoon of the 24th of December, and which was to pass by P——, consisted of an unusual number of cars, to accommodate all those hurrying to home and friends to spend the Christmas; consequently, it was fully half an hour after the train had started before the conductor entered the car where Robert sat.

"Tickets!"

There was an immediate recourse to pockets and pocket-books. Robert M'Gregor put his hand into his pocket for his ticket, the last of a batch he had received in New York; he could not find it; confused and frightened, he was still looking for it when the conductor came up to him. "Ticket!"

"I fear I have lost my ticket," said Robert, still continuing to search.

"Then your fare;—where are you going to?"

"I am going to P——," answered Robert, standing up, and searching on the seat and floor of the car. "I paid my fare through from New York; when I left the ferry-boat I had the ticket, but it is gone."

"Then your fare, four dollars and seventy-five cents, if you please."

This conversation had attracted the attention of the passengers in Robert's near neighbourhood, and he felt that they were looking at him. A hot glow of shame came to his face.

The conductor, pulling out his memorandum-book and pencil, repeated, "Four dollars and seventy-five cents, if you please."

"I have no money," said Robert, in a low voice, while beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead; "but I paid my fare, I assure you."

The scene was now becoming interesting to the passengers, particularly so to the two young fellows on the opposite side. To see a man put off a train on a cold winter's day is perhaps one of the most lively incidents that travellers can meet with. It breaks the monotony of a journey, incites to general and agreeable conversation, and tends to increase feelings of comfort and security.

As soon as Robert had told the conductor that he had no money, one of the two I have already noticed, said in a stage whisper to his friend, "DEAD BROKE."

"Yes," replied the other, making a slight change in the position of the silk hat, "a dead beat, I should say."

The words went piercing into the poor gentleman's brain: he rose up to resent with a blow the insult given to him, and met cold or amused looks on every side. Then the cowardice of poverty shoved him back into his seat, for to cause a disturbance, he remembered, would be to give a colouring of truth to the words of the well-dressed blackguard.

The conductor turned to where the two friends were so comfortably seated, and when they handed their tickets to him, he said, in no very pleasant voice: "You must take your traps out of that seat; there are persons in the next car standing up, and two people can't occupy four seats. Then, as he passed on, he said to Robert quietly: "Look for your ticket, you may find it by the time I return."

"What's the row up there, conductor?" asked the passenger who had taken his seat at the end of the car just as the train was leaving. "What's up?"

"A man who has lost his ticket," replied the conductor, "and has no money to pay his fare. I believe his story, but my orders are strict."

"Where is he going to?" asked the other.

"To the same place you are going," answered the conductor, looking at the ticket he had just taken up.

"To P——?" said the passenger; "will you stay here for a moment, Cap', until I have a look at him?"

"Very well," replied the conductor, sitting down in the seat the other had left.

Walking up to the end of the car, the passenger remained there

for a moment, and then turned round and commenced walking back.

After the conductor had left him, Robert made another fruitless search for his ticket, and then, with nerves all unstrung, and feeling that he was watched from every side, utterly harassed and beaten down by the misfortunes, great and small, which pursued him, he sat with bowed head, waiting for the return of the railway officer. Nothing could be more dejected and sad than his whole appearance as he sat thus, and in striking contrast was it to the self-possessed bearing and well-poised figure of the man approaching. But the moment the eyes of the latter rested upon Robert, an expression of amazement, of joyful recognition, lighted up his face. His lips were parted to give utterance to an exclamation of pleasure, but with wonderful presence of mind, he checked the impulse, in obedience to the thought that came almost simultaneously with the recognition.

"No," he thought, as he hurried past, "he shall never know I was witness to his suffering such humiliation. What can have happened to bring him to this?"

When he reached to where the conductor was, he caught his arm, and the latter felt that every nerve in the body of the man who held him was quivering with excitement. "Cap'," he whispered to the officer, "I have travelled three thousand miles to eat my Christmas dinner with that man. Here, take the fare," and he pulled a handful of gold out of his pocket. "And, Cap', you're a good fellow, and will make a kind of apology to him; tell him it's all right, just to make him feel good, won't you, Cap'?"

"Why don't you go and speak to him yourself, sir?"

"Because I don't wish him to know that I saw him put to shame in this way; he's proud and sensitive, or was; for I have been away in California, and we have not met for years, until I recognised him this moment. Oh, don't mind the change; but just tell him out loud, so that all those fellows may hear you, that it's all right, or something of the kind."

The conductor gave him a pleasant nod, and passed along. Just as he got near Robert, he stooped, and pretended to pick up a ticket. "Here is the ticket, after all," he said, "I am sorry, sir, you should have such bother," and he put a check in the band of Robert's hat.

With a great sigh of relief the latter looked up. "Thank you," he said; "you have been very kind;" and the conductor passed on, out of the car, to tell the mail agent and baggage-man the strange incident he had just witnessed, and the three philosophers—for all those who are in continual intercourse with the travelling public, become philosophical, to a certain extent, not without cause—confessed that this matter "beat them."

"I have been away in California." These were his words. Yes, it was James Allen, brave, true, energetic, long-wished-for Jim himself, come back to his friend, sitting in the same car with him, and the latter did not know it.

James, too, was changed, but for the better. He had grown more robust, and the promise that his youth had given of great strength, was now splendidly developed in his chest and limbs. His hair had grown darker and was cut quite short, and he wore a heavy beard; but there were two features unchanged by which he could be easily recognised—his clear grey eyes and turned up nose.

When the conductor left him, James Allen changed his position slightly, so that he could keep Robert well in view. "Oh, my poor Robert," he murmured to himself, "what misfortune is it that has overtaken you? How changed, how poverty-stricken he is. Oh, the wicked folly of my not writing to know how matters stood with him; but I never could imagine that in money affairs he would want my help. It's hard to be so near him and not clasp my arms around him, but it is for his sake I torture myself. And is this the way we meet? Is this the meeting I have looked forward to with such longings? No matter, we meet now, not to part again, and if money is his only trouble, I can set that all right. He never squandered the means his father left him; some villain or villains must have swindled him."

All this and more he said in broken snatches, sometimes burying his face in his hands, and then again peering into the gloom where Robert sat, while his broad chest rose and fell with the emotion which he struggled with.

When the conductor again came round, James shook his hand warmly. "You are a first-rate fellow, Cap'," he said; "the next time I travel with you into Detroit we must have a glass of wine together, and get better acquainted. And now I want you to do me another little favour."

"What is it?" asked the conductor, laughing. "Do you want to pay anyone else's fare?"

"No; but is the American Hotel still in existence at P——?"

"Yes, a bus from it meets this train."

"Well, will you take these checks, and tell the baggage-master at P—— to send my baggage to the American; I will walk there myself, and do not want to be detained at the depot." The conductor promised to do so, and after chatting for a few minutes with his new acquaintance, again left him to his own thoughts.

When the train reached P——, three or four passengers, including Robert, rose to leave the car; as they passed out of the door, Robert last, James Allen followed at a little distance, to prevent his being noticed by the former, who walked straight on for some time, and then turned to the right. James's heart gave a throb of joy.

"He has the cottage yet," he said; "he is going there, thank God."

As Robert M'Gregor neared his home, his steps grew weary and slow, and twice he stopped altogether, and put his hand up to his head. Each time he did so, James seemed on the point of rushing forward, but checked himself in time, to see Robert resume his slow walk; but when a turn brought Inverness Cottage full in sight, the latter's slow walk was changed almost into a run.

James, now terribly excited, hurried after, still faster, and lessening the distance between them.

When Robert reached the gate of the cottage, James drew up beneath the shadow of a tree. He saw his friend enter at the gate, and pass up the gravel-walk; then the hall-door opened, a woman came running down to meet him, and a woman's arms were flung lovingly around his neck.

The watcher clasped his hands in joy. "Thank God! thank God! oh, thank God!" he murmured; "here is nothing that I cannot set right," and he hurried off in an opposite direction.

(To be concluded next month.)

EVERYDAY THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. FRANK PENTRILL.

I.—TEAPOTS AND KETTLES.

THE teapots and kettles of which I am thinking have nothing to do with five o'clock tea—that delightful modern aid to gossip, which has made even morning visits endurable—nor have I in my mind the Queen Anne silver teapot which you, my lucky reader, have inherited through a long line of grandmothers; or the yet more precious china vessel which now graces your cabinet, and which, while we were still drinking mead and sack, may have infused the souchong of his celestial majesty, the Emperor of China. Ah, no! my teapots and kettles are quite different things. The one is generally brown earthenware, chipped or cracked, the other is old iron, blackened by use; yet, such as they are, they take the place of household gods in our Irish cabins, and often form the beginning and end of their whole "*batterie de cuisine*." If you are on friendly terms in these cabins, you must have seen, and seen with a sigh, the husband's return from work. He comes in, tired, cold, often

wet through; and, flinging his coat and spade into a corner of the untidy room, sits down uncomplainingly, to what?—To ill-made bread and to something which his wife calls tea, though I fear it never grew beneath the sun and dews of China. We are told every day that tea contains no nourishment whatever, and no one can suppose that such a meal will restore the strength wasted by long hours of manual labour, or give the working man that sense of comfort which our gray skies demand. What wonder then that, the cheerless meal over, the poor fellow takes up his old hat—he leaves the spade this time—and goes forth to seek in the public-house the brightness and warmth which are lacking at home?

And, when he is gone, what does the wife do? Generally, she sits down in that supine content which, as we know, is the grave of all reform. If the case be very bad, the kindly creature sheds a few tears, as she puts her children to bed; but more often, leaving the cabin in all its untidy discomfort, she flings her shawl over her head, and runs out to seek from some other poor wife the sympathy which is born of similar experiences. The two women join in a duet of lamentations, each complaining bitterly of her husband's bad conduct; yet, if they but knew it, they themselves are often its chief cause, and could easily remedy the evil; for the Irish woman is the hearth-queen of her peasant home, its absolute mistress, except when her husband is tipsy; and if he be tipsy so often, the fault is greatly hers.

It was an Irishman who told our fathers long ago that the spirit of chivalry was dead; but, in spite of Burke's famous saying, I do not think it is dead. It may have doffed its plumed helmet, and cast aside its golden spurs, but it has only been to put on the frieze coat and the brogues of the Irish peasant; nay, it often hides itself beneath the tattered rags and bare feet of the poorest among them; for who that knows them has not been struck by their great courtesy to woman, their gentleness and respect for her? And in return what does the woman do? She is, it is true, the kindest of mothers and the most faithful of wives, but she sadly neglects her home, and wastes in idleness the time she should devote to the comfort of her household.

The study of housewifery and cooking have of late been revived as an art. Fashion has been pleased to smile on saucepans and gridirons, and Mr. Buckmaster is proving himself a most efficient high priest, so that the pretty girls who charm us with their rendering of Mozart and Beethoven, or who talk so learnedly of Botticelli and the early Florentine masters, have also studied Soyer and Mrs. Beeton, and can often turn their knowledge to practical account; but what in them is, at most, a useful accomplishment, would be a real virtue in the poor, a virtue bringing in its train peace and prosperity, and sweet domestic joys.

Someone, a Frenchman, I think, once boasted that, by regulating

a man's diet, he could alter not only his temper, his habits, his morals, but his very faith; and, though this would be a horribly realistic opinion to hold, it has in it this much of truth; that the poor man, who knows that at home he finds a cheerless meal, an untidy wife, ragged children, but too often seeks recreation at the public-house, and thus takes the road which leads to degradation and ruin.

I see, however, a whole regiment of objections, armed cap-a-pie, and ready to do battle to my humble little theory.

"It is well known," I am told, "that when soldiers fall out of the ranks beneath the Indian sun, or when summer tourists are climbing the Alpine heights, nothing enables them to endure the fatigue so well, or revives them so soon, as tea; and again, when young men are being coached for competitive examinations, they find that tea helps them best to get through the long hours of hard study."

All this, of course, is true; but we must remember that these men have plenty of good food besides; and, no doubt, tea is invaluable as a temporary restorative; but is that what the Irish peasant wants? Does he not rather require substantial food, which will renew the muscles exhausted by daily wear and tear?

"Yes, yes," says a practical objector; "but you know how wretchedly poor our peasantry are, and where is the money to be found to pay for this good food of which you speak?"

I think, in answer to this, it is generally acknowledged that the working classes of other countries are better fed at much less expense. I do not plead for soup, for I suppose one might as well suggest wooden shoes; but there are vegetables, and, on the sea shore, cheap fish; where these are not procurable, there are lentils, and dried peas, and rice, with which, and very little meat, savoury food might be prepared, and would be found more economical than the everlasting tea and bread. Even if our people would return to the oatmeal porridge, the potatoes and buttermilk of their fathers! But no, the teapot is at hand, and saves a great deal of trouble. "Besides," says Biddy, "it is so convenient, as the boys can have it whenever they come in;" and that, if Biddy could but see it, is the greatest objection of all, for it does away with family meals, and with the little daily sacrifices and courtesies which do so much to strengthen the family bond.

I am also told, rather contemptuously, that I am not pleading the cause of English chaw-bacons; that the Irishman, quicker witted, more imaginative, does not attach the same value to mere material comfort; that he has a soul above cates, if, alas! not always above ale.

Ah, my young friend, you little know how much that "material comfort," at which you sneer, how much the little virtues of order and thrift, have to do with the dramas of life; nay, often, with its saddest tragedies. Even you and I, to whom providence gives so many compensations, find our temper just a little soured if we are kept too long

without food, or if our fireside be cheerless, and our meals very badly cooked. Then, how much more must those things affect a man who works from morning till night; who has to brave the cold and heat, the sunshine and the rain, and who, moreover, has no pleasures except those his home can give him.

Many among us, doubtless, remember Murillo's painting in the Louvre, called "*Le Souper des Anges*;" and those who have seen it must, I am sure, have turned a second time to admire the quaint and charming picture, and it may be, to take to heart the gentle wisdom it teaches—and who could teach it better than the great Spaniard whose life was a mixture of such homely surroundings and such lofty ideals? Murillo's painting records an incident in the life of St. Diego, a poor lay brother, whose daily occupation was preparing the meals of the community—and, since he was a saint, we cannot doubt that he went heart and soul into his work—yet God deemed him worthy to behold the glories of heaven, which are hidden from the kings and philosophers of the world. And while he is wrapped in ecstasy, who does his lowly work? It is the bright spirits of heaven; for they are angels who stir the soup and attend to the roast, while, in the foreground, little child-angels are busy among the vegetables.

What God's messengers did for San Diego and his community, could not our Irishwomen do for their fathers and husbands? Ah! if they but knew it, they would thus prove themselves true guardian angels, and would rescue many a soul from the grasp of the tempting demon, who stands waiting for it at the public-house door.

'TWIXT HOPE AND FEAR.

BY RUTH O'CONNOR.

THOU knowest what is best for me,
 My destiny is in thy power;
 And in this desolated hour
 Gladly I yield myself to Thee.

Take Thou my heart, so wayward, weak;
 Remove its enervating chill;
 Bend Thou my unrelenting will,
 And teach my lips what they should speak.

For, oh ! Thou knowest what is best,
And surely I am still thy child,
E'en though my struggles have been wild,
For nowhere have I sought for rest

But at thy feet. Then guide me on,
And I will follow with closed eyes,
And, yielding blindly, deem me wise
To journey whither I am drawn.

Thou knowest what is best for me,
My destiny is in thy power ;
Thus in this weird, enchanted hour
I place my hopes, my fears, with Thee.

MICHAEL BLAKE, BISHOP OF DROMORE.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART VII.

THE preceding instalment of this quasi-biographical sketch, " which like a wounded snake drags its slow length along," consisted of extracts from a very terse and business-like diary kept by Dr. Blake, during his sojourn in the Eternal City for the purpose of founding, or refounding the Irish College. Before restoring this precious manuscript to the venerable hands which kindly entrusted it to ours, let us transcribe a few other words here and there. In a letter to a pious lady of Dublin, Miss Hackett, he speaks (Oct. 16th, 1825), of the tranquillity of mind which he enjoys, and attributes it to the habitual practice of meditation and to his custom of taking all things as coming from God, and of referring all to Him. " I then spoke in praise of the *Imitation of Christ* which has been to me a source of so much comfort, and to recommend to her special attention the following chapters: Book I., chapters 19, 22, 23, 25 ; Book II., chapters, 3, 4, 6, 10; Book III., chapters, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 22, 23, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 38, 46, 47, 49, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58 ; Book IV., chapters 2, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 18." The special favourites of the holy man are so numerous that they have less temptation to be jealous of one another.

The following passage will interest several besides the author of the recently published "*History of Lough Derg*:"*

"1825, April 25. I received to day a letter from the Right Rev. Dr. Kernan, dated 'Carrickmacross, April 5.' In it he requests that I apply to His Eminence Cardinal della Somaglia for a continuance of the Indulgence granted to the Island of Lough Derg, to which hundreds of Catholics flock every year with the express permission and approbation of their respective pastors and after having complied with their paschal duty, in order to do penance and make a retreat of three, six, or nine days. The island being the property of a Colonel Leslie, M.P., it is feared that, were the station to be suspended for one year, he would not allow access to it. The present superior of it is the Rev. Mr. Bellew; the Bishop's Vicar-General and Dean of the Chapter of Clogher, under whose superintendence it is morally impossible that any abuse can happen. The Station commences on the 1st of June and terminates on the 15th of August."

The relations which were afterwards to subsist between Dr. Blake and the Diocese of Dromore lend a point to our next extract:—

"September 25th, 1825. I wrote to the Very Rev. Arthur M'Ardle. After mentioning that I had received his letter on the 22nd, I informed him that I had waited on Monsignor Caprano and made him acquainted with the proceedings of the clergy of Dromore for selecting a bishop; and expressed my regret at the circumstance that their postulation could not have been forwarded before last Monday, because on that day the Congregation held its last sitting previous to the autumn vacation and would not reassemble till the 5th of November. I signified the pleasure and edification I felt in learning with what exemplary order the clergy of Dromore had taken their measures in choosing a new bishop, and my confident hope that, animated by so good a spirit, they would render the duties of their future bishop comparatively easy. I also expressed my joy in finding that my old friend, who had taught me to read the Divine Office and to perform the ceremonies of the Mass, was one of the persons selected by them for the exalted office of their bishop; and my desire to renew the relations of intimacy and friendship which had subsisted between us."

This "old friend" was, we suppose, his correspondent, Dr. M'Ardle himself. "Their future bishop!" He did not imagine that he himself was to be so at one remove.

Many enterprises assume forms and lead to results which those who carry them on had not at all before their minds when they began.

* Mr. Aubrey de Vere, in a note to the exquisite volume of poetry which he has just devoted to the "*Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age*," says in reference to Lough Derg: "To this island properly belongs the legend illustrated by Calderon in his '*Purgatory of St. Patrick*,' so admirably presented to the English reader by my lamented friend, the late Denis Florence Mac Carthy."

Dr. Blake's original purpose was chiefly to create at Rome a sort of higher "Dunboyne Establishment," where distinguished young Irish ecclesiastics, after completing the ordinary course of theology, might have additional time to devote to study amidst the advantages to be found only in the capital of Christendom. In order to maintain the college and to give it a larger population than could be expected to be furnished by this chosen band, the original design embraced or very soon adopted an arrangement for admitting ecclesiastical tyros also. But the young priests who were selected for this honour were naturally anxious during their sojourn in Rome to see all that could be seen, and no doubt imagined (were they wrong?) that this was the best part of a Roman education and the only part that was wanting to them. They, therefore, declined to bind themselves by the restrictions which Dr. Blake, as Rector of the Irish College, wished to impose on all his subjects, and accordingly, as early as September 1st, 1827, we find Dr. Blake proposing, in a letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, that "for the present no young priests be sent here from France, Spain, or even Ireland."

On the 27th of February, 1826, Dr. Blake took possession, at last, of the new College given to him by Leo XII., which received its first alumni on the 27th of the following October. In memory thereof the twenty-seventh day of each month was appointed for the merenda, by which name is meant, not what the Latin dictionaries will tell you *sub hac voce*, but the monthly "outing" in the country, so necessary to break the monotony of student-life. Of the first batch of Irish Roman students the only survivors are the Rev. Matthew Collier, P.P. of St. Agatha's, Dublin, and the parish priest of Kingstown, Monsignor Andrew Quinn, V.G., for whom His Holiness Leo XIII. recently made affectionate inquiries, remembering him as the fellow-student of his youth. The second batch of sixteen who accompanied Dr. Boylan to Rome in the autumn of 1828 is represented still by Archdeacon Meyler of Ferns, and by the Irish historian, Father Charles Patrick Meehan of SS. Michael and John's, Dublin.

We have just named the second Rector of the Irish College at Rome. The Rev. Christopher H. Boylan had been appointed professor of English Composition and Elocution in Maynooth College, on June 25th, 1818; and in addition the chair of French was given to him in 1820. On him the choice of the Irish bishops fell, when they consented at last to yield to Dr. Blake's frequent entreaties to be relieved from his post at Rome. He had now done the work for which he had been sent thither, and his health, especially his nerves, were beginning to suffer. The special enterprise which had required his wonderful earnestness and fearless persistency in its earlier stages was now successfully started. He mentioned once to Dr. David Moriarty how Pope Gregory XVI., then holding some minor office in the Pontifical

court as Cardinal Capellari, embraced him cordially the day he had finally succeeded in surmounting all the preliminary difficulties, adverting to his past troubles by a playful adaptation of Virgil's familiar line :—

“*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere sedem.*”

Dr. Blake left Rome on the 9th October, 1828. Though many blank pages remained in the manuscript book, with its stout leather binding and its brass clasps, nothing is added concerning his homeward journey and his welcome home to the old country. To the re-establishment of the Irish College at Rome this book, like the four years of which it is the edifying record, adheres with zealous and unswerving fidelity. Nothing else is allowed to intrude. “When a man's heart is fixed resolutely on carrying any one point, heaven preserve me from opposing that man !” says Lady Georgiana Fullerton in one of her delightful Tales.

On his return to Ireland Dr. Blake renewed the proposal which he had urged upon his archbishop in more than one of his Roman letters, namely, that he should be allowed to resign his parish into Dr. Yore's hands and become chaplain to the Presentation Convent in George's-Hill. But neither the humble and much loved Dr. Yore nor the good archbishop would permit such an arrangement.

Soon after, however, St. Andrew's parish became vacant, and as there were special difficulties in the post, it was offered to Dr. Blake and accepted by him. One of these difficulties regarded the Parochial Church. That was the epoch of Catholic Emancipation, and Irish Catholics felt that Religion should emerge from the holes and corners in which she had lurked. The church (or, as it was called in those days, the chapel) of St. Andrew's parish was a miserably inadequate edifice in Townsend-street. Unfortunately the late pastor had had recourse to patching. Some thousand pounds had been laid out on the attempt to repair what was irreparable. The parishioners were tired of contributing and did not like to begin over again; and they were, no doubt, many of them, strongly attached to the old place and inclined to believe it impossible to pray anywhere else. But their new P.P. had the courage which is needed to abandon an untenable position, and *that* often demands much greater courage than to hold it. He boldly determined to give up the old site altogether. He had one powerful ally in beating down all opposition. Merrion-square was in his parish, and Daniel O'Connell was on his side. Time has sanctioned the wisdom of his policy in building the Church of St. Andrew where it now stands in Westland-row—according to Dr. Moriarty “the most capacious, and, with its commodious presbyteries, perhaps the largest and most costly ecclesiastical edifice in the kingdom.” Within one year Dr. Blake's energy had advanced it far to completion; but his connection with it was soon to be broken. His first and

perhaps his only sermon within its walls was to be delivered as by a stranger, a bishop coming from his diocese to assist in its consecration. We shall not, however, accompany Dr. Blake this month to the new scene of his labours. When called away, he left St. Andrew's to be finished by Dean Meyler. Even [in 1836 the "Irish Catholic Directory" speaks of its completion in the future tense. "This most extensive church will be completed for about £16,000, and under the inspection of the distinguished architect, Mr. James Bolger, is likely to become one of the greatest ornaments in this part of the city."

As we shall next see Michael Blake as Bishop of Dromore, we may at present claim for him a share in three great works which have had their cradle in Dublin. Throughout the Roman diary from which we have quoted abundantly, there are constant references to the efforts made to expedite the papal confirmation of the rules and constitutions of the Irish Sisters of Charity. His first letter to Dr. Murray refers to this matter, which however was not settled, in spite of all his efforts, before his departure from Rome. Further delays occurred till the year 1833, when Dr. Boylan had already been succeeded as Rector by Dr. Paul Cullen,* to whose exertions Archbishop Murray, writing to Mrs. Aikenhead, from Portobello, on the 3rd September, 1833, attributes their long-desired success. In the convent parlour of St. Joseph's Hospital for Children in Temple-street, Dublin, and, no doubt, in the other houses of the Sisters of Charity, you will see a picture of Pope Gregory XVI. affixing his signature to the final confirmation of the Constitutions of the Irish Congregation of the Religious Sisters of Charity, 30th August, 1833.

* The third in succession from Dr. Blake was destined to have a much longer term of office than his own immediate successor. When Dr. Cullen was made Archbishop of Armagh, in 1850, his place was taken by Dr. Tobias Kirby, now the Right Rev. Bishop of Litta, *feliciter regnans*. Let us take advantage of the mention of this venerable prelate to quote his opinion of a new book in which many of our readers are interested, and of which a notice is given a little further on among the "New Books" of this month, namely, "A Saint among Saints:"—"The Life of your holy patroness, St. Emmelia, does great credit to the gifted authoress. On reading over the first pages it is easy to see that she not only inherits the faith and piety of her illustrious father but also a bright reflection of his poetical genius. I am quite sure that her book will do a great deal of good and give much edification. Oh! that we had many such mothers as St. Emmelia, who would imitate that robust, vigorous education which she gave to her sons and daughters. The young girls are considered now to be well educated in many circles if they can dance, play, and chatter French. In the good Catholic times the knowledge and fear of God, the mortification of their passions, and the formation of their mind and character, the art of making their own clothes and attending to the other household duties, formed the basis of female education. What wonder if it gave us so many Emmelias, Monicas, Elizabeths (of Hungary and Portugal), Francescas, De Chantals, &c. I think that the effeminate and superficial training (it cannot be called education) given to too many of the female youth within the last fifty years has greatly contributed to the deterioration of society throughout Europe."

Still more closely was our holy priest united with the infant Institute of Mercy. His claims upon the gratitude of those pious sisters are so many that the aim of these memorial notes obliges us to devote to the enumeration of those claims a larger space than can be devoted to the subject at the end of this present chapter. *Reliqua postea*—a convenient phrase of prorogation which, from perpetual use, was the nickname given to a certain Jesuit professor by Dr. Blake's young Roman students. So we have been informed by one of them to whom we are indebted for more important particulars. "The rest hereafter."

MY FRIEND.

BY ETHEL TANE.

A FRIEND have I. At times we meet
Where myriads pace the city street—

Step aside from the stranger throng;
Talk for a little—never long.

Glimpses these of a larger life,
Gay with laughter and tough with strife.

Wider sympathies, waning dim,
Brighten again at sight of him.

Some of his words have been the seeds,
Sown in my life, of gentle deeds.

What shall I say? He comes to me
Much as the west wind, fresh and free,

Blows on a rose-bush, dwelling lone,
Cramped in a pot of brick or stone,

Clipped at a foolish owner's will,
Prisoner of the window-sill.

But he of friends has goodly store,
What to ~~him~~ then one friend more?

Well, an additional pair of eyes
That understand and sympathise.

WINGED WORDS.

1. ZEAL is at once the measure of our love for God and the reward of our fidelity to grace.

2. Discretion secures the harmony of friendship.

3. Memory is like the hold of a vessel : nothing is lost in it, though our requirements may not be answered upon instant application.

4. Duty is the highway to heaven. God awaits us in our duties : therefore, we must never say that the least is of no consequence. Such sins of omission may frustrate God's designs upon a brother's soul or entail the loss of special graces which God meant to bestow upon ourselves.

5. There is no moment in which it is safe to commit sin.

6. Duty has a patent for invulnerable armour.

7. Life is a cross ; but we should bear its burden more fittingly to the measure of a *Te Deum* than to that of a *Miserere*—if it were only for the thought that our temporary suffering can add to God's eternal glory.

8. A poet lives in airy regions, and as a bird will lightly poise itself upon the slenderest twig, to the wonder of clumsier creatures, so will the poetical mind rest and recreate itself in hope so slight as to be almost imperceptible to vision less acute.

9. Pleasures and joys are the flowers we gather in the garden of Time. Sorrows and disappointments seem to be its weeds ; but in reality these are most precious seeds, which, if rightly set, will bring forth fruits of happiness a hundred-fold for eternity.

10. We are in a great degree our own legislators, framing by our present acts the laws that will govern our future.

11. If we do not look at the things of Time through the medium of Eternity, we reverse the glass of Truth and see the eternal things through the false medium of Time.

12. It seems to me that theory without practice is perfectly represented by Murillo's angels—a head supported by wings—merely a flying thought that lends no aid to mundane matters.

13. Each chip by which we can lighten a brother's cross becomes a jewel in our own crown.

14. Life is like a house, where in youth we may view a beautiful and ever-changing scene from every window on the basement story ; gradually, however, time blocks up these windows, and in old age we are driven for the only light obtainable to the skylight, a little window that looks heavenward from the upper rooms. Alas ! if the accumulated dust of years cannot be removed by enfeebled age, which is thus doomed to expire in gloom and sadness.

15. Our cowardly efforts to escape pain and hardship often make us feel them the more : as sometimes we do not know how heavily it is raining till we put our umbrella up.*

THE MONK'S PROPHECY.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XV.

A CHANGE OF SCENE.

NEXT morning Mrs. Barry listened with a troubled face to Sydney's account of the preceding evening, and reiterated her warnings to keep to herself. " 'Twould be a loss to leave," she said, " and the money paid, but I'll ask Miss White what she thinks best to be done : one would get as good an advice from her as from the priest." So Sydney continued on, spending as little of her time at her lodgings as she possibly could. They were becoming every hour more unpleasant ; at last no restraint was observed, and the Cosgraves indulged in fierce fights in every part of the house. The girl had inherited some of her father's temper and defied him, casting into his teeth his own mode of action with such rapid eloquence and indomitable spirit that he was sometimes mastered. " Going to the bad, am I ?" she would say, " if I am, I thank you for it. Did you ever show me the difference between good and bad ? What could I learn from you but to curse and drink and fight ? Respect my father and mother ?" she laughed, scornfully. " No one gets anything without earning it ; and you didn't respect your own. I'm out of your power now, and I'll go my own way. If the wickedness is in me, 'twas you bred it there ; and I'm only taking pattern by my father."

At length a climax arrived. Mrs. Barry, coming in on Friday evening, found matters in such a state that, without waiting for Miss White or any other counsellor, she made up her mind that Miss Ormsby could stay under that roof no longer. She insisted on bundling up all her possessions at once and bringing her to her own humble home.

* These thoughts are not culled from various authors like previous instalments of the series but come from one contributor, M. E. C., who will forgive us for winding up with one of our own.

"Oh! Mrs. Barry, what should I have done, only you came in?" said Sydney, drawing a long breath. "I was frightened out of my life, and I wouldn't know where to look for you. Thank God, I am out of that dreadful house."

"You had no business there much longer, dear. 'Twas God drove me in just in the nick of time. Sure 'tis to a poor place I'm bringing you now, but 'tis safe and honest, and we'll see about us to-morrow. I think 'tis the best way for you to stop in the convent for the difference."

"Don't say anything about to-morrow, Mrs. Barry, keep me until Monday. We are to go to the Almshouse on Sunday, you know: I have been thinking of it all the week. I am longing to see Miss L'Estrange again, and Miss White. I won't be a trouble."

"Trouble, dear heart!—little I'd mind your trouble,—but my place isn't fit for the likes of you—though I had often a nice lodger. We'll tell the nuns to-morrow that 'tis better you should stay with them till the lady sends for you. You'll soon hear from her, please God."

They were now driving down a narrow road which led along the brink of the river. "We are near home, Miss Sydney," said Mrs. Barry, pointing to a neat detached cottage in the distance;—"and do you see the church-spire, Miss?—that's the one by the Almshouse. You have only to cross the bridge we left behind us in the street beyond, and you'll be at it in no time."

"We shan't have far to go on Sunday," answered Sydney.

"Jim has everything like pins and needles, I'll engage," said Mrs. Barry. "We must pay the cabman, Miss Sydney; don't you mind, I'll settle with him. My hand to you, he won't bully me out of a half-penny more than his due."

The laundress entered into a war of words with the cabman, which ended in a pleasant mutual understanding. The man told her "whoever bought her for a fool would be sometime out of his money!" and she told the cabman, that when he wanted to get at the blind side of her, he would have to rise a few hours earlier.

The little cottage was very neat. They went into a tiny hall; on one side was a sitting-room, with a bedroom off it; on the other was a comfortable kitchen with two pockets of rooms inside. There was a bright fire in the kitchen, the kettle was singing merrily, and the lamp was lighted.

Mrs. Barry led Sydney into the parlour. The boards were as white as soap and water could make them; there was a table with a scarlet and black cloth; a few chairs, half blinds of muslin on the window, over which was suspended a pot with a "Wandering Jew" in it, and on the chimney-piece was a magnificent display of paper flowers.

"Why, this is a dear little place," said Sydney, looking about her, and out of the window; "and everything is so neat."

"'Tis all Jim's doing, he's that tasty," answered Mrs. Barry, greatly pleased; "his pension pays for it. We are as snug as we can be, praises be to God. Take off your things now, dear, and come out and take a heat of the fire; there's no one to see you, while I'm getting the tea."

After tea, which Mrs. Barry laid out for Sydney in the greatest order in her parlour, the girl went again into the kitchen. Mrs. Barry introduced her son Jim, who stood up as erect as if he were on parade, giving short, abrupt answers to Sydney's timid remarks. He was a fine-looking, handsome fellow, whose appearance of health and strength intensified the sad effect of the empty sleeve pinned to his side. After a little time they were both more at their ease. Jim was induced to take a seat, which he did in the remotest corner possible, and, answering Sydney's questions, entertained them with descriptions of foreign lands.

That night Sydney was tucked-in and made comfortable in the neat little bedroom inside the parlour, and fell asleep with a greater sense of security and peace than she had done since her mother's death.

She heard them stirring very early in the morning; she jumped up, and looked out. The river was flowing by, quivering in the light of the young day; the eastern skies were flushed with crimson; Jim's blackbird, which he had hung outside the door in the warm sun's rays, poured out a song of softest melody. Far off was the sound of the awaking city, and nearer the voices of women down by the river, and the splash of the water as they filled their cans. She dressed herself with a lighter heart than she had for many a day. She surprised her hostess by her early appearance, and, following her directions, set out for the nearest church, where she heard Mass. Breakfast was ready when she returned, and immediately after she prepared for school. Mrs. Barry was to call for her about three o'clock, and to talk over their new arrangements with the nuns.

The girl walked away very contented: she had the prospect of a pleasant day on the morrow, and she was done with the horror of her former lodgings. The hours passed as usual. Three o'clock came; all the pupils departed; but there was no sign of Mrs. Barry. Sydney wondered and waited, but at length, when there seemed no hope of her coming, she proceeded homewards by herself to the little cottage. To her surprise she found the cottage closed. When she knocked there was no answer; but again she remembered that its being shut up was in no wise singular. Mrs. Barry and Jim were, of course, gone together somewhere to one of her employers. She walked up and down for some time; a woman was passing with a can of water. "A fine evening, Miss," she said, pausing to take breath, as Sydney came up.

"It is a lovely evening, thank God," replied Sydney. "Do you think will Mrs. Barry soon be home?"

"Ah, God be good to us! sure she met with an accident, Miss. The decentest poor woman in the world!"

"An accident!" answered Sydney, growing pale; "what happened to her?"

"Run over, dear; a carriage knocked her down; and the Lord knows whether she is alive or not."

"Oh, Mother of God!" said Sydney, clasping her hands, "where is she?—where is she gone?"

"To the hospital, Miss. They took her to the Mater three or four hours ago. I was the one that knew her and ran down to give word to her son."

Sydney turned away with one thought uppermost: she should see her friend, her faithful old guardian. She walked rapidly through the crowded streets, heeding nothing or nobody. When weary, and out of breath, she arrived at the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital in Eccles-street, she found it was after hours, there was no admittance to be had, and she was too timid to press her claims. She learned, however, enough about Mrs. Barry's accident to relieve her mind: one leg was injured, but there was no fear of any dangerous consequences. The girl left the stately steps of the convent greatly comforted; but as she walked down the streets again, her nerves unstrung by the recent shock, a feeling of terror, akin to despair, took possession of her heart. What was she to do? Where was she to go? The convent was shut up. She shuddered at the thought of going back to the Cosgraves; how could she return to Mrs. Barry's? What was she to do? "God will take care of me," she murmured, "God will take care of me; I won't be afraid. O holy Mother, keep me from being afraid!" Involuntarily she turned her steps towards the little cottage. The door was still shut. There was no Jim, even, to tell her what to do.

CHAPTER XVI.

A HAPPY HAVEN.

BLINDED and dazed, Sydney turned back, and walked on and on till she found herself on the bridge that led across to the Almshouse. She stopped at the end of it, under the shadow of a solitary tree, to try and think what was best to be done. She had no money with her, even if she could summon courage to look for lodging, alone and at such an hour. She leaned over the parapet and watched the lights reflected in the melancholy water, as it lapped and crept sorrowfully about the dark arches, so unlike, she thought, the bright, dashing, pleasant beauty of Poulannass. Oh, if she were back there with Nellie! Where would she go? Not to Mrs. Hassett. She had never come to see her

mother, though she knew she was ill; nor did she come to see her, though she must have seen her mother's death in the newspapers. Mrs. Barry was particular in having it published. No, she could not go to Mrs. Hassett. She thought, if she had courage, she would go to the Almshouse; but how could she summon courage? She never met them but once; she could not trouble them. She would go into the church when the people were all come out; she would hide in it for the night; she would keep near the altar steps, and be safe: our Lord would not let her be afraid. But she remembered, with a sudden vividness, all the people that were buried in it, and around it, and her heart sank still lower. The tramp, tramp of the multitude seeking their homes smote upon her ears; the darkness was falling; there were fewer people passing over the bridge. The girl clasped her hands in utter bewilderment. As she stood trembling, with a frightened, despairing face, she heard rapid footsteps behind her; and, turning her head, expecting some new cause of alarm, she beheld Ida L'Estrange coming towards her; utterly unable to move, she stretched out her arms, and, when she came near, clung to her, unable to say a word.

"You dreadful girl," said Ida, "what a fright you have given us! I have been all over the city looking for you; and Miss White is nearly out of her mind." She put her arm round Sydney, who, from terror and exhaustion, was hardly able to walk, and led her away.

"Hold up, you foolish little thing; we are very near home," said Ida. "Miss White is walking up and down, her little heart troubled to its very depths. The next corner, and we are all right. There now, behold our warlike sentinel! Here she is, Miss White. the stray lamb; I have captured her at last."

The little lady put her arms round Sydney. "My poor child! my dear girl! why didn't you come to me? How can I forgive you for not coming to me?" she said, tenderly. "What a day you must have had!" But Sydney could only sob as if her heart would break.

"I am sure she is starved as well as terrified," said Ida; "we shall feed her first, and scold her after, mammy. There is no comfort in abusing anything that is not able to resist you. I would as soon beat a feather pillow. Here we are now." They brought in the girl, placed her in an arm-chair near a bright fire; Miss White hurried into the kitchen to make tea, with many ejaculations of thanksgiving. Ida knelt beside her, taking off her hat and gloves. Then Sydney clasped her arms about her neck, laid her head upon her shoulder, and was gradually soothed by her caresses, and half-tender, half-playful words.

"I knew God would take care of me," said Sydney, with an exhausted sob; "but He was so long coming I nearly despaired."

"He is nearest to us when He seems farthest away," said the little

lady, as she laid the cloth. "But why didn't you come to me at once, dear?"

"I was ashamed," answered Sydney, "as you knew me so little. I was bewildered, and didn't know what to do. Oh, thank God, I am with you!"

"There is Jim," exclaimed Ida, as a single knock echoed in the hall. "I'm sure he is in a dreadful way." She jumped up and opened the door. "Here she is, Jim, safe at last. I met her on the bridge."

Jim stepped in and touched his cap. "Thanks be to God, Miss; I have walked from end to end of the city. I just stepped in to see was there any account, before I set out again. Thank the Lord, she is safe!" He wiped his face, on which great drops of perspiration were standing.

"Go into the kitchen now, Jim, and you'll have your tea in a moment," said Miss White; "you had enough of trouble to-day, poor fellow."

While Sydney was trying to eat, in obedience to her two friends, she learned how they had been looking for her all over the city.

When Mrs. Barry had been thrown down and injured by a carriage, she was taken up almost insensible. She recovered consciousness sufficiently, when they were about to take her to the hospital, to speak to one of the bystanders. She asked her for God's sake to send her son Jim after her to the Mater Misericordiae. Jim was at the hospital in half an hour after his mother reached it, and to his great relief found that she was not seriously injured. She told him to go at once to Miss White, and tell her what happened, and to ask her, for the love of God, to look after Miss Ormsby. Jim went away at full speed. He called first at the cottage, for it was likely the girl had come home from school. He found she had called, and, hearing of the accident, had run away again. He went then to the Almshouse, hoping she had gone there; but there was no account of her. When he told his story, Miss White clasped her tiny hands, and went out to Ida, who, when she heard the story, caught up her hat, that she had just taken off. "Go back to the Mater, Jim," she said; "she may have gone there; and I'll try the convent."

And then they went their different ways—fruitlessly, as we know—till coming home, after weary searching, Ida's quick eyes discovered the poor child on the bridge: and all was well.

It has been said of old "a house is as large as the heart of its owner;" and in the tiny almshouses there seemed to be ample room if one were to judge by their occupant's hospitality. Ida wanted Sydney to sleep with her. "Your bed, mammy, isn't big enough to hold yourself and the cat," she said; "mine is of more generous dimensions." But Miss White would not listen to such reasoning,

and it ended in a bed being prepared for Sydney on the sofa, where she was settled and tucked-in after a most comfortable fashion. When Ida stooped to wish her "good-night" she clasped her arms round her neck with such touching earnestness that the girl went away with tears in her bright eyes.

When the little lady saw she was becoming sleepy, she blessed and kissed her, and went softly up to own room.

The tolling of the church bell sent its soft chiming through Sydney's morning dreams; but it was only Miss White's entrance that aroused her. "Oh! you have been to Mass," said Sydney, "and I have slept it out."

"I am glad you have had such a rest, dear," answered Miss White, kissing her. "I will go up stairs now to take off my things; and you can follow me to finish your toilet."

Sydney sprang up, and in a few moments had removed from the little sitting-room all traces of the use to which it had been put. The little lady smiled pleasantly on her as she ran up and down stairs and then descended to prepare breakfast.

When Sydney followed her, the table was laid, the window was open, and a soft breeze, laden with perfume, was lazily swaying the muslin curtain.

"Oh! I could live here for ever," said Sydney, looking out. "'Tis beautiful."

"Not for ever, dear," answered Miss White, smiling, "for ever is a long word. Little birds will flutter in the prettiest nest and long to try their wings. But I hope you will fold them sometimes beside me, and come to see me as often as you can."

"Indeed I shall," said Sydney; "I cannot tell how grateful I am. I am ashamed that I can't speak it."

"Hush, my dear; I know everything you want to say, so you can leave it unsaid. You must know, Ida and I took quite a fancy to you last Sunday, and we are delighted to have you for a while to ourselves. Mrs. Barry was with me on Saturday, before she met with the accident, and told us all about you. I am glad you are out of that dreadful house. She said you meant to board at the convent now."

"She thinks it best I should," replied Sydney. "My poor mother just before she ——" the girl's lips trembled.

"Yes my dear, I understand. It was a hard trial, a sad, sad trial; but God is wise and good. You must think of her gain now, not of your own loss; perhaps she is better able to help you in heaven than she was on earth: with the vision of faith, my child, we see behind the walls of flesh, where all is peace and beauty. I am no longer a little old maid in an almshouse," she continued, smiling brightly, "but a young spirit, clothed in immortal splendour, singing, not in a cracked treble, but with a voice of sweetest strength. Isn't that a

very consoling view, dear, and soothing to my vanity when I perceive myself falling into a ruin?"

"I think you are lovely; as you are," said Sydney, gazing at the little lady's sweet, worn face; "I don't want to have you changed at all."

"I am glad you like me, my dear; 'tis a pleasant thing to be liked. I never arrived yet at a holy indifference to affection."

"I hope you won't become indifferent to me," said Sydney, shyly; "I prayed last Sunday that you and Miss L'Estrange would like me."

"No, my child, I won't become indifferent to you. I won't lose sight of you again till you are safe with your friends. But about the school, dear? Are you sure that you don't want some money?"

"I have nearly fifty pounds; Mrs. Barry stitched it into my dress, when we were coming away," answered Sydney, laughing. "All except a couple of sovereigns and some silver."

"Who is that talking in such a regal way about gold and silver?" said Ida, entering. "I have such a plethoric purse that I am having a pie for dinner; all in honour of Sydney. I may call you Sydney, may I not?" she added, as she kissed her.

"Oh! indeed you must," said Sydney.

"And I am Ida, remember—Princess Ida, grand, epic and hominid." "

"Don't be extravagant, Ida, you always want pies when you have money; and you earn it hard, dear," said Miss White. "I fear I never shall make you sufficiently economical."

"Oh, mammy, you're such a shabby little person, talking of earning money on a Sunday. I'm a lily of the field to-day; I ignore all toiling and spinning. The pie exists; 'tis a splendid fact in my larder, and you are to share in it and expand like the veritable Mrs. Pecksniff you are."

"Well, my dear, I suppose I shall have to yield to you," said Miss White, looking with great affection on the lovely face of the girl. "Everyone gives in to her, Sydney; she rules us all with a rod of iron."

"I am the backbone of the establishment, Sydney," answered Ida, "I give an almost masculine flavour to our dovecot; besides, I have the instincts of the princess. I ought to be swaying the multitude instead of goading little children over the scales."

"Well, there is no knowing what brilliant arena you will have yet," said Miss White. "The world is all before you."

"But the doors of it are shut, mammy. When shall I break the locks of one?"

"No breaking, my dear; leave God to open your way; you may be sure He will do it. Impatience often leads us into the wrong one."

"I'll be as patient as Job, mammy; I have the organs of causality

well developed : telescopic vision that shows me the end of ever so many beginnings. I think myself I incline to be too cautious. Sydney here lives in to-day, like the wise little person she is ; I project myself into the future. But we are to have a grand walk, Sydney, immediately after Mass."

"Shall we call at the Mater Hospital to ask for dear Mrs. Barry?" said Sydney.

"Yes, of course ; we must see how she is after the night. But I must first introduce you to my aunt : she is quite anxious to see our stray lamb. Do you think will Sydney impress her favourably, mammy?"

"I think she will," replied Miss White, smiling ; "Sydney looks well-bred."

"You must know my aunt's speciality is blue blood," said Ida ; "she takes enormous satisfaction from a belief that there were L'Estranges in the ark."

"She is prouder now than when she was wealthy and moving in the best society," Miss White added.

"I get impatient sometimes with pictures of our ancient glory," said Ida, laughing ; "I scandalise her with my democratic views."

"You are too proud to be proud, my dear," said Miss White, shaking her head wisely, "that's about it."

"I have a kind of pride, I suppose," answered Ida. "I have an intense scorn for scorn. I resent being reflected on because I work for an independence, and because I am poor. Labour is noble ; our poverty is God's will, why should stupid people, because they are more fortunate, look down on us."

"If fortune entail such a condition of mind, dear, we can't account them more fortunate," said Miss White ; "but it is wiser to keep our own eyes lifted heavenward than to be watching the ill-directed eyes of others."

"That is true, little mammy, and perhaps it is wholesome for me to get a snub occasionally. Though my first impulse is resentment, I offer it up afterwards and try to bear my little wound. I shall be good yet, when some of this quick temper dies in me."

"Ah, Ida, 'tis the strong natures, the ardent tempers that do the the great works of the world. 'Tis the steam that, well controlled, impels the machinery of life. You have a beautiful temper, my dear ; you are warm and emotional, but you have possession of yourself. I should not like to put out the fire but to make it burn clear."

"There is the bell calling out 'burn clear, burn clear,'" said Ida, starting up ; "I must go back for aunt. I shall call in for you after Mass, Sydney. Don't let mammy pervert you with any of her pagan doctrines until then."

When the last bell rang, Sydney and Miss White went forth into

the sunny atmosphere, and in a few moments were seated in the "Lady's pew," Ida came in with her aunt, and then went as usual up to the organ-loft. With a contented and grateful heart the girl knelt beside her little friend and returned thanks to God for having raised up friends for her in her desolation.

After Mass Ida called for her, and she was presented to Mrs. Huxton, who received her with dignified kindness. Mrs. Huxton was a stately, well-preserved-looking old lady, with an air of fashion still clinging to her well-worn attire, and a general sort of elaborateness in her appearance and manners—a behaviour as if she were determined to do credit to her ancestors. Sydney was so evidently a gentlewoman that she found immediate favour in her eyes. She asked her many questions about her father and mother, to which she got satisfactory answers.

"Your friends, the MacMahons, my dear, I know who they are quite well—a very good family—couldn't be better. Old Mr. MacMahon's mother was one of the O'Gradys of Grovelands, an old line now almost extinct. I can claim kinship with the O'Gradys: my grandfather was married, a second time, to Mary O'Grady of Cooga. But those times are passed away, child."

"Well, aunt, I rejoice I'm not my glorious and immortal *grand-père* or Mary O'Grady his keeper; a live ass is better than a dead lion. Ida L'Estrange, music-teacher, and Sydney Ormsby, stray lamb, are more powerful in the flesh now than the Queen of Saba, and more bewitching than Mary of Scotland; are we not, Sydney?—handsome, healthy, and with large appetites for luncheon. Come out to my pantry;—delays are dangerous."

The two girls went into the little kitchen; Ida spread a napkin on the white table, laid the bread and butter and a pot of jam on it, and they quickly disposed of their luncheon. Ida then took up a little kettle she had laid on the fire, made a cup of tea in a tiny tea-pot, put a small cosy over it, poured a spoonful of cream into a tea-cup and laid it on the table.

"Now, aunt," she said, "have your cup of tea when you think it is ready. Sydney and I shall be off; we shall not be back till half-past five. Mrs. Baker will be in to boil the potatoes, and Miss White will come to help you to prepare for entertaining us properly. Be very particular, for your guests are distinguished and accustomed to consideration."

(To be continued.)

DEWDROP AND ROSE.

A ROSE 'mid leaves in verdant dress
Shed forth its radiant summer bloom,
Nor dreamt that nigh its loveliness
Could sweep the breath of wintry gloom.

And round that peerless budding rose
A thousand flowerets humbly bent,
And hailed her Queen of all that grows,
In fragrance mute yet eloquent.

Then came a drop of silvery dew,
And, perching on that crimson leaf,
From out its diamond bosom drew
A crystal tear of hopeless grief.

"I've lived for thee," the dewdrop sighed,
"Since waning sunbeams brought me forth.
Ah! would that loveless I had died
In that same hour which gave me birth.

"For then I had not seen thee loved
By golden corn and purple vine,
Nor felt how little thou art moved
By love from lowly heart like mine.

"For tulip tall and lily fair,
Sweet violets hid in leafy bowers,
And primrose pale and cistus rare,
Salute thee as the Queen of Flowers.

"And while those beauteous lovers swell
Thy worship's strain in fragrant sigh,
'Tis left me but my love to tell
In mute despair, and then to die."

And when Aurora's golden sheen
Had parched that drop of silvery dew,
It died upon its floral queen—
True whilst in life, in death still true.

D.

NEW BOOKS.

I. *A Saint among Saints : Sketch of the Life of St. Emmelia, Mother of St. Basil.* By S. M. S. (Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son, 1882.)

THIS is certainly one of the most attractive Lives of the Saints that we have met with, even in these days when pious works seem to vie with novels in interest and picturesqueness. It has all the charm of modern fiction, and much of the grand simplicity of the age to which its story belongs : an age in which, as the author says, "lives were so calm, though spent in troublous times ; so roomy, though so full of work ; so free from haste, excitement, fuss." Saint Emmelia, though a saint, the wife and mother of saints, seems but little known ; and many, even among those who bear her name, have only a vague idea of her life. To them, therefore, this account of their patroness will be doubly welcome ; but everyone will be anxious to read it when told that the modest initials, S. M. S., conceal the name of the gifted daughter of the poet whom Irishmen, and many besides Irishmen, are now combining to honour. Specially charming is the description of Saint Emmelia's family life. The authoress brings vividly before us the picture of the Cappadocian household, with its sweet routine of prayer and work, its large-handed charity, its perfect domestic love. No more fitting book could be put in the hands of young girls just entering the world ; and in these days especially, when so many women are athirst with the craving for notoriety, it would be well if our wives and daughters took to heart the lessons taught by these heroines of the early Church. They were unseen, unknown, unheard of beyond their homes ; yet, standing in the shade which their humility loved, they forged the arms and moulded the shields with which their sons went forth to conquer the pagan world.

II. *The Life of St. Lewis Bertrand, Friar Preacher of the Order of St. Dominic.* By FATHER BERTRAND WILBERFORCE, of the same Order. (London : Burns & Oates, 1882.)

THE ninth of last October was the three hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Lewis Bertrand, the Apostle of New Granada. His English confrere and namesake intended the present work as a homage to the third centenary of his patron ; but, as often happens in sublunary arrangements—those especially, perhaps, in which printer's ink is concerned—what was meant to appear on a certain date was just a little late for it. But this Life of St. Lewis Bertrand, the first that has appeared in English, is welcome at any time. The author is the son of Henry William Wilberforce, the founder of the *Weekly Register*, which has recently taken out a new lease of life "renewable

for ever." Much diligence and loving care have manifestly been expended on every part of this book in its substance and in its form. Biography has never been cultivated more zealously or with greater taste and skill than in our own day; and it would be a pity and a shameful scandal if the very commonplace, and very often highly unsatisfactory heroes of the world, were to have their careers set forth in such attractive guise, while clumsiness and dryness should characterise the lives of the saints. No doubt a great deal of our complaints in this matter arises from our unsaintliness and our want of intelligent sympathy with the saints. "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind;" and it is extraordinary (yet is it extraordinary?) how details about places and persons that would otherwise seem to us flat and unprofitable brighten up with a new charm when, perhaps, accidental circumstances lend to those places and persons some special and individual interest. Let us try to establish these personal and confidential relations with the blessed saints of God: with some of them, at least, the saints of our predilection. It will not be Father Bertrand Wilberforce's fault if St. Lewis Bertrand be not henceforth for many a cherished friend and trusted patron.

III. *Hymns of the Sacred Heart*, adapted to original and selected Melodies. By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY. (Philadelphia.)

These hymns are adapted to well-known simple and pleasing melodies by popular composers, and have (with the original words) been taught for years in schools. In their present form they will most likely be acceptable to many for their easy, flowing tunefulness, and will also probably remind some ladies (a few perhaps painfully) of their early vocal efforts and trials.

We are sorry the authoress has united her devotional lines, "Heart of Jesus" (No. 3), to an Italian air, which is objectionable on account of its waltz measure, while also accenting the words throughout incorrectly. No. 6, also, "Behold how we've pierced Thee" is unhappily united to the much hackneyed "Alice, where art thou?" We must say, with regard to this hymn, that Miss Donnelly's words are rather a *misfit* to the air, and in the line "Thine eternal Bride" it would decidedly be better to sing the *thres* notes *C. B. A.* to "*Thine*," so as to accent "*eternal*" correctly in the next bar.

The practice of adapting sacred words to favourite secular melodies, be they ever so "sweetly pretty," is one to be discouraged, and we shall certainly protest against it. Some of these airs are original and do not come under this ban. The hymns themselves are all sweet and holy, and we trust they will warm the devotion of many hearts.

IV. *Half-hours with the Saints and Servants of God*. By CHARLES KENNY. (London: Burns and Oates. 1882.)

Five hundred excellently printed pages of extracts from the writ-

ings of saints and holy men of all ages ought to form a most edifying and delightful volume; but it is impossible to examine this book without beginning one's notice by expressing vexation and regret that so good a design should be spoiled by careless execution. The Provost of the London Oratory, who, as the successor of Father Faber and Father Dalgairns, must be a good judge of literary excellence, concludes his brief preface with the words: "The long experience of Mr. Charles Kenny is a guarantee for the literary excellence of the book." Why, then, do we meet constantly such literary excellences as the following in page 240? "They compared him to the celebrated ancient orators, and was unsurpassed by any of the holy Fathers." There are other indefensible sentences in that same page which ends as follows: "It is that vice which sharpens the swords, with which men kill each other, that brothers no longer recognise their own flesh and blood, that parents and children stifle the best feelings that nature implants in them." The note on Père Lejeune, at p. 256, says: "It was through the reading of his sermons that induced the recently canonised Benedict Labre to devote his whole life to silent prayer and meditation." It is a great pity that the compiler did not ask someone to do for him, before he went to press, what he asks his readers to do now with a view to a possible second edition, namely, to suggest improvements and point out errors. One obvious suggestion which any "candid friend" would be sure to make is that the author who is chiefly followed, Father Vincent Houdry, S.J., wrote in French, whereas the present work is supposed to be written in English. Why, then, does Mr. Kenny persist in calling the famous Italian Jesuit "Père Segneri?" The author of "Christian and Religious Perfection" has here for his baptismal name "Alphonse" and he is sometimes further disguised as "Père A. Rodriguez." In page 416 we are allowed to choose between Asterius and Astère. In a dozen other places the Saint gets only his French name. But how could a martyr of Diocletian have such an alias? Mr. Kenny might as well speak of "St. Peter or Pierre." In one place we have such bad French as *Discours Chrétienness*, and in another place such good French as this: "Is it that you know not that not a single hair can fall off without his approval?" This touching fidelity to the idiom of the original does not account for the preposition in "St. Thomas of Aquinas," and "St. Gregory of Nazianzen," nor for the ablative case in which St. Eusebia finds herself in page 3 as the subject of an English sentence.

A writer in the *Irish Times* made lately the astounding statement that D. F. MacCarthy's "Calderon" was one of the few works of our century that had received the honour of being translated into Spanish! If a similar fate befell these translations from Houdry, what French or what Latin would be found for the statement that "Jaques (*sic*) Biroat entered into the Company of the Society of Jesus?"

These may seem to be small points, but when a proof-reading eye detects such blemishes everywhere in so well-meant and so handsomely printed a book, the owner of the aforesaid eye is bound to yield to the entreaties of the author, who ends his preface by saying that he "will be grateful for any suggested improvements and any notification of errors, &c. &c., so that if a second edition should be called for, additions and alterations can be made."

Under the shelter of that "&c. &c.," we may express our surprise that the only extracts added by the translator are a few not very happily chosen specimens from Father Frederic Faber. Why not at least Cardinal Newman and the gifted man mentioned in the dedication, Father Dalgairns? Why not Landriot and Lacordaire? As the collection now stands, the brilliant English Oratorian has the air of an interloper.

A much less extensive collection of extracts from the writings of the ancient Fathers and more modern saints and holy writers, translated with loving care, would be an exquisite work; but to do it at all worthily great patience and skill would be needed, and almost genius. Far less than genius would have contented us in the present work. We think it our duty to add that no mere correction of misprints and gross blunders, such as we could point out by the hundred, would make the book fairly worthy of its name and of the pains that printers and publishers have expended upon it. The passages that we have examined here and there contain worse than slipshod translation like the following from page 257 "[Enmities] descend from father to son, from generation to generation, and a wretched, miserable misunderstanding, which, though small at its birth, grows and grows, and descends by degrees to the end of ages." Miserable indeed is this "misunderstanding" which has not even a verb to depend upon. But how does this ungrammatical "misunderstanding" "descend by degrees to the end of ages?" Let us "descend by degrees" and by two flights of stairs to the library, and see whether the Blind Father* himself can throw any light on the subject. In spite of the vague reference, "Sermons, vol. v.," which is of no avail with a three-volume edition especially, we have had the luck to alight upon the passage in the discourse *Des Inimitiés*, which is Sermon XI. of Part VI. of Sermons on the Commandments (page 535 of Tom. V. of Migne's "Orateurs Sacrés"). The puzzling piece of grammar has no representative whatever in the original. Here are some of the words which are partially represented in page 257 of "Half Hours with the Saints." "Vous communiquez à vos enfants vos haines et animosités, vous en parlez en leur présence: Un tel est cause de notre ruine, c'est l'ennemi de notre maison. Ces petites créatures, entendant ces paroles, prennent

* Père Lejeune lost his sight at 33 years of age. Yet he worked as a missionary preacher till he was 60 and preached on till near his death, in his 80th year.

par contagion la trempe de vos passions : à peine out-ils reçu la vie temporelle de vous que vous influez et inspirez à leurs âmes des dispositions à la mort éternelle." This is flattened in English by being changed from the second to the third person ; "these little creatures" become merely "young children," and the concluding words are translated thus : "scarcely have they arrived to man's estate, than they have imbibed through those bad discourses dispositions which will lead them to perdition." "Scarcely than"—as if it were "no sooner than"—is a venial offence compared with mistaking a baby in arms for a person arrived at man's estate. "Scarcely have they received from you temporal life when you influence and inspire their souls with dispositions that lead towards eternal death." And then comes one of Father Lejeune's *naïvetés* which the translator passes over, and which ought, I think, to precede the sentence we have quoted : "Petit garçon, je ne veux point que vous hantiez votre cousin un tel ; vous aurez le fouet, si vous entrez jamais dans la maison de votre oncle, il nous a trop désobligés." Of course, in a compilation like the present, judicious excisions must be made ; but does this specimen brick, for instance, give the reader any fitting idea of the beauty of the temple which *L'Aveugle* raised to the greater glory of God?

V. *Lectures and Discourses*. By the Right Rev. J. L. SPALDING, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. (New York : Catholic Publication Society. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.)

Bishop Spalding is, if we mistake not, nephew of the late Archbishop of Baltimore, whose "Life" he has written. His other works are "The Religious Mission of the Irish People and Catholic Colonisation," and a volume of "Essays and Reviews." Dr. Spalding is a solid thinker and a correct and vigorous writer. He understands well the tone of the American mind, and he writes for those whom he knows ; but there is a large class at home who would profit [by his works if they would but read them. When we say that the treatment is not beneath the dignity of the subjects, it will be only necessary to mention that the subjects discussed in these finely printed pages are Religious Indifference, Religious Faith and Physical Science, God and Christ, the Catholic Church, the Catholic Priesthood, the Primacy and Infallibility of the Pope, Catholic Worship, the Virgin Mother, Catholic Charity, the Catholic Church and the Christian Religion, the Rise of Protestantism, and the Decline of Protestantism.

VI. *Essays on Various Subjects, chiefly Roman*. By MONSIGNOR SETON, D.D. (New York : Catholic Publication Society. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.)

This is another product of the press which Catholic America owes chiefly to the zeal of Father Isaac Hecker, of the Paulist Congregation,
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and which seems almost to monopolise the publication of Catholic books in the United States. The author is a kinsman of the celebrated convert lady who founded the Sisters of Charity in America. Dr. Seton's book is of a different character from that of the Bishop of Peoria which we have just recommended to our readers: it is the work not so much of a theologian as of a Catholic antiquarian. A scholarly tone pervades the work which is the final result of many a delightful hour of quiet study and curious exploration amidst the libraries and ruins of Rome. Great familiarity is also displayed with classical literature and antiquities. The Essays, which are reprinted chiefly from *The Catholic World*, treat of the Prose and Poetry of Ancient Music, Italian Commerce in the Middle Ages, Scanderbeg, Vittoria Colonna, the Jews in Rome, Early Persecutions of the Christians, the First Jubilee, the Charities of Rome, the Apostolic Mission to Chili, the Palatine Prelates of Rome, the Cardinalate, and Papal Elections.

VII. *Duffy's Weekly Volume of Catholic Divinity*. (Dublin: James Duffy & Sons. 1882.)

This is a reissue of very cheap books of piety which must have done a vast amount of good since the very remote epoch at which the present writer, with the accumulation of several week's pocket-money (which was scarce in those days), bought the two or three first numbers of the series on their first appearance. Most of them are now merely reprinted, such as the "Little Garden of Roses," by Thomas a Kempis, the "Exclamations of the Soul to God," by St. Teresa, &c. But in this new edition some of the little paper-covered books have evidently been revised with great care. This is particularly true of the *Life of St. Francis of Assisi*. Father C. P. Meehan, whose name appears as Censor, has, we shrewdly suspect, taken a broad view of the duties of censorship, and re-written the sketch, besides adding much interesting matter about the history of the Franciscans, especially in Ireland, and their connection with literature. The praises which Dante gives the Seraphic Saint are quoted at full length. Its Franciscan authorship furnishes an excuse for citing the "Stabat Mater," with a translation introduced by these words: "The subjoined version was made by the late Denis Florence Mac Carthy, for whose eternal repose the reader will pray our merciful God and his Blessed Mother."

VIII. *Solid Virtue: or a Treatise on the Obstacles to Solid Virtue, the means of acquiring it, and motives for practising it*. By the Rev. Father BELLECIUS, S.J. London: R. Washbourne. 1882.)

This is a new and improved edition of the translation of this well-known work made by an Ursuline of Thurles, whose Archbishop, Dr. Croke, has prefixed a few vigorous words of recommendation. Space might very well have been spared for a brief account of the author. The

ordinary reader will not be able to guess when or where he lived and worked. There is a sort of ingratitude in not furnishing these particulars about the authors of works which have proved themselves the "fittest" by their very "survival." If we had any fault to find with the present issue of "Solid Virtue," it would take the form of a compliment as well as a complaint; we should complain that its material get-up suits its name too aptly, it is too solid. A cheaper form and a closer and smaller type would still have left it readable. But old eyes will not consider this fine large typography a fault.

IX. *The Life of St. Philip Neri, Apostle of Rome.* By ALFONSO CAPECE-LATRO. Translated by THOMAS ALDER POPE, of the Oratory. (London: Burns & Oates. 1882.)

Happy the son who is able to perform such an act of filial piety as Father Pope of the Birmingham Oratory has performed towards his Founder and Father in these two elegant volumes. Among the Saint's largest accessions of "accidental glory" we may surely reckon his good fortune in securing in England such illustrious disciples as Frederic William Faber and John Henry Newman. The former naturally did all that he could for St. Philip in his "Lives of Modern Saints." But the Italian Life translated in that series belonged to a bygone age. "Soyons de notre siècle" is a maxim which has its truth and wisdom, even as regards the prevailing taste in spiritual reading. The most distinguished Italian Oratorian, who has been appointed by the present Pope Archbishop of Capua, felt that St. Philip needed to be introduced anew to readers of the present day, whose tastes are not satisfied by Bacci's way of writing biography. He has executed his task with consummate skill and success; and the task of his English translator, hardly less difficult, has been achieved in a manner fully worthy of the original.

A writer in our own pages (IRISH MONTHLY, vol. iv., p. 660) attempted an enumeration of the books dedicated to Dr. Newman as we called him then. Amongst the dedicators were named Cardinal Manning, Father Faber, Aubrey de Vere, the Rev. Charles Garside, J. M. Capes, and John Charles Earle. Eugene O'Curry might have been added, whose dedication of his "Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Irish History" to the first Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland was far more than an empty or arbitrary compliment, was a sincere expression of gratitude to one who was "more Irish than the Irish themselves" in his encouragement of Celtic studies. The dedication of this noble "Life of St. Philip Neri" runs thus: "To the Most Eminent and Most Reverend John Henry Newman, D.D., Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church by the title of S. Giorgio in Velabro, and Superior of the Birmingham Oratory, this translation of the Life of the dear Father whose Institute it has been given him to plant in England,

and to tend these many years, written by one whose genius and virtues are the consolation of the Oratory in Italy, is, with his permission, and with profound veneration, inscribed by his affectionate son in S. Philip, the Translator."

One of the points in which this work differs from Gallonio and Bacci is that the man is brought out as well as the saint. The Oratorian Archbishop tells us that he has "tried to enter more fully than has yet been done into the soul of St. Philip and set forth its natural beauty as well as its supernatural, and the exquisite blending and harmony of nature and of grace in it." He has tried, and certainly not in vain. Nothing has been omitted that might tend to set forth the saint's character in all its various attractiveness. There is a certain fitness in having his story invested with so much of a literary charm: for he was a poet—*et ego in Arcadiâ*. Some of his Italian poetry is given by Father Pope in his appendix with the following note: "For this graceful translation of the two preceding sonnets I am indebted to my dear friend and brother in S. Philip, Father Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder of the Birmingham Oratory." Let this fraternal greeting serve as a hyphen or *trait d'union* linking these two holy and delightful volumes with a single volume of smaller size,* which is just as holy and as delightful, and which, though written at Edgbaston, is published in Dublin. This circumstance will not prejudice our readers against it, however the English critics may be affected thereby.

X. *A Bird's Eye View of Irish History*. By SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, K.C.M.G. (Dublin: James Duffy & Sons. 1882.)

This is much more and much better than a separate reprint of the chapter of Sir C. G. Duffy's "Young Ireland" bearing the same title. That famous chapter has already been published separately in France under the title "*Histoire d'Irlande à Vol d'Oiseau*;" and it was singled out for special notice as a brilliant and powerful *résumé* of Ireland's story by the *Spectator*, *Contemporary Review*, and other English critics. Many urged that it would be even more effective if detached from the volume of vivid personal reminiscences, amongst which, if it had not been so very good, it might have been considered an intrusion, and of greater length than artistic proportion permitted. Amongst those who made this suggestion was Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher, whose fine Cathedral rises beside the town of Monaghan, in which visitors are already beginning to ask, "Show me the house where Gavan Duffy was born." This is why Monaghan is tacked on rather awkwardly to the Bishop's see before the following Dedication. "I desire, my dear Lord, to associate this little book with your honoured name, because its appearance in its present shape is largely owing to suggestions which you were good enough to make to me on the subject;

* Our review of Father Ryder's Poems must be postponed till next month.

and still more, because your fruitful life and labours are devoted to the well-remembered places where I first studied Irish History, and gathered the traditions and memories which interpret the past better than the historian."

As we have said, Sir Charles has in this small quarto enlarged and perfected his sketch of Irish History. Those who read it will be allured to further study of the subject. It is the latest addition made to Irish literature by Thomas Davis's colleague, who gave us nearly forty years ago "The Spirit of the Nation" and "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland." And his work is not over yet.

IX. *The Commercial Restraints of Ireland, considered in a series of Letters to a Noble Lord, containing an Historical Account of the Affairs of that Kingdom*, by JOHN HELY HUTCHINSON, Provost of Trinity College, &c. *Re-edited with a Sketch of the Author's Life, Introduction, Notes, and Index*, by W. G. CARROLL, M.A., SS. *Bride's and Michael le Pol's*, Dublin. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1882).

A service of no mean order is undoubtedly rendered to students of Irish history as well as to the people of this country generally, by the republication of works relating to Ireland which, once well known and still oftentimes quoted, have nevertheless become so scarce as to be no longer procurable except by rare good fortune or at a considerable expense. When some twenty years ago Mr. Alexander Thom reprinted a collection of Tracts and Treatises illustrative of the natural history, the antiquities, and the political and social state of this kingdom (1613-1769), a thoroughly appreciated boon was conferred on readers who could have had no opportunity of hunting after lost or forgotten works of long ago. Recently, under the editorship of Mr. J. T. Gilbert and Father Hogan respectively, important contributions to the terrible and eventful story of Ireland in the 17th century have been reissued; and now we gladly greet the volume before us as appearing at an opportune moment to lengthen the list of our obligations to native scholars and native publishers.

This volume is in itself a treasure of information, for, besides the famous series of letters on the "Commercial Restrictions of Ireland," it contains a very instructive introduction; an interesting sketch of the Hely Hutchinson family; footnotes copious and valuable; lists of the Irish Chancellors and the Speakers of the Irish House of Commons since the Restoration; and lastly the names and period of office of the eighty Chief Secretaries to Lord Lieutenants who from 1703 to 1880 were "mainly entrusted with the government of the country," although with very few exceptions they neither belonged to Ireland nor "had any real knowledge of its condition and requirements."

Moreover, the editor's running commentaries on events and situations, and his way of illustrating the present by aid of light borrowed

from the past, impart a peculiar raciness to his pages, and quicken the reader's intelligence considerably; while the excellent style in which the book is brought out adds much to the pleasure of its perusal.

The provost's little volume created a sensation on its first appearance, and has exercised a salutary influence even to the present day. It has been asserted that the book was burned by the common hangman, thus suffering the fate and sharing the glory of other productions considered dangerously able and uncomfortably true. The Rev. Mr. Carroll seems satisfied to take this for granted, and to believe that the copies were so effectually destroyed that the libraries of all the three branches of the legislature could not produce one. We confess to entertaining grave historic doubts on this point, and we should have wished to hear more thereanent from the well informed editor. Can he or anyone tell who ordered the execution, or indicate when and where it took place? Lord Lieutenant Buckinghamshire could not have condemned a treatise composed at his own request. The Irish Parliament, resolutely bent on obtaining free trade, would have been more likely to order the provost's periods to be printed in letters of gold. No public body in Ireland would have done anything but applaud the work and its author. Even the British Parliament could not have sentenced the book that advocated so powerfully the removal of commercial disabilities; for, within a few months from the date of its publication, an act was passed by the said parliament granting the free trade demanded by Ireland. In fact there was no one to burn the book, as far as we can see, unless some British traders, or the common hangman himself, undertook the responsibility of a private *auto da fe*.

Copies of the original edition are scarce, but not unprocurable, even at the present day. The Royal Irish Academy, the National Library, and the King's Inn's Library possess each a copy; and now, as we write, a copy lies open before us, obligingly lent by a friend. A note in manuscript on the back of the title of this copy, quotes the words of Henry Flood in reference to the book, thus: "If there were but two copies of this book in the world, I would give a thousand pounds for one." This hardly means that a single copy could not be procured at that time.

For all these reasons we are inclined to think that the story of the burning had its origin in a misprint; or that it might be traced to the mistake of a careless speaker who confused Hutchinson with Molyneux—the "Commercial Restraints" with the "Case of Ireland."

Should a second edition of the reprint be called for, we would suggest the supplying of two or three omissions. For instance, the original title-page and the author's Address to the Reader ought not to be left out. In fact, reissues of such important works should appear as much as possible in facsimile.

Provost Hutchinson rendered good service to Ireland in many ways. It must not be forgotten that he was a staunch friend to his Catholic fellow-countrymen; was anxious that they should enjoy complete equality in the University; and advocated their emancipation at a time when "patriots" like Lord Charlemont and Henry Flood would have rigorously debarred them from the exercise of political rights. He brought up his children in the same principles; and together, father and sons, they fought the good fight for religious freedom. In 1788 the Provost and two of his sons represented constituencies in the Irish House of Commons, and his eldest son, Lord Donoughmore, sat at the same time in the Upper House. This nobleman, who was Grand Master of the Freemasons in Ireland, presented the Catholic petition in the House of Lords in 1810. He was proud of his position as advocate of his Catholic countrymen, and may be said to have sacrificed his life in their service. Their interests required his presence in the British Parliament at a moment when his physician warned him that a journey to England must prove fatal. "Be it so," he replied, "I can merit no death so honourable or so agreeable."

We hope this book will be as generally read as it deserves to be, and that it will help to re-awaken a strong interest in questions which, although suffered to fall into oblivion of late years, are nevertheless of vital importance to the welfare of this country. "Two things stand out clearly in this treatise," says the editor in referring to the work now reprinted, "one is that Ireland, both as a producer and as a consumer, has been immensely profitable to England, and the other is that England has been the source of vast evil and suffering to Ireland. The purport of the 'Commercial Restraints' is to set forth these two great truths, and the record may be read now without prejudice on one side of the channel, or without panic or passion on the other." We fully agree with the Rev. Mr. Carroll, when he points out to Irishmen the necessity of "a sturdy development of their own native resources," and a "re-creation of their home industries and manufactures." "The land, after all, is not everything," he justly observes—"all the people cannot live by it and out of it—and, as Hutchinson observes, no one industry is sufficient to maintain a numerous population in prosperity and comfort."

XII. *Miscellaneous.*

There is a process in the law courts called "the ruling of the books," in which the judge winds up, we think, the business of the court, and gives sentence on all the cases already heard and standing over. We intended to perform a similar judicial process this month; but we find it impossible, even in the most summary manner, to dispose of all the books that have submitted their claims to our adjudication. That pyramid of excellent books by the Nun of New Orleans is rising higher and higher: they will require a special article to themselves. Messrs.

M. H. Gill & Son have collected into one very cheap and attractive large quarto with effective illustrations by the Irish Tenniel, John Fergus O'Hea, those Tales of "Irish Pleasantry and Fun," which they have been publishing in parts. The boisterous fun of many of the sketches by Lever, Lover, and Co. is not, it must be confessed, much to the taste of the present ascetic reviewer; but all the world is not as grave as a mustard-pot, happily for the proprietors of *Punch* and *Pat*.

The same enterprising Publishers give the large quarto edition of "Moore's Irish Melodies" with all the music for one shilling and sixpence.

Mr. Vincent Scully has gathered in a sixpenny pamphlet extracts from Edmund Burke, bearing on contemporary politics, with a pleasing introduction which shows literary taste and a generous devotion to that great Irishman.

"Agnes Wilmot's History" (London: R. Washbourne), is evidently very edifying and neatly written. As the title-page mentions two previous tales by Miss Pennell, it is a wonder she has not been cured of her excessive fondness for italics.

"Priest and Poet, and Other Poems," by J. D. Lynch (Dublin: Duffy & Sons), pleases us more by the themes chosen than by the way in which they are treated. There is some poetical feeling in most of the pieces that we have examined; but everywhere faulty grammar, rhythm and sense. How far these defects are fatal depends on the age and experience of the writer.

Rev. W. Lloyd has given in one small volume lives of the four recently canonised saints, Clare of Montefalco, Laurence of Brindisi, John Baptist de Rossi, and Benedict Joseph Labre (London: Burns & Oates).

Father Burke's Panegyric on St. Paul of the Cross, preached on his last feast, has appeared in a sixpenny brochure (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son).

The smallest and one of the best convent-plays that we have met is "Mercy's Conquest," by Annie Allen (London: Burns & Oates). We are glad to see that Miss O'Hara's tale for First Communicants—"Clare's Sacrifice" (London: Washbourne)—has reached a second edition. It is far above the average of its class.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WHITE ROSE.

BY RUTH O'CONNOR.

I.

ONE radiant summer morning I awoke to blissful, bewildering consciousness of existence. The dawn of my life was greeted by joyous sunshine, balmy, perfume-laden breezes, gentle rustling of trees, and the chirping of young robins. In an ecstasy of trembling delight I glanced around me, and, oh! such a scene of beauty met my gaze! What benignant fate had placed me in this favoured spot? This beautiful garden, my birthplace, must surely have received Nature's most propitious glance and Art's most tasteful training, to rejoice in so much loveliness. Not mine the power of describing the floral enchantment upon which I gazed that fairest of fair morns; but vividly has the beauteous scene been presented and represented to my mind on subsequent days, less fair, less bright. And now, when all the youth and beauty have gone out from my life for ever, I glance back, through winter's snows and summer's heats—through tearful springtime and autumn's melancholy days, upon that one glad morn when the world opened before me. It must have been Flora's festival-day, over which Mother Nature presided in her most gracious mood; for never since have I beheld a clearer landscape, a bluer sky, or more golden sunshine. And my sister flowers must surely have donned their gayest robes to grace the occasion, as in gladsome mood they bent their pretty heads beneath the passing breezes in greeting one to the other. A family of tall hyacinths stood in stately dignity beside a heart-shaped bed of bright geraniums, whilst some graceful fuchsias, in all their crimson loveliness, bent over a young lily, dropping now and then in floral playfulness a dewdrop on her fair sweet face. Here was a bed of mignonette, close to a growth of delicate ferns, and there some purple heliotrope casting its most fragrant perfume over a little group of Bethlehem Stars. Near the centre of the garden was a cross framed in violet leaves: for the sweet little flowers themselves had lived their young lives, had faithfully performed their appointed mission, and when the spring-time waned, had drooped their slender heads and died, leaving behind a plenteous growth of dark-green leaves as a legacy of love. In one moist and shady spot a little community of forget-me-nots clustered together, having as a background some shaded carnations and sweet-brier. But my nearest companions were a family of rich crimson roses on one side, and on the other a growth of tender woodbine, clinging to and twining around some tastefully-devised, green-

painted support. My heart went out to that woodbine from the first moment, and whenever a passing breeze swept unexpectedly adown the garden, I bent my head behind my woodbine friend for mute protection. Thus, as the great Day King shone out in all his splendour, entranced I gazed around me, taking in all the beauty by which I was surrounded, and by the time he had reached his meridian I had become acquainted with all my sister flowers.

Anon, the zephyrs strayed from out the garden, as the noonday sun rested like a coronet of gold upon each floweret's brow, lulling her to sleep; and scarce a sound was heard save the refreshing drip, drip of the *jet-d'eau* in the centre of our floral home. My sister flowers seemed to have succumbed to the sleepy influence of the hour; but life to me was still too new and sweet to yield me to the loss of even one moment. Thus it was that I espied the busy bee earnestly gathering her honied store, as she murmured her mesmeric song over each floweret's head, and the tiny humming-bird insatiately speeding from flower to flower.

And the day waned: the noontide had long sped when the truant breezes timidly returned, whispering their balmy messages into each floweret's willing ear, awakening her from her slumbering. A smilax-covered portal swung lightly on its hinges, as two fair human forms emerged into the garden, softly treading the gravelled pathway, and the cadence of a blithe and joyous voice was borne upon the zephyrs—a voice that probably had never mourned, had never had occasion for aught save mirthfulness.

"I thank you, Alma," said this voice, "for the gracious *carte blanche* of your delightful garden, since I have concluded to wear natural flowers at the Reception to-night. Which shall I choose?" As the forms approached: "Well, I see something here wondrously alluring;" and as a fair jewel-covered hand was extended, I shrank behind my woodbine friend; but disregarding me, the hand rested lightly on the full-blown crimson roses, and the voice continued: "A generous bunch of these in my corsage, with a less liberal supply at my throat, will be a charming contrast with my cream-satin dress. Do not you agree with me? But at what are you peering so intently?"

And then another voice responded—a voice marvellously low, and sweet, and clear—a voice that seemed made for solacing. "I am looking," said this voice, "to note the progress of my youngest rose-bush, and am gladdened by the sight of one fair, opening bud;" and slender, blue-veined, ringless fingers tenderly encircled my young life, giving thereto an added vibration. "Little white rosebud, I bid thee welcome to my garden;" and a pale, clear-cut face bent above me, whilst liquid, violet eyes gazed earnestly into my heart, as the fair fingers gently separated my petals.

"Do you really admire that puny-looking little thing?" asked the joyous voice, whilst the jewels flashed, as the white hands made havoc amongst my crimson neighbours.

"It is my favourite always; but in some inexplicable way this particular white rose seems to be connected with my fate. I blame you not for that rippling laugh, my fancies merit it; nevertheless, I am impressed with a feeling that this young bud will weave its fragrance through some desolate and some happier hours of my life." And the forms moved onward betwixt jessamine and lilies, and the voices grew fainter, and yet more faint, as I bent my weary head against my friendly woodbine, whilst the katydids amused themselves in playful contradiction, and the sun went down in a globe of crimson loveliness.

II.

I grew in floral beauty, each hour adding to my perfume and my pure white life, as I basked in glowing sunshine "from morn till dewy eve." Each day brought a gentle step unto me, each day did earnest eyes scrutinise me closely, as slender fingers moved over my unfolding leaves. But one drear morn, the prelude of a tearful day, whilst the dewdrops still lay upon my breast, the gentle step approached more slowly than was its wont, the pale face seemed paler, the large dark eyes larger and darker, and the slender fingers were unmistakably thinner, as they tremblingly rested over me.

"Little white rose," spoke the wondrous voice, low and clear, more gentle in its cadence than any zephyr that had rippled athwart the garden, "Little white rose, thou hast opened to full bloom on the saddest morning of my life."

Gently was I wrested from my parent bush, and I trembled within the trembling fingers that encircled me, as, separated from my one green leaf, I was borne alone from my floral home for ever, whilst a blithe young robin chirrupped her farewell as I passed beyond the trellised portico. Through the darkened corridor into a darker room, where in one far corner lighted tapers kept watch around a silent form, was I noiselessly borne. Here was I placed upon a soulless breast, as pale lips were pressed upon the paler, unresponsive ones. And then the form knelt, the hands were clasped resignedly together, the eyes were raised tearlessly to a crucifix above the sleeper's head, whilst the pale, sensitive lips murmured: "Thou hast taken my best beloved, O Lord—my mother: life is desolate: my heart is broken. Thou knowest best, thy holy will be ever adored!" Then whilst the young head was bowed, in a voice yet lower the sad tones came: "*De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine.*" And as the tapers flickered fitfully, making

weird shadows on the wall, I fell asleep with the solemn *Requiescat in pace* murmured near me.

I know not how long I slumbered, but I became conscious of an unusual stir in the sombre room, and discovered that many of my sister flowers were surrounding the form upon whose breast I was reposing, though I looked in vain for my woodbine friend and my crimson neighbours. As the subdued stir increased, a kneeling form arose, and the slender fingers, whose touch was so familiar to my leaves, once more encircled me, and I was borne away.

I never saw the sombre room again. My home was now a smaller, lightsome room, my resting-place the pages of a book at the foot of a bronze crucifix. And here, each day at twilight, the dark-robed form knelt in low-voiced prayer, read from the page of which I formed the marker—“*De profundis*.”

And after many sunless days, when the winter waned and the spring-time dawned again, the step, erst slow and languid, regained elasticity, the hands moved busily about the white-walled chamber, and one lilac-scented evening, I was kissed and placed away.

Long was my repose, awakened by the sound of plaintive chanting in many female voices, accompanied by the odour of holy incense from the convent altar; and when next I saw the face so dear to my rose-heart, it was encased as a picture in a pure white frame. Never had it looked more lovely. All the old-time pensiveness was there, but it was intermingled with an expression of holy joyousness. And now I comprehend that she and I rest in our abiding-place on earth. The slender fingers now draped in heavy sleeves have placed me near her best-loved meditation, “The Prayer in the Garden,” and oft at the close of Complin I am gently sought. Her fingers still are ringless, her only ornament the silver cross upon her breast, and the calm light upon her face betokening interior peace; for her life is now espoused to Him to whom she yielded so resignedly her heart's best treasure; who, in his incomprehensible wisdom and love, bereft her of all she held most dear on earth, that she might, like the beloved disciple, rest upon his breast for all eternity, knowing no love save his.

DEAD BROKE:

A TALE OF THE WESTERN STATES.

BY THE LATE DILLON O'BRIEN.

AUTHOR OF "FRANK BLAKE," "WIDOW MELVILLE'S BOARDING-HOUSE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

JIM SANTA CLAUS.

LUCEY sat on a low stool at her husband's feet, and holding his hands between both her own, listened to the recital of his late disappointment. Every now and then she pressed the hands she held, or filled up the pauses in his sad story, with words of endearment and encouragement. But when he came to speak of his adventure in the railroad car, and in a husky, broken voice told of the shame, humiliation, and insult he had been forced to endure, she hid her face for a moment, and pressing her forehead down upon the hand that rested upon his knees, drove back the tears valiantly.

From the moment of her husband's return she had noticed what a terrible change the last few days had wrought in him. His face was haggard, pale, and flushed by turns, and the dull sadness of his eyes sometimes gave place to a wild look. She felt that she required all her strength for both now, and dare not give way to the luxury of tears. When she raised her head again, Robert was sadly gazing at three little stockings that hung down from the wall, with some toys and candy arranged under each.

"And this is Christmas eve," he said. "Where did those things come from, Lucy?"

"Polly Flitters played Santa Claus in your absence," she answered.

"Have the children being expecting me?"

"We did not know whether to expect you or not; at all events, I thought it better to coax them to go to bed."

"I am glad not to meet the disappointed faces of my darlings to-night," he said.

"O Robert," she answered, "the children will be just as satisfied with these toys as they would be with the ones you promised."

"Promised!" he repeated, starting up, and walking about the room excitedly. "Oh, my darlings, your poor father should promise nothing but new misfortunes, every day; they follow him, haunt him, crush him; why can't they——"

He did not finish the sentence, for Lucy's arm went twining round

his waist. With gentle force, she got him to sit down again, and taking her old place, looked up into his face.

"Yes, Robert," she said, in a low, sweet voice, "this is Christmas Eve, the eve of the day Christ came on earth to suffer for us. And what are our sufferings to his? He, the sinless one, buffeted, spit upon, and nailed to a cross between two thieves." Then kneeling on the stool she nestled her head against his breast, still looking up into his eyes. "Robert, my own, my darling, my love," she murmured.

If there was an evil spirit hovering there, it fled before the light of a pure, holy love, stronger than it.

Robert rose, holding Lucy, still clinging to his breast. "My sweet wife," he whispered, "you have saved me; listen to the prayer I learned from your lips, 'as God wills.'"

At that moment the door bell rang. Each looked at the other.

"Lucy," said Robert, "I am not able to see anyone to-night."

"It is likely only someone with a message from Polly Flitters," she answered. "She left here about twenty minutes before you came, and said there was some little toy she had forgotten, and would send over."

So saying, she left Robert standing in the parlour, and went to the door. When she opened it, a man, muffled up to the eyes, handed her a package and letter, saying, as he did so, "For Mr. M'Gregor," and before she could ask a question he was gone.

Lucy returned to her husband. "A man handed me these for you, Robert, and then hurried off," she said.

In handing the package, which was somewhat weighty, to Robert, the former fell, the paper burst open, and a lot of gold coins rolled out upon the floor. Robert started, and stooping, picked up a gold eagle.

"What is this?" he said, excitedly. "Gold! O Lucy, there is some mistake here. Gather up this money, and put it safely by. It is not for us, Lucy. How unfortunate the package should fall and open."

Lucy was equally surprised, but more self-possessed. "The mistake is not ours, Robert," she said. "At all events" (taking it from his hand), "this letter is for you;—it is directed, 'Robert M'Gregor;'—open it, Robert."

Taking the letter hastily from her hand, Robert tore open the envelope. When he read the first line, he hastily looked down at the signature. Then uttering a cry of joy, so loud that he awoke the two little boys sleeping in the room above, he caught Lucy up, and whirled her round the room.

For a moment she thought that his senses had forsaken him; but he reassured her by exclaiming, "Lucy, Lucy, Jim has returned—Jim is alive—Jim has returned."

Then, each holding one side of the paper, Robert read, breaking in upon every sentence with some ejaculation of surprise or joy:—

"OLD FELLOW,—I have come back safe and sound, warranted in wind and limb. I thought to be with you before this time, but have been delayed, so I send you this letter by a friend, and will follow myself soon after;—old boy, look out for me at any time.

"To show you that it is myself, and not my ghost, that has arrived, I send you the two hundred dollars that you lent me when I was leaving; but not the interest, Robert. Dear Robert, it will take a lifetime to pay that, old boy. Dear old fellow, we must never part again when we meet.

"JIM."

That was all; but it was enough to change a house of mourning into one of joy; enough to bring the old light to Robert's eyes, and the courage to his heart. With Jim at his back, he felt strong enough to take a new wrestle with the world, and trip up the heels of slippery fortune. And Lucy, poor Lucy, who had so bravely borne up against crushing sorrow, now wept—but they were tears of joy.

Soon two new actors, not noticed for some time, came upon the scene. Standing in the doorway, in their long night-dresses, were the two little boys, Robert and James, endeavouring to crook the sleep out of their eyes, and when they succeeded in this, they simultaneously rushed forward, calling out, "Papa! papa! papa!" Robert snatched them up in his arms, one at a time, and curveted round the room with them, much as he did with Lucy. Then their eyes fell upon the bright gold pieces their mother was picking up off the floor, and James, clapping his hands, asked if Santa Claus had brought all that money.

"Yes, James," answered his father, laughing. "Santa Claus, our own especial Santa Claus, brought it all. A new name for Jim, Lucy; we must give it to him. Listen to the way he begins his letter: 'Old fellow, I have come back safe and sound,' so like Jim, I think I hear him saying it. 'Old boy, look out for me at any time.' Why, Lucy, he may be here to-morrow. Would not that be grand? Christmas day and all. Dear old Jim;" and then for the twentieth time, he re-read James Allen's letter.

Then Lucy, drawing the two children to her, knelt down, and lifting up her beautiful face, still wet with tears, said "Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast permitted us to see Thee in the darkness and in the storm; and now we bless Thee in the sunlight."

The children were soon back again to the toys they had found arranged under their stockings, and Robert told them to take down their stockings, but not to touch Mary's. Climbing up on chairs, they did so, and out rolled from each a bright gold coin. Santa Claus was behaving splendidly this Christmas.

"You must tidy up a room for James, Lucy," said Robert; "he

will see a great change;" and even in his new-found happiness a shade of sadness came to his face.

The hours passed unheeded by, as husband and wife talked over the return of the long-absent friend, the one of all earth, that Robert's weary spirit had ever yearned for, and with the children the toys had "murdered sleep," so that the bonny chimes of Christmas were ringing before the happy little household retired for the night.

Robert was up bright and early the next morning, and burst in upon the Flitters as they sat at breakfast, his face all aglow with happiness. "A merry Christmas," he said, shaking hands all round.

"Welcome back," said Mr. Flitters, giving him a hearty shake. "How much?"

In the joy of James' return, Robert had actually ceased to think of his late disappointment, and for a second did not comprehend the question; then remembering, he said, "Oh, nothing, not one cent, Mr. Flitters. It is not of that I am come to tell you; but James Allen, the dear friend that you heard us speaking about so much, Polly, has come back from California."

It was now that Mrs. Flitters showed herself to be the able woman she really was. Robert's friend had returned from California, with a large fortune, doubtless, and Polly was, as yet, unprovided for. Extending her hand for a second time to Robert, Mrs. Flitters said, with her blindest smile, "I congratulate you, Mr. McGregor."

But Flitters sat staring at his plate. In his experience, money was the best friend a man could meet with, and Robert had missed that.

It is noon. Robert sits at the window fronting the street, reading or attempting to read. Suddenly a hack pulls right up at the gate, and a man with a dark red beard jumps out upon the side-walk. In a moment Robert is out of the house, and the two loving friends, the playmates of childhood and of boyhood, are locked in each other's arms. "Robert"—"Jim."

Then comes Lucy down the walk.

"Let me out, you jealous fellow," says James Allen, laughing, and breaking away from Robert; "I must and shall kiss your wife," and taking Lucy's outstretched hands, he imprints a bearded kiss upon her cheek.

"Well," soliloquises the hackman, as he turns his horses slowly round, "I'm darned if them folks aint glad to see one another."

When the first joyous excitement had somewhat subsided, how much the friends had to tell each other! Naturally, the first thing they spoke of was the death of Dr. McGregor.

"Here is his present, Robert," said James, producing the watch that the former had given to him from his father, the day they had parted. "I prize it as I prize every memory of him, every word I

heard from the lips of the best and noblest of men. You remember what he said to me? 'Be a true man in everything, James, and you will be a gentleman.' I tell you, Robert, those words have been a talisman to me; I have ever kept them before me, and endeavoured to live up to them."

"I do not believe," replied Robert, "that anyone ever came into close contact with him without being benefited by it."

"I must tell you," said James, "that I heard of your father's death, and of your marriage, some six months after the latter took place. I heard of both events from a son of Weasel's, who came out to California. You remember little Weasel and his Sunday lectures, and what disrespectful scamps we were?" And James laughed so heartily that the children joined in full chorus.

"I did not know," said Robert, "that a son of Weasel's went to California."

"Oh, yes," replied James. "And a very decent kind of young fellow he is, and doing well. Although I had adhered to my foolish resolve of not writing, I had kept pretty good track of you," he continued, "until I heard with your marriage with my old flame, Lucy, here. Oh, you need not blush, madam, you jilted me in my tender years, and that's all about it," and James gave another of his contagious laughs.

"Well," he continued, "when I heard of your marriage, I just said to myself, 'they are settled down now, so I need give myself no more trouble about them, but keep steady at work, until I have enough to return with.' Since I came into Michigan, Robert, I heard, by chance, enough to make me know that in not writing to you I have acted far more than foolishly—I have acted badly. But, thank God, I find you in your old home, with your wife and children around you, and here is my namesake, Jim, a sturdy evidence, on two stout legs of his own, to show that you had not forgotten your careless friend. Come, now, tell me all about yourself, and then I'll commence my narrative in the most approved style, 'My name is Norval,' and so forth." Thus James rattled away, until he had learned from Robert all the events affecting the latter, which had transpired, including his late visit to New York, and the disappointment it resulted in.

And now James had cause to congratulate himself on understanding his friend's sensitive nature so well as to have refrained from disclosing his presence to Robert on board the train, for the painful incident which James had witnessed in the railroad car Robert never alluded to.

"It makes one's flesh creep," said James, "to think of that old man, carrying his hatred for so many years locked up in his own breast, and then, out of the very grave, as it were, dealing his revengeful blow. I should have been with you, Robert, to take my share; for,

you remember, the bogus fur trade that led to all this was my bright plan."

"It was the plan of two foolish little boys, James," answered Robert; "but let us not speak any more of this man, or think of him, if we can help it."

"That's right," said his friend, "and after all, he has only wounded skin deep."

"The wound was deeper at the time than even he could have anticipated," replied Robert; "but the sight of you, old fellow, has healed it up," and for the twentieth time, since meeting, they shook hands.

Then James commenced giving an account of his adventures in California. "Nothing romantic about them, Robert," he said, laughing, "some disappointments, some hard knocks, and plenty of honest work, that is all."

It would seem, from James's story, that he had no very great sudden streaks of luck, either good or bad, during his stay in California. He worked constantly in the mines, never going to San Francisco, unless on business, and then neither exchanging gold dust for bad whisky, or fighting the tiger, and after twelve years, found himself worth some thirty thousand dollars.

"A big sum for me," he said; "so I thought I would come back and pitch my tent beside you, Robert. I find it hard to forgive myself for not corresponding with you, and you must help me to do so."

"How, James?"

"By letting me do what you would do, were you in my place, Robert; by letting me show that I am not forgetful of the compact of friendship we made, long ago, under Prince Charlie's tree. I have come to live with you, to share with you; you must not drive me away."

"No, no," replied Robert; "I have longed too much for you to do that."

"Thank you, thank you, old fellow. Now I have something to propose; but, in the first place, it is altogether subject to your approval, Mrs. McGregor, so I will put it in the shape of a question. How would you like to go farther West, and that Robert and I should take two large tracts of Government land, and become farmers on a grand scale?"

Lucy's face beamed with joy. "That is the very choice I would make," she said, "had I the power of choosing."

"And you, Robert?" asked James.

"O James," he answered, "I am dazzled with the picture of happiness that you have conjured up; but——"

"I will have no buts," interrupted James, "if they refer to money matters; they are unworthy of both of us, Robert. Do you remember

what you said to me when I was refusing to take the two hundred dollars from you? You waved me off with, 'Remember, the money question is settled.' Just so. Now the money question is settled, another arises, Mrs. McGregor—a wife question. I certainly do not want to go upon one of those vast prairies in Iowa or Minnesota without a wife, and, Lucy, I am strongly under the impression that you and Robert, somehow, owe me a wife."

Lucy clapped her hands as she replied, laughing: "James, I have the dearest little wife for you; the world does not hold a better. Was all the gold in California melted into one lump, she would be worth it."

"Softly, Lucy," said James, "I am afraid you are going beyond my figure. "Ah, I see how it is, she's homely as old Harry."

"On the contrary, she is very pretty."

"What's her name?"

"Polly Flitters. The Flitters are our nearest neighbours, and Polly is nearest and dearest friend."

"That last is the best recommendation of all, Lucy; but do not praise her any more, because she may refuse me—very likely, indeed: you know I am unlucky in love scrapes, and in that case I don't want to fret too much."

What a happy day was this at Inverness Cottage! One of those days to be marked with a white stone in life's pilgrimage, and long after the pleasant prattle of the children was hushed in sleep, Lucy, Robert, and James, loath to part, remained conversing in the parlour. James had brought the conversation back to his farming scheme, and Robert had consented to borrow five thousand dollars from him; it was also settled that early the following spring the two friends should go West, to hunt up a location.

CHAPTER XV.

A FIRE AND A MATCH.

It was near twelve o'clock when Lucy left the parlour to get a bedroom lamp, and Robert and James, standing by the stove, were still eagerly conversing, when they heard the startling cry of fire. Opening the door quickly, Flitters was seen rushing across the street, bare-headed, and with nothing on but his drawers and shirt, while at every step he bellowed, "Fire! fire!" At the same instant, from the lower windows of his house, the flames came bursting out.

Then upon the night air there rose a woman's piercing cry, and two white forms were seen at an upper window, Polly Flitters with her arm round her mother, who still continued to scream and gesticulate wildly.

"My wife, my child!" exclaimed Flitters, catching Robert's arm; "oh, save them, save them!"

James Allen was about rushing across the street, when Robert called to him, "Stay by me, James," he said, "and together we will be able to save them."

Then he ran round to the side of the cottage, and was back in a minute with a short ladder on his shoulder and an axe in his hand. Handing the latter to James, they hurried across to the burning house. "O Robert," said James, as they ran along, "that ladder is too short."

"Not for the use we will put it to," answered the other. "Keep close to me; if we separate, they are lost."

The roof of Mr. Flitters' kitchen was much lower than that of the main building, and attached to the kitchen was a wood-shed with a still lower roof. To this point Robert made. The moment he placed the ladder against the shed, James comprehended his plan of action. Just as they reached the roof of the shed, and were about to draw up the ladder, Flitters appeared. Telling him to hurry back to the street and call out to those at the window to keep up their courage, for help was at hand, Robert and James mounted by the ladder to the kitchen roof, and from thence to the roof of the main building. Drawing up the ladder again after them, Robert, followed by James, made for where he knew the skylight was situated. It was shut, but with two blows of the ax, James smashed it in, and putting the ladder through the aperture thus made, the two leaped down and found themselves in the garret of the burning house. Then, Robert leading, they rushed down into the room at the window of which Mrs. Flitters and Polly still remained. The boards burned under their feet as they crossed the room. "Save my mother!" exclaimed poor Polly, and James obeyed her, by catching Polly herself up in his arms, while the heavier burden fell upon Robert's shoulders. Hurrying away, they had but reached the garret, when the floor of the room they had just left fell in. There was not a moment to lose. Bearing Polly on one arm as if she was but a feather's weight, James, who required no guidance now, ran up the ladder to the roof, but Robert, burdened with Mrs. Flitters, could not ascend in any such graceful style, so he even carried her as the "pious Æneas" bore his father from the ruins of Troy. Descending by the same way they had ascended, Robert and James appeared in the street, to receive the lusty cheers of those that the fire had attracted to the spot; and hurrying across to the cottage, James consigned the now fainting form of Polly to Lucy's outstretched arms, while Mrs. Flitters, sliding from Robert's back, had a good, comfortable faint on the sofa, from which she was aroused by Flitters flinging nearly half a pail of cold water over her—the first and last time he ever took such a liberty with that able woman.

Dead Broke.

"The servants, Mr. Flitters?" cried Robert, hurrying in from the street, to which he had returned, after depositing Mrs. Flitters on the sofa."

"They are safe," replied Mr. Flitters. "The two girls went to spend the Christmas with some friends, and are not to return until morning."

"Then no matter about the house," said Robert. "Thank God, all are safe."

Richard Flitters, Jun., was at this time away at a boarding-school; so that when the two servant girls were accounted for, Robert was satisfied of the safety of all the inmates.

"The house is fully insured, and so is the furniture," said Flitters. Of course they were; all the elements combined could not injure Flitters in money matters.

Lucy gave up her own room to Mrs. Flitters and Polly, rolled them up in warm blankets, and administered to them strong tea, while Robert restored the ruddy glow to Flitters' cheek by a generous bumper of hot-stuff, which the little man drank, sitting at the stove, with a red-striped table-cover thrown over his shoulders, like a Roman toga. Indeed, so exhilarating was the effect of the hot-stuff on the little man, that it made him quite jolly, and somewhat reckless; he slapped Robert and James frequently on the back, and vowed that "they were the best and bravest fellows in the world;" and when he was passing, on his way to bed, the room in which Mrs. Flitters and Polly were, he knocked at the door loudly with his knuckles, exclaiming as he did so: "Good-night, old woman—good-night, Polly."

Mrs. Flitters could scarcely believe her ears; the idea of his addressing her in vulgar slang. He did so once before, after returning from a farewell supper, given to him by some of his Bowery friends, before leaving New York. "Where are you going to, sir?" she asked, in muffled sternness, from beneath the blankets.

"Hic—guess, Jim Allen and I are—hic—to bunk together," answered Flitters.

"Polly," said Mrs. Flitters, in suppressed wrath, "as I am a suffering woman, your father is vulgarly intoxicated. Did you hear his low language, and did you hear him calling Mr. Allen—the gentleman who saved your life, my child, a most romantic incident, which might lead to a great deal—calling him Jim? Why don't you answer me, Polly?"

But Polly could not answer, for she had the bed-clothes over her head, and was shaking with laughter.

Flitters, notwithstanding the effects of the strong bumper, would have been the first up in the house next morning, but that he had to wait in bed until Robert brought him some clothes to wear. Robert being rather tall, and Flitters decidedly short, the garments provided

were but a poor fit. The coat, a swallow-tail, faded blue, was entirely too long in the waist and sleeves ; it would have improved the fit of the pants to have cut off about half a foot in the length, and but one button of the vest could be made to close. But Flitters was in the best of good-humour, and laughed heartily with Robert, as the latter assisted him in his toilet.

Lucy and James Allen were already in the breakfast-room when Polly entered.

The wardrobe which Mrs. McGregor had left at her disposal was neither very extensive, new, or fashionable ; but, like Lucy herself, Polly was one of those tidy little bodies that lend a charm to what they wear, instead of having to borrow from the taste of the dress-maker, and with the effect of last night's fright still robbing her cheeks of their roses, she never looked more interesting.

"O Polly, love!" exclaimed Lucy, going forward to meet her, "this is Mr. James Allen, Polly. He was very anxious yesterday to make your acquaintance, and I promised to introduce him ; but if I am not mistaken, somebody put some other body into my arms last night ; so I conclude that the introduction has already taken place."

All the roses were now back into Polly's cheeks, but nevertheless, Lucy's playful bantering ("most wicked of her," Polly said afterwards) could not prevent her from expressing, with grateful warmth, her thanks to James Allen.

"I consider myself the luckiest fellow in the world, Miss Flitters," he replied, "in being able to do you a service ; but Robert deserves most of the praise. But for his coolness and presence of mind, I shudder to think what might have happened. Did you make any attempt to go down stairs?"

"Yes, but the flames and smoke drove us back ; and I did not know until, thanks to you, I was safe in the house here, but that poor papa, who slept down stairs, was lost." And again the pretty face grew pale, and the young girl shivered. "

"Oh, you must not think any more about the danger you have all so happily escaped, Miss Flitters," said James. "All's well that ends well, you know. Here is Mrs. McGregor," he continued, turning round ; but Lucy had left the room, and, would you believe it, Jim then and there commenced to make love to Polly Flitters—to be sure he had fallen in love the night before, when her young, frightened heart was beating wildly against his own—and Polly—well, no, I won't tell any stories of Polly, just now. Let the poor little thing first recover from her fright, with Cupid—cunning urchin, disguised as gratitude—attending physician.

Before going down to breakfast, Flitters paid a visit to Mrs. Flitters, who still remained in bed. With a vague remembrance of his jolly "good-night," a few hours before, and consequently some misgivings

as to his reception, he entered the room ; but his friend, Mrs. McGregor, had given such a highly coloured account of his daring attempt to get upon the roof of the burning house, being only prevented by Robert's drawing up the ladder, and of his frantic grief while the danger lasted, that his wife's heart was softened towards him, and in this mood she received him.

"How do you feel, my dear?" said Flitters, stooping down and kissing her.

"Shattered, Flitters," she replied, "shattered. We have been a long time together, Richard."

"And will be, I hope, my dear," said Flitters.

"I don't know, Flitters; a man can bear a great deal" (so Flitters often thought), "but when a woman, with her finer organisation, gets shattered—ah, dear me! Polly would take care of you, Flitters, if I was gone."

"Why, how you talk, Bessy. There is nothing the matter with you or any of us, thank God, but a big fright. They are all merry and laughing below;—get up and join them."

"How can I get up, Flitters," she answered, "without any clothes? My beautiful wardrobe is all burned."

"Never mind the clothes," said her husband, "I will sign a check, and you can fill it up, and get all you want for yourself and Polly."

"You are a good creature, Flitters," she replied. Then with animation, which showed that all the shattering was completely forgotten, she added: "But I must get some things immediately made for Polly and myself." And she forthwith commenced to give her husband instructions, which set about a dozen dressmakers and sewing girls busy at work half an hour after Flitters had eaten his breakfast and gone down town.

As he trotted down the garden-walk, with the legs of the long pants and sleeves of the blue coat tucked up, with a hat entirely too large for him, and the coat-tails almost touching the ground, he bore a most ludicrous resemblance to the "Artful Dodger," when Oliver Twist first made that young gentleman's acquaintance; but when Flitters reached the gate and turned round to wave his hand to his friends at the hall-door, his honest, pleasant face did away with the resemblance altogether.

So well did Mr. Flitters perform his wife's commissions, that she was enabled to appear, in excellent humour, at the supper-table that evening. With the utmost warmth and sincerity, she thanked Robert and James for their brave rescue of herself and her daughter. In fact, the shock she had received (this looking at death right between the eyes), had a very beneficial, lasting effect on Mrs. Flitters. Robert McGregor used to say afterwards, "that she had been tried in the fire, and came forth purified."

So with Robert himself. He could not but feel a proper pride in the part he had acted during the fire. Everyone was praising him, and the *Trumpet of Liberty* sounded his fame throughout the length and breadth of the land. All this, together with the release from harassing thoughts, and above all, the companionship of James—his back, as he called him—helped to restore vigour and elasticity to his mind and body, and, as Lucy expressed it, “he was coming back to his old self more and more every day.”

But good fortune, which had now taken up the running, seemed determined not to stop until it had distanced, and left completely out of sight the misfortunes which had so long pursued Robert McGregor.

The day after the fire, Mr. Flitters and his family went to board at an hotel, until he could provide himself with a house, and James Allen was a constant visitor of theirs. Whether he went to get lessons in refined manners from Mrs. Flitters, or to study “the art of love” with Polly, I leave for the present to be guessed at.

Every day, too, on her way to the post-office, Lucy called.

Why did Mrs. McGregor insist on going herself every day to the post-office? Ah, that was Lucy’s little secret, and it had such a tiny hope to buoy it up that she did not reveal it to anyone.

Robert, on his return from New York, had spoken so well of Mr. Livingstone, and described him as such a kind, benevolent old gentleman, one, too, who evidently sympathised with him, that Lucy had got it somehow in her head that this good banker, as executor to William McGregor’s will, might find some way to help Robert. If a letter with good news should come, she would have the joy of handing it to Robert. But as week after week went by, her hope grew less and less, and she resolved to get rid of the idea altogether, when, lo! just as she made her last call at the post-office, a letter, with the address of the Livingstone bank printed on the outside, was placed in her hand. Lucy never knew how she got home that day. Polly Flitters used to say that Lucy certainly flew by the windows of the hotel; but home she was, standing before Robert and James, flushed and panting, with the letter in her hand. She held it forth to Robert, without speaking, and opening the envelope he read:

“DEAR SIR,

“I rejoice that I have good news to tell you. I find that William McGregor, for many years before his death, did not draw the interest on the ten thousand pounds which he had in the English funds.

“This interest, with compound interest, amounts to the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, and as your uncle only disposed of the principal in his will, you, as his heir-at-law, become entitled to this sum of fifteen thousand dollars, which I hold subject to your order. I hope you will come in person for the money, that we may renew our acquaintance under happier circumstances.

“Again congratulating you, in all sincerity,

“I remain,

“GEO. D. LIVINGSTONE.”

In imagination, look in at the happy tableau within the cottage. Imagine the joy of the inmates. James Allen felt that in the minutes immediately following the reading of the letter husband and wife should be left alone.

"Hurra!" he cried, picking up his hat. "I want but to know one thing now to make me the happiest dog alive!" and banging the hall-door, he was gone.

Within an hour he did know that "one thing," for Polly Flitters told him that she loved him.

Early in the spring, Polly Flitters and James Allen were married. It would be a complete failure on my part did I attempt a description of Polly's bridal dress; for though I was at her wedding, I noticed not the colour or texture of her robe, so interested was I with her innocent, happy, pretty face.

But I have a bewildered recollection that Mrs. Flitters' "get up" was something overwhelming—grand, awful, in fact—for I saw the vergers of the church pale and stagger before it, as he showed her into a pew, and saw him restored to his normal official state by a lively pinch, administered by Flitters, as he passed in after his wife.

"Where are your gloves, Flitters?" she asked, eyeing his bare hands. Flitters at once put his hand up to the inspiring spot, and, sure enough, there lay the white kids.

Before leaving the house, Mrs. Flitters had given these gloves to her husband, with positive instructions to wear them, and he had put them in his hat, and thus they came to rest on the bald spot. He now looked at them, polished his head vigorously, and whispered to Mrs. Flitters. "It's really very extraordinary, my dear. I have no idea how——"

"Put them on, sir," interrupted the able woman, severely.

A few days after Polly and James had set out on their bridal tour, Robert made a journey to Tom Mahon's. He had promised Mrs. Mahon to go and tell her when his good luck came to him, and now it had come, and he was on his way to fulfil his promise. You may well believe that the buggy in which he rode was filled with presents from Lucy to Mrs. Mahon.

The good woman was making butter when Robert drove up to the farm-house. She saw him alighting. Down fell dish and butter into the churn, and out of the house rushed Mrs. Mahon to greet him.

"You have come to tell me of the good luck?" she exclaimed.

"Indeed I have Mrs. Mahon," Robert answered, taking both her hands, and giving them a hearty shake.

"God be praised," she said. "Well, didn't I tell you God was the strongest, praised be his holy name? Come into the house. Oh, but you're more welcome than the flowers of June. Here, Pat, take Mr. McGregor's horse; and, Johnny, run quick and call your father; oh,

won't Tom be proud and happy when he hears the news? My daughter, Kittie, Mr. McGregor. The house is all tossed up, but no matter, God be praised. Oh, he was ever and always good." And so ran on Mrs. Mahon, while with her check apron she wiped away the tears of joy that came brimming to her eyes.

Robert remained with his friends two days, and before he left, it was almost settled upon that when Tom Mahon got a purchaser for his farm in Michigan, he would move with his family out West, and locate in Robert's neighbourhood; so the latter promised to look out for a good location for him; but he had yet to select one for himself.

The marriage of James changed his and Robert's programme somewhat, as they now resolved to bring their wives, and all of Robert's family along with them when they went West, so that they would be in a position to settle right down, when they found a location to suit. This arrangement was carried out on the return of Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and on the 1st of May the two families left Michigan for the still farther West, and on the same day the Flitters moved into the cottage, having rented it from Robert.

Close to a clear lake, whose shores are shaded by magnificent trees, Robert McGregor and James Allen have their homes. Their houses, built in the timber, are well protected from the cold winds of winter, and their farming lands stretch over the broad prairie in front. They have done much around their places to add to the beauty of scenery that nature had already made beautiful.

Each enjoys as much happiness as a good wife, a pleasant home, and a true friend can give, and these can give a good deal.

The second year after the two families had settled out West, Mrs. Flitters was sent for in hot haste, and a little while after her arrival, the cry of an infant—the sweetest music that ever fell on a young mother's ears—was heard in James Allen's house.

Shortly after the birth of Polly's child, Mrs. Flitters discovered a lucky mole low down on the infant's shoulder, and from this discovery, Mrs. Flitters augurs that when the child grows up, she will make a wealthy marriage—the great essential, for which the Mrs. Flitters of society suppose female babies come into the world.

Now that Flitters has taken his son into partnership, "Flitters & Son" being the name of the firm, he spends part of every summer with James and Robert. The first time he visited them, they took him out to hunt, and he handled his gun so awkwardly that nothing but his usual good fortune saved him from shooting himself or one or other of his friends; so they have selected a safer amusement, and take him on fishing excursions.

He knows nothing of the "gentle art;" but that makes no difference, he catches more than both his friends, and, with the gentlest pity

beaming in his eyes, he takes the fish off his hook and drops them into his basket.

Simson, who married his daughter, Anna Maria, is now a prosperous merchant.

Jenkins has been very successful of late, in the characters of Bull and Bear, in Wall-street; but sooner or later, men of his loose principles are apt to fall lower and lower in the social scale, nor is there likely to be an exception in his case, for his friends speak of running him for Congress.

THE END.

SUMMER FLOWERS.

LITTLE children, come away
To the fields and valleys gay.
See the flowers that deck the land,
Scattered there by God's right hand !

From the daisy to the rose,
Not a blossom but He knows ;
Not a bud but He hath given
Form and fragrance straight from heaven.

E'en as every child of prayer
Hath the Father's love and care,
Living always in his smile,
All untouched by sin or guile :

So the violets in their dew,
And the roses rich of hue,
And the lilies full of light,
Bloom by living in his sight.

Where He smiles, they spring in mirth
From the cold and darksome earth,
Brightening with their presence sweet
Tedious paths for weary feet.

Little children, as you play,
In the summer woodlands gay,
Oh! be tender with the flowers,
Shorten not their fleeting hours.

In their beauty let them stand,
Or gathering them with reverent hand,
Let them fill your homes with bliss,
Love them as your mother's kiss!

Cull the sweetest yet again,
Take them to the bed of pain,
Lay the brightest and the best
Softly on the wasted breast.

Bring to him who never sees
Fields that laugh with buds like these—
Fields to him so far abroad—
Love's sweet message from his God!

So his pain be soothed away,
And his lonely bed be gay,
And his soul be filled with prayer,
Musing on a Father's care!

Little children, come and see!
Woods are decked full gloriously.
Cull the flowers with care and love:
Blessings they from God above!

R. M.

EVERYDAY THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. FRANK PENTRILL.

II.—ON THE CHOOSING OF WIVES.

LAST evening, being at Mrs. Leaderly's "At Home," I spent most of the time watching my young friend Jones, who is a great favourite of mine, and about whose future wife I often indulge in hopes and speculations. Jones is an honest, manly young fellow—good-natured

withal—and early in the evening I noticed him talking to Mary, and trying, as he would himself express it, to draw her out of her shell: but all his efforts were in vain. Mary was more than usually shy, and so ill-dressed that she looked almost plain, and Jones turned away at last, with a sense of duty got rid of, and devoted himself to Angela.

What a contrast the two girls presented this evening! Angela's lovely face, her dainty dress, her winning ways, would have conquered the prejudices of the most inveterate misogynist, and it was no wonder that honest, simple Jones should yield himself a willing slave. Her brightest looks were all for Jones to-night, and when she smiled at him he felt himself almost a hero, certainly a very different being to Brown and Robinson, who were also hovering round the popular idol, and who, hating Jones in their hearts, would only have agreed with him on the one point of thinking that Angela's name but half expressed her angelic nature. She sang; and even the talkers in far-off corners stopped to listen to the sweet, clear voice that no shyness marred. The song she chose was a simple, sad melody, and her very soul seemed to float on the notes, as they rose and fell, thrilling all our hearts.

Ah! why, thought I, should heedless nature give to one the looks, the tones that move our souls to their inmost depths, and to another the tender, loving heart, the faithful heroic nature, that finds no outward expression? For Mary still sat in her corner, like "some mute inglorious" Patti, whom no one noticed. She looked and listened with an admiration totally devoid of envy, and, if Jones had turned to her then, he must have been struck by the sweet, innocent face so full of unselfish pleasure. But there was no such chance. Jones hung entranced on Angela's singing, and was, even then, preparing that little speech which was, he thought, to seal his fate and make him happy for life.

The evening wore on, and Angela's train of worshippers gave Jones no opportunity of whispering the all-important words. He was growing impatient when a happy thought struck him. It is all very well for Raphael's angels, or Fra Angelico's, to float about in diaphanous draperies, but, in our northern clime, even celestial beings have to be guarded against the east wind; so Jones hurried down to secure Angela's fur wrappings; but he was again defeated, for Brown and Robinson were as eager as himself, and all that he gained was a beaming smile as she drove away. Poor Jones! he consoled himself a little, being still young and foolish, by walking up and down the street, where Angela dwelt; thereby greatly disturbing a policeman, whose middle-aged mind did not "lightly turn to thoughts of love," but rather to suspicions of arson and midnight robbery.

You may have heard of that cynical spirit who, lifting off the roofs of houses, revealed all that lay hidden within. But the demon conjured up by the Canon of Boulogne, showed mostly evil things,

whereas, if you, friend Jones, will take me for your guide, we also will try our hands at lifting roofs: though, I trust, we may rather learn how often beauty and truth lie concealed beneath homely exteriors.

First let us stop at Angela's house. *Presto!* the roof is off! Now tell me what you see. Is that girl with the cross and weary look the same sweet creature who charmed us all last night?—and where are the wings that made her seem so lovely? Ah! they were too bright and gorgeous for everyday use, and are carefully put away in her wardrobe, to be taken out and worn when next she appears in society.

We all know that true if rather vulgar proverb, about the man who, when at home, hangs the fiddle behind the door: and yesterday how skilfully Angela played on her fiddle. It seemed a Stradivarius touched by the master-hand of Herr Joachim, or Madame Neruda. But this morning! ah, this morning it more resembles the cracked instrument of a blind fiddler at a fair; nay, his has this advantage that it plays, at least, cheerful airs, whereas Angela's notes are all shrill complainings or muttered grumblings. The servants run to do her bidding with more of fear than love; and one notices, in a moment, that her parents do not expect, at her hands, those little, loving attentions which are so dear to age. I think we have seen enough;—give me your hand, Jones;—we will try our luck elsewhere.

This rather dingy house is where Mary lives. The roof is off, look down. Hush! what sweet voice is that singing the morning hymn? Can it be the same which last night reminded you so painfully of your first spelling-book, and seemed, like it, to allow only of monosyllables? Ah, yes, dear Jones, it is, for there stands Mary among her little brothers and sisters. See what a healthy glow is on her cheek, what a happy light in her kind eyes; and look! there are wings growing at her shoulders! Yesterday they were modestly folded away beneath her ill-fitting dress, but this morning you can see them well enough: not wings such as Angela's, gaudy with rainbow hues, but white and soft as summer clouds.

Such useful wings, too! for now, as Mary stands among the children, they seem to grow large and strong as a guardian angel's, to protect those helpless ones from the world's cold blast. Presently when she goes into her mother's sick-room it will appear to the poor invalid as if they brought with them all the sunshine and perfume of the summer morning; and this evening, when her father comes home, these same wings will brush away, with gentlest touch, the mud and dust wherewith the world has bespattered him. For Mary's father is a disappointed man; the cup of life has held for him nothing but bitter draughts; everyone has seemed either to cheat or condemn him; and he has often said, in the bitterness of his heart, that all men were liars. It is only when Mary smiles in his face that he once more believes in goodness and truth.

But I grow prosy, talking of my favourite's virtues, and all the while poor Jones is hovering uncomfortably among the chimney-pots, and inhaling the smoke of newly-lighted fires. Ah, Jones, it is breakfast time, so let us home, and, while you chip your eggs and sip your coffee, ponder well on what you have seen. You may, perhaps, find reason to alter that pretty speech, which you were so eager to whisper in Angela's ear. And look you, you were always my 'favourite, yet Brown and Robinson are worthy young fellows, too, and if you choose to tell 'them of your morning escapade, why, do so. They perhaps may also profit by your experience.

Two pretty girls have been reading my little essay. "I am quite sure," cries one, "that the authoress is a disagreeable woman, and as ugly as she can possibly be."

Well, perhaps so; but authors, you know, have the right of being as ugly as they please: as ugly as the prophet of Khorassan, provided they do not lift their veil. It is only their voice that matters.

"Ah, yes," says Rosy-lips, "but your voice is not like his. It is full of harshness and spite. You would make us believe that everything that is charming is bad."

Heaven forbid that I should think or say so. For the queen's place in my heart is given to one whose lovely face is only the title-page of a soul still more beautiful. But, dear, pretty girls, you are the roses and lilies of this world's garden, and everyone, looking at you, is willing to believe you as good as you are charming. Then why not let me plead for your less fortunate sisters, the poor little humble daisies? The envious grass grows round them, and though their hearts are bright and golden, their own shy petals often close over them and hide them from our view. Do not, then, begrudge a kind word to the lowly blossoms whom so few heed, and so many tread upon.

A LITTLE WHILE.

BY WESTON REAY.

I LONG to hear my welcome home
Upon the eternal shore,
To pass the gates of Paradise,
Safe, safe for evermore.

I long to feel God's gentle Hand
Wiping away my tears,
To feel his kiss upon my soul,
And this for eternal years.

I long to gaze upon that Face,
Without a veil between,
Whose beauty my soul's ravishment
E'en here below hath been.

I long to see those five dear Wounds,
All glorious now and bright ;
To see the victory of my Lord
O'er shame, and death's dark night.

I long to hear those "many things,"
Which here I could not bear :
Those secrets of the Sacred Heart
The blessed only hear.

But can such joys as these I've thought
Indeed be meant for me ?
Yes ; for God wills them to be mine,
Mine for eternity.

Jesus, Thou saidst Thou'dst come again
To take us home with Thee,
That where Thou art, for evermore
There also we might be.

Only "a little while" Thou saidst
'Twould be before Thou'dst come,
Yet long the waiting seems, my Love,
As days and years pass on.

But while I linger here, oh ! break
The links of every chain ;
That Thou may'st find my spirit free
When Thou shalt "come again."

O'CONNELL:

HIS DIARY FROM 1792 TO 1802, AND LETTERS.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.

PART V.

HIS FIRST FEE-BOOK AND SOME LETTERS.

THE disappointment which many of our readers must have felt, and which some of them have expressed, at the sudden termination of the diary kept by Daniel O'Connell, in his early manhood, might have been partially mitigated by the announcement which we ought to have appended to its last instalment, that this does not exhaust the store of original O'Connell Papers which "THE IRISH MONTHLY" has the privilege of printing for the first time, thanks to the kindness of the Liberator's son, Mr. Morgan O'Connell.*

However, before passing on to our precious fragments of O'Connell's unpublished correspondence, it is well to make a remark on one of the concluding passages of the Diary, and we do so on the authority of the relative whom we have named. In the passage referred to, the young barrister (then, on the last day of '98, twenty-three years old), reproaches himself for some indiscretion which in those hard-drinking days would have been accounted a very trivial matter. Probably this was the one occasion on which, as he afterwards confessed in the hearing of our informant, he had exceeded the proper limits of temperance. He added that the resolution of abstemiousness which he then formed he kept ever after; and during vacation times in Iveragh he insisted on breaking through the blockade instituted by the convivial circle, who, according to the barbarous hospitality of the period, locked the door to prevent anyone from leaving the scene of the symposium. If young O'Connell had not emancipated himself from the thralldom of this social vice, would he have emancipated his country?

On referring back to our last extracts from O'Connell's Diary, it will be noticed that the entries become very few in 1798, and cease altogether after June 1802. This may be explained by two important events which happened at those dates: his call to the bar, and his marriage. Between these two a still more important event was very near happening—his death. During one of his hunts through the Kerry moun-

* Our gratitude is also due to Mr. John Thomas Devitt, J.P., B.L., Limerick, whose interest in our Magazine suggested this destination for documents which had lurked too long in manuscript. They were, no doubt, intended to be utilised in that *Life of Himself*, which, as John O'Connell announced, in 1846, his illustrious father purposed writing in that leisure which never came.

tains he got a thorough drenching, and, letting his clothes dry upon him, he caught a cold, against which he struggled on for a fortnight, till at last he was struck down by a raging fever. In his delirium he often repeated these lines from Home's tragedy of "Douglas:"

"Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of me.
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have been,
And think life only wanting to my fame."

Happily life was not to be wanting to his fame, and through fame he was to live for ever; and more happily still, thank God, he lived and died in the sure hope of a better life than the dreary immortality of fame.

The Diary makes no allusion to this almost fatal illness, nor does it record O'Connell's entrance either into the legal profession or into the state of matrimony. The former omission is supplied in the opening page of his First Fee-book, with which we shall presently gratify the curiosity of our readers; and we shall account satisfactorily in a moment for the absence of all reference to his marriage. But, indeed, it has been plain all through, and we have published an observation of O'Connell's to this effect, that the Diary was chiefly meant as an incentive to regularity in rising and to steady industry in professional study. It was meant to serve the purpose of those Particular Examen Books, which can be made so serviceable to spiritual progress when used discreetly, according to the business-like wisdom of St. Ignatius Loyola.

But why does it not set down, at least, the date of his wedding? Because it closes abruptly on the 4th of June, 1802, and the wedding took place only at the end of that month. Perhaps just after drawing up "that answer in [the injunction case of *Murphy v. Baldwin*," to which his closing entry refers, he got an answer in a different case—the case of *Love v. Prudence*. Perhaps he received that day a letter, in a well-known handwriting, announcing that his distant cousin, Mary O'Connell, was coming up from Tralee, on a visit to her married sister, Mrs. O'Connor, then lodging in Dame-street, Dublin. This news or some such cause turned the youthful counsellor's thoughts into a different channel, and made him throw his diary aside for ever.

He married, in his 27th year, June 23rd, 1802, Mary O'Connell, daughter of Dr. O'Connell of Tralee, a remote relative of the Darrinane family. The marriage was performed by the Rev. Charles Finn, then and for more than forty years later, P.P. of Irishtown and Donnybrook. Why did this honour fall to him? O'Connell seems to have been lodging at 14 Trinity-place, and the marriage took place at the residence of the bride's sister, in Dame-street; and the Townsend-street chapel, now represented by St. Andrew's, Westland-row, cannot, even then, have belonged to the Irishtown parish. John O'Connell

ought to have mentioned the number of the house in Dame-street. In walking through the city, as an outward sign marks for us the house, in Aungier-street, where Thomas Moore was born, so one would like to know the house in Baggot-street, where Thomas Davis died, and the house in Dame-street, where Daniel O'Connell was married.

We have called this a case of Love *v.* Prudence: for the match displeased Uncle Maurice, at Darrinane, who had his eye on a much larger dower than the clever Tralee doctor could give his child. Indeed he had been graciously pleased to give his nephew his choice between two heiresses; and Dan's wilfulness affected permanently the provisions of the old man's will. But surely by making O'Connell's home happy and by giving him a stimulus for steady work Mary brought her husband a fortune of many thousands. At a public dinner, given to O'Connell in Edinburgh, September 21st, 1835, one of the toasts proposed was "Mrs. O'Connell and the Roof-tree of Darrinane." The great Demagogue, in replying, spoke of his wife as "the choice of his youth, the comfort of his life, and his solace in all his troubles and trials. No one" (he continued) "could struggle well for his country whose nest was not warm at home; and there was no honey in the cup of life if not administered by the hands of those we love. For his own part he owed much of his public character to Mrs. O'Connell. When, in consequence of the chills of disappointment and the disgust at the treacheries which every public man in a long course of life is apt to meet with, he felt himself almost driven to give up politics and betake himself again to that profession in which he had been so successful, he yielded to her earnest solicitations to the contrary; and he always found himself more loved at home for continuing the struggles of his native land."

If the reader turns back a short space in the present volume, to page 511, which belongs to our August Number, he will find O'Connell, on the 13th of January, 1798, expressing doubts as to whether he should ever be called to the bar, to which then for the first time Catholics were eligible. A little later he writes thus to the uncle on whom he had been dependent for the means of pursuing his studies. Of course this letter is printed here for the first time:

"DUBLIN, 14 TRINITY-PLACE,
" March 1st, 1798.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,

"I sit down to acknowledge the receipt of two letters from you since I wrote last, the one of the 9th, the other of the 13th ult. I have since received a letter from Mr. Casey covering £56 16s. 6d.; a sum fully adequate to any increased expenditure, and greater, I will candidly confess, than my expectations. I should, indeed, have known your kindness sufficiently well to be certain that you would do nothing for me by halves. I know not how to return you proper thanks for this last proof of your attention. I have already exhausted all that language could express on such occasions.

I will now only say that I hope one day to be able to show that your favours were not thrown away on ingratitude or inattention.

"You already know that the observations contained in your first letter were unnecessary; but they were and ever must be interesting to me when I recollect the affectionate prudence which dictated them. They were all so strictly just that I assure you no consideration would induce me to expose myself in any degree to the disgrace and ruin which they pointed out.

"By the subjoined account of the expense attending being called to the bar, you will perceive that the Bench have decided against returning the twenty guineas deposited for chambers. They have, however, been almost driven to the necessity of resolving to build. When the buildings are to be commenced is quite another question.

"I have done myself the honour of waiting on Lord Kenmare; he received me with the greatest politeness. He has changed his intention of removing to another house.

"Mr. Day has actually been appointed to the vacant seat in the King's Bench. He cannot sit until his patent comes over from England, which will happen in a few days. There is nothing new in the political world. The odium against the Catholics is becoming every day more inveterate. The Chancellor seems hardly disposed to leave them the privileges which they enjoy at present; nor does he conceal his opinion on the subject. Some of the Administration would fain lay at our door the distracted state of the country—a state which is partly the consequence of the ferment which reigns all over Europe, but chiefly, I fear, the result of the weakness and cruelty of their own measures.

"I remain, with affectionate regard to our friends at Carben,

"My dear Uncle, your sincerely grateful and dutiful nephew,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

With this letter was enclosed the following catalogue of "payments to be made [at being called," which will have a special interest for those who are skilled in the "comparative anatomy" of the fees of the present day and this venerable bill of a hundred years ago.

				£	s.	d.
Fine	5	6	8
Stamps	10	0	0
Deposit for Chambers	22	15	0
Treasurer	4	0	0
Sub-treasurer	3	12	0
Clerk		8	0
Gown and Wig	5	6	8
Term fine	1	2	9
Crier	1	2	9

Total £53 13 10

Furnished thus with a sufficient quantity of "the mammon of iniquity" for overcoming the last obstacles to the acquisition of the much-coveted wig and gown, we may take for granted that he worked hard during the remainder of his legal noviceship, or more strictly his "first probation," for the gaining of the silk gown may be considered to correspond with "religious profession." His "reception" took place in May, 1798. There lies before us at present a rather rough quarto, filled entirely with O'Connell's handwriting. Even in the head-

ing "Fee-book, No. 1, Daniel O'Connell," his signature is very like the autograph affixed to his portrait, forty-six years later, in the cheap picture which grouped together all the Traversers of the State Trials of 1844. As I transcribe the opening pages textually, I may premise that B. R. stands for *Banco Regis* or "King's Bench," and C. B. for "Common Pleas." 34th G. 3 means the thirty-fourth year of the reign of George III.

"I was entered in Lincoln's Inn on the 30th of January, 1794, 34th G. 3. I kept one term in Gray's Inn. I was called to the bar on the 19th May, 1798, 38th G. 3, Easter Term.

"The judges then were: In Chancery, John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare. In B. R., John Scott, Earl of Clonmel; William Downes, William Tankerville Chamberlain, Robert Day, Esquires. In C. B., Hugh, Lord Carleton; Thomas Kelly, Alexander Crookshank, Mathias Finucane, Esquires. In Excheq., Barry, Lord Yelverton; Peter Metge, Michael Smith, Denis George, Esquires.

"The Courts were shut during part of Trinity, 38th, G. 3., as a rebellion then raged. During the same term Earl Clonmel died and John Wolfe, then Attorney-General, was appointed in his place, with the title of Lord Kilwarden.

"The summer circuit of the year 1798 was very late. I did not go to it, as I was confined to my uncle's house by a violent fever, of which I was near to perish.

"During the summer vacation, 1800, Lord Carleton, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, resigned. John Toler, Attorney General, was appointed to succeed him, with the title of Lord Norbury, but did not take his seat on the bench during Michaelmas Term, 1800.

"Lord Norbury took his seat in Hilary, 1801, as did also Mr. Luke Fox as one of the puisne judges of the same court in the room of Justice Crookshank. Fox got on the bench as the reward of his vote on the Union Question. He was in considerable business at the bar. Morose, sour, and impetuous, but a lawyer, he has risen from the obscure situation of an usher to a school. Toler was a *pretty gentleman* at the bar. On the bench he is ridiculous. The thing is fond of blood and has often reminded me that 'Nero fiddled while Rome was burning.'

"Much was expected from Wolfe, now Lord Kilwarden; but his pompous inanity is insufferable.

"In Trinity, 1801, Sir Michael Smith was appointed Master of the Rolls. He is a gentleman and a scholar: polite, patient, and attentive. Yet he is a very indifferent judge. Tedious to a fault, the business multiplies, and very little is done.

"At the end of the same term St. George Daly took his seat as one of the barons of the Exchequer, in the room of Smith, now Master of the Rolls. Daly is extremely ignorant, knows nothing of the law, and

has not the art to conceal any part of his want of knowledge. These qualities, added to a difficulty of enunciation, have brought him into contempt with the bar and the country. Yet I am told that in private he exhibits the talents of a rational and entertaining companion. His seat is also the reward of his Union services. At the bar he was totally unemployed.

"But Daly rises almost into excellence when compared with Robert Johnson, who in the same term was made Judge of the Common Pleas, in the room of the honest old *brogueman* Kelly. Johnson to an equal want of knowledge and discretion with Daly adds a peevishness of temper, which is as ungentelemanly in its expressions as it is undignified in his situation. I should not for my part put any confidence in this man's honesty.

"In Hilary, 1802, William Smith, son to the Master of the Rolls, took his seat in the room of Baron Metge who has resigned. Smith was Solicitor-General. He is a man of a logical head, and what is called in modern jargon a metaphysician: that is, a man whose verbal distinctions reach far beyond natural differences and yet are well supported. I do verily believe Smith to be a man of talents and a lawyer. But his private character is chequered by ill-temper and caprice, perhaps the effect, in some measure, of ill health. He *ought* to be an honest man.

"On the 28th January, 1802, John, Earl of Clare, Chancellor of Ireland, died; and he was buried this day, January 31st. He has been Chancellor since——"

And here the young barrister broke off, in order to look up the exact date, and never after returned to this unfinished sentence, which is the last of the notes prefixed to his first Fee-book though four blank pages remain before the catalogue of fees begins. The rather splenetic remarks we have transcribed were, evidently from the handwriting, filled in at various times, but all before O'Connell's marriage. That event seems to have put a stop to diary-writing and all note-taking of a merely ornamental description.

The rest of the book before us—within the leaves of which lies a loose sheet of blotting paper which, from its peculiar colour, seems to have been the venerable blotting-paper used by Daniel O'Connell, eighty years ago—the rest of the book is made up of 170 numbered pages, ruled uniformly from first to last, not in red ink or by machinery, but by O'Connell himself. It does credit to O'Connell's perseverance, regularity, and business habits.

He has told us himself, a few pages back, that he was called to the bar on the 19th of May, 1798. Before a week was over he had quitted the ranks of the Briefless. His first brief is dated May 24th, 1798. Blood is thicker than water; and even to have the same name

may establish a bond of sympathy. In the column headed "Agent," the attorneys who figure most frequently are C. O'Connell and James Connor. Was the latter brother-in-law to O'Connell's wife? He has the distinction of having given O'Connell his first fee (£1 2s. 9d.) for some case of *Ducket v. Sullivan*, regarding some promissory note.

Each page of this Fee-book is divided into seven columns, headed "Date," "Case," "Business," "Court," "£ s. d." and "Remarks." The last are very brief, such as "succeeded," "put off," "granted," "verdict for the Defendant," &c.

If O'Connell had lived to write that autobiography which, according to his son John, he still had in contemplation in 1846, he would have given some account of his early earnings at the bar, such as is contained in the following passage from Serjeant Ballantine's recently published "*Reminiscences of a Barrister*:"—

"I cannot say that I burnt much midnight oil. No attorney late from the country ever routed me out and thrust a heavy brief into my hand—a circumstance which we have heard has so often been the origin of success to eminent lawyers. My establishment was limited. I shared with some half-dozen other aspirants to the bench what, in Temple parlance, is called a laundress, probably from the fact of her never washing anything. I fancy that her principal employment was walking from my chambers to the pawnbroker's and thence to the ginshop. At the end of a short period my property, never very extensive, was reduced to little more than a pair of sheets, a teapot, and a coal-scuttle, over which it pleased Providence that she should tumble down stairs, and the injuries then sustained relieved me from her future attendance. A mischievous little urchin cleaned my boots, and was called clerk. My means were extremely limited, and it may interest my readers to know what my professional earnings were during the first three years of my career. I was called to the bar in June (1834), having attained the mature age of twenty-one the preceding March. Between that period and the following Christmas I made four guineas and a half, the second year I made thirty guineas, and the third seventy-five."

The three first years of O'Connell's bar-life produced more satisfactory results, except the first, during which his almost fatal illness prevented him from going circuit. As he was only called at the end of May and as his fever caused a long break, we need scarcely count 1798 as his first year. He only records in his book the first fee of £1 2s. 9d. in May, and then, after his recovery, two similar fees in November. So his first year is under Serjeant Ballantine's four guineas.

For 1799 we find set down twenty-two fees of £1 2s. 9d.; nine of £2 5s. 6d.; two of £3 8s. 3d.; and one of £5 13s. 9d. With some misgivings we translate these not very complicated figures into

£58 0s. 3d., as O'Connell's income for his second year at the bar. But, as we notice a little further on that O'Connell sets down another fee of £1 2s. 9d., which he had omitted at its proper date in October, 1799, we may give sixty pounds as the second years' earnings of this most brilliantly successful of barristers.

But now the plot thickens. The fees for the year 1800, at the rate of eight or nine to a page, fill some nineteen pages. Entering into calculations which resemble the "analysis of the bowling" which is sometimes given in newspaper accounts of cricket-matches, enumerating such mysterious items as seven "legbyes" and eighteen "maiden overs," we find O'Connell's earnings for the year 1800 to be made up of 84 fees of £1 2s. 9d., 42 fees of £2 5s. 6d., and 16 fees of £3 8s. 3d. The last of these three items comes to £54 12s. 0d., and each of the two first to £95 11s. 0d. There was some tedious case at Tralee, before certain Sub-commissioners, which is entered in O'Connell's Fee-book thus: "Trial of charges exhibited by Segerson against Captain Butler—for Butler, 52 days at £2 5s. 6d. per day, £118 6s. 0d., and ten days at £5 13s. 9d. per day [seemingly in the same case, though a different attorney is named], £56 17s. 6d. Large sums these for a barrister of two year's standing, and they seem to have been overlooked by Mr. Thomas Matthew Ray, the Repeal Secretary, in a manuscript summary of the Liberator's Fee-book, which lies before us. All these items make O'Connell's income for the year 1800 £420 17s. 6d.

Though the year 1801 shows an increase in each of the three classes of fees—£1 2s. 9d., £2 5s. 6d., and £3 8s. 3d.—the number of briefs in each class being respectively 87, 46, and 25, and although higher fees begin to come in, 7 at £4 11s. 0d., and 2 at £5 13s. 9d. and even £11 7s. 6d., the want of those long Tralee cases keeps the year 1801 below its predecessor, O'Connell's income being only £367 8s. 6d. in the 26th year of his age.

In the year 1802, the rising young barrister married; and on the very day of his marriage, June 23rd, he argued two cases in Chancery, for fees at which a London lawyer nowadays would smile contemptuously. But perhaps he was not obliged to spend his wedding-day in this barbarous fashion, but only received the briefs on that day, along with a third in the Exchequer Court, which reminds us of a blunder in our transcription of O'Connell's Diary, at page 51.3 of this volume. If an ex-lawyer's eye had not fallen on the passage, it would have gone down to posterity that O'Connell sought for authorities on a suit of *Andila Quercla*, whereas here the same case is recorded by O'Connell's own hand in his Fee-book, "*Gorham v. Cronerbury*, draft writ of *Audita Querela*."

The "unit of measurement" in these fees was £1 2s. 9d.,* which

* This was an Irish lawyer's guinea-fee till the currency was assimilated with that of England in 1826.

we may count as a guinea. The fees in 1802 increase in number : 96 of this lowest figure, 61 of the two guinea fee, 44 of three guineas, 13 of four guineas each, 4 of five guineas, and a ten-guinea and twenty-guinea fee. The whole income for the year 1802 amounts to £522. And so the increase goes on from year to year. The fee-book before us ends with May, 1805 ; but, in a document in the handwriting of Mr. T. M. Ray, O'Connell, speaking in the first person, continues these striking statistics, as follows :

1804 : £775 9s. 9d. 1805 : £840 12s. 0d. 1806 : £1,077 4s. 3d. 1807 : £1,713 1s. 6d. 1808 : £2,198 15s. 6d. O'Connell adds a note on these two last years, to the effect that he does not count here his fee as assessor to the Sheriff of Kerry at the election of 1807, when each of the three candidates gave him £150 ; so that his entire *increase* of income in that year was £1,085 17s. 3d. In like manner, in 1808 he received as assessor to the Sheriff of Clare £200 from each of the two candidates, so that his income increased that year by £885 14s. 3d. For the years between 1809 and 1814 the earning of the popular young counsellor are set down in this paper thus : £2,736 16s. 6d., £2,951 16s. 3d., £3,047 7s. 3d., £3,028 0s. 6d., £3,808 7s. 0d. To explain why the year 1813 falls a little below its predecessor, instead of improving upon it, O'Connell notes in the margin : " I lost the Cork Spring Assizes."

One obvious conclusion follows from this present instalment of " The O'Connell Papers," namely, that, though Ireland showed less ingratitude to her Liberator than nations are wont to show to self-sacrificing patriots, nevertheless he and his family suffered grievously in fortune by the practical abandonment of his magnificent professional career. What, then, becomes of the vulgar, ungenerous sneers of *The Times* and his other slanderers ?

How earnestly his family, and, above all, his devoted wife, encouraged him to make personal interests subservient to the cause of his religion and his country, will appear from letters which we are permitted to publish in our next Number.

(To be continued.)

THE MONK'S PROPHECY.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE GREEN LANES.

THE girls departed : an impetus given to their spirits by the thrill of the spring day which seemed to wake nature into a fuller life ; ruffling the budding foliage, whispering to the heart of the opening blossoms, dancing on the sunlit river, drawing the active principle hidden in mother earth into external force and beauty. The crows cawed, the birds sang, and youth felt that life was full of hope and joy to come. They called first at the hospital and learned that Mrs. Barry was progressing favourably ; then they proceeded onward through the green lanes of the country.

"Is it not an inspiring day?" said Ida—"enough to make one feel her immortality. My wings are actually fluttering; and, like the poet, I find it greatly adds to the charm of solitude to have a fellow-creature to hear me praise it. I was often lonely on Sunday; for, independent as I am, I do not care to walk alone—my guardian angel sent you in my way, Sydney."

"God sent you to me," answered Sydney; "I wonder where should I be to-day only for you. Now I feel how desolate I was until I knew you and Miss White. Oh! what Sundays I had at the Cosgraves: I was afraid to go out, and I was beginning to fear staying within. It was dreadful."

"Indeed it was, you poor little thing. How near we were to each other, and yet how far! Our lives are sometimes as far apart from those around us as if we lived on different planets—hidden currents flowing silently by. But ours are mingled now: we can never be so separated again. We have become entangled in each other's thoughts."

"I wish we had not to be separated," said Sydney; "I wish I could stay where I could see you sometimes; I am very lonely. I was thinking perhaps Mrs. Barry could keep me for a little while, but now there is no chance of that."

"Are you not to go to your friends very soon?"

"No, not very soon. I wrote to Mrs. Wyndill after poor mamma's death; I ought to have an answer in a short time. She promised mamma to take care of me always. You would like her and Mr. Wyndill very much; she isn't like Mrs. Hasset at all."

"Do not talk to me of Mrs. Hassett, Sydney; she sets my teeth on edge; she must be utterly heartless; she is the occasion of sin to Mrs. Barry as well as to me; but she is not an unusual specimen of the genus, a social parasite."

"Perhaps she had not time to come to see me," said Sydney; "she seemed always to be greatly occupied."

"Do not madden me with your charitable interpretations," answered Ida. "If she had a human heart, she would have looked after you, the child of one beloved by all her family left so utterly unprotected. I try to practise charity, and admire it immensely; but I won't be putting angelic constructions on sin and selfishness; and I repeat emphatically, Mrs. Hassett sets my teeth on edge."

"Well, it is no matter now," said Sydney, "and perhaps if she had come and taken me away, I would never know you and Miss White; so thank God she didn't."

"You are a sensible young person," answered Ida, shaking her head. "Mrs. Hassett would prove a more profitable friend."

"No," said Sydney, eagerly. "You would not say so if you knew her. How different I feel with you, so strong and satisfied. She made me uncomfortable somehow, and sad, as if things were not half so beautiful as I thought them."

"I know the effect a clever worldly person has on a timid enthusiast, Sydney dear. I don't pretend to be very timid, but they often made me take myself to task for being a female quixote. Noble impulses, lofty thoughts and aims can be made to assume quite an absurd aspect by the witty sarcasms of one who has succeeded in his or her design—that of getting on well in the world: not, at the same time, that I despise getting on in the world—I should relish prosperity very much—but I despise those who make it the end instead of the means. *Apropos* of prosperity, have you not your place in the country yet?"

"Yes; Nellie is in it, and minds the cow, and everything. I wish you saw it; 'tis a dear little spot; not larger than Mrs. Barry's, you know, but covered with creepers and flowers, and the waterfall just near it. We were very happy there—poor mamma and I—until all the MacMahons were gone. There is no one there now but Mrs. Gale."

"Who is Mrs. Gale?"

"The housekeeper at Rathmoylan—the grandest old place ever you saw, with a castle, a forest, and the river running by the side-windows;—and such beautiful stories about it;—and the picture of a young man who died for love."

"Weak-minded youth! Had not such a fine constitution as I have. You must tell me all those stories by-and-by; I'm not in the mood to appreciate a romance at present; I should be sure to laugh in the most tragic part."

"How can I tell you anything if I go into the convent to-morrow?" asked Sydney, sighing. "Was it not a loss to me poor Mrs. Barry was hurt? I am selfish to think of it that way, and I am very fond of the nuns; but I would rather stay where I could see you sometimes."

"Have you not some money still?" asked Ida, after a pause.

"Yes, I have some; and, besides, I have my pension."

"I'll lose mine soon, I'm sorry to say," answered Ida. "Ten pounds is a large amount of money. But 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' Do you know, I have been thinking would it not be a pleasant arrangement if Miss White took you as a lodger for the present?"

Sydney clasped her hands upon her companion's arm. "O Ida, would she do it?—would she be so good to me? It would be like heaven!"

"She is just the little person to expect every goodness from," said Ida; "mammy is a little angel left out of heaven to do good on earth: she is always helping someone. As you know, she is poor: at least she hasn't enough to enable her to be as hospitable as she would wish; but you could pay her so much a week and continue to go to school as before. Would not that be a good plan?—she certainly would ask you to stay for the month with her if she could afford it."

"Oh! if she would do it, Ida—I should be so happy!" The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"Well, see if I don't manage the affair with that tact and delicacy for which I am remarkable," said Ida, gaily. "Though mammy is not that sort of person that you need be choosing your words lest you wound her self-love, she hasn't got any, she will just think what is best for you, and how much she can do for you; and she will do it without as much as 'Ought I?'"

"But would I be a great inconvenience, do you think? If I were, it would destroy my happiness."

"I do not think you would;—she loves young people. I fancy even that you would be a pleasant help to her. I can't spend as much time with her as I should wish, and I am often pained at leaving her alone in the long evenings. She will be delighted, too, at my having a companion."

"You speak as if it were certain," said Sydney, "but I feel as if it were too good to be true."

"There is a bed to be considered," continued Ida, pondering over ways and means, "and bed-clothes."

"Oh, I have them, Ida. Poor mamma brought up my little iron bedstead and everything, and I have plenty of linen. They are all at Mrs. Barry's. She sent Jim with a cart to fetch them from Mrs. Cosgrave's."

"That's good: difficulties are vanishing as soon as thought of, and

we shall have a summer full of walks and talks, and can laugh at any world outside our own. I felt the loss of a companion very much since Frank went away. I wanted no one while I had *him*."

"You are very fond of him?"

"Just as insane about him as a mother over her first-born," answered Ida, with one of her radiant smiles. "I don't believe there is anyone so good as Frank, so strong, and tender, and patient, and hard-working. 'Tis all work and no play with him, poor fellow! but, however, it hasn't made a dull boy of him: he will paint a grand picture by-and-by—one of his own noble conceptions, and we shall end as happily as fairytale."

"When will he return from Italy?" asked Sydney.

"This summer, I hope;—perhaps not until autumn. I shall be disappointed if you be gone before he arrive. I should like you to see my knight. Galahad I call him, my stainless courtier."

"I hope I shan't be gone," said Sydney; "I would rather stay with you as long as I could."

"That is the worst of attachments," answered Ida. "Some attraction impels two people to clasp each other's hands; then the great tide of circumstances flows in between them, and they have to let go their hold and walk for ever more on different shores. I suppose we shall have to yield to that imperative current?"

"I won't think of it," answered Sydney. "Perhaps God would not part us."

After a long walk, which drew the two girls completely together, they approached the Almshouse again. "We are in good time," said Ida. "I prophesy that the potatoes are only just beginning to boil; Mrs. Baker says aunt 'is as regular as the sun and more so.' Let you go on, Sydney, and I shall have a word with Miss White."

With a palpitating heart Sydney entered Mrs. Huxton's sitting-room, and sat answering the old lady's queries until Ida returned. "All right, *mignonne*," she said, gaily; "go out to mammy now, make yourself worthy to sit at our banquet, and do not be long."

Sydney went out and in a moment was standing hesitating at the little lady's door. "Come in, dear," she said, holding out her hand "Is it true you would like to remain with me for the present?"

"Oh, yes, if you would be so good as to keep me," answered Sydney, kneeling beside her. "I wouldn't be so happy anywhere in the world, and I would try to be as little trouble as ever I could."

"My poor child, I am only sorry I can't be of greater use to you. I will keep you, my dear;—Ida explained everything. I would not let you pay for your own support if I were better off; but it will be little, my dear, very little; and perhaps it is the most economical way for you. You know I took to you from the first, you will be company to me and to Ida, and we shall get on excellently."

Sydney clasped her arms round the little lady's neck while the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Hush, my dear, you must not be spoiling your bright eyes. I like to see my young people happy." She kissed her gently, and stroked her hair. "We'll tell Jim to-night and he will bring your things to-morrow. Come now, run upstairs and freshen yourself; we must not keep Mrs. Huxton waiting dinner."

Sydney kissed her little friend and ran joyfully up stairs to brush her hair. She came down again, looking so fresh and happy that Miss White smiled on her with infinite approval; so did Ida when they presented themselves at Mrs. Huxton's, and the girl clung to her with speechless gratitude.

The dinner-table was arranged with care: there was fine old china, antique cut glass, and a few articles of crested plate; a simple epergne stood in the centre filled with spring flowers, its lower plateau containing a few oranges and American apples. With all this grandeur a small piece of cold roast meat with vegetables and potatoes made up the dinner. When it had been done justice to, Ida placed her pie upon the table.

"Nothing reminds me of our misfortunes so much as seeing Ida standing up to attend," said Mrs. Huxton, with a sigh, "I little thought her father's child would have to sit to dinner without an attendant;—but such is life. It was a wise man who said no one should be called fortunate till his death."

"It is not an easy thing to distinguish fortune from misfortune," said Miss White, gently; "what seems material ill may be spiritual good, and our Ida is trained now to make the best use of fortune when it comes to her, which it will, please God."

"And aunt says I have a natural talent for being cook, slush, and butler," said Ida, "I would scent a cobweb. I flatter myself that paste will dissolve like a very dream, and I defy any of you to say that my attendance was not prompt."

"You have a talent for everything, my dear," said Mrs. Huxton, affectionately. "I was accustomed to such luxury myself in my young days that it made me helpless."

"Now I am going to make some hot claret, aunt, we shall drink Sydney's health, and celebrate her arrival properly."

"I am pleased to hear Miss Ormsby is to remain with you for some time, Miss White," said Mrs. Huxton. "It has been always a source of regret to me that Ida had no suitable companion since her brother left. Time will change all that, I hope. As it is, those two girls seem marked out to be friends—both orphans and children of men in the same position. How different their lives would be if their fathers lived!"

"Perhaps we are better as we are, aunt," answered Ida. "If

my poor father lived, I would not have 'the glorious privilege of being independent;' Frank would not have the good in him so well developed; you would not have me nor I you; and I shudder to think what a place the River Almshouse would be without me. What would mammy do without the prop of her declining years? Everything is for the best;—and there's Jim Barry's knock;—a clap for my sentiments."

She let in Jim, laid out his dinner for him on the kitchen-table. Sydney followed her, and they told him of the new arrangement which received his entire approbation.

Next day Jim brought Sydney's belongings. Miss White was quite pleased with the effect of the little bed in her room, and sat in the arm-chair Eustace MacMahon bought for Mrs. Ormsby, to show Sydney how comfortable she looked in it. Everything was arranged before nine o'clock, and then Miss White proceeded to the convent with her *protégée*. The nuns were well satisfied at the alteration in their pupil's abode. They knew Miss White, and, in any case, residing at the River Almshouse was a guarantee of respectability.

A new, and to Sydney a delightful life commenced. She and Ida left about the same hour each morning—one for school, the other for her tuitions—and usually returned together to enjoy their dinner and brighten the lives of their aged friends with their glad laughter and merry voices. The lengthening evenings gave them time for exploring all places rendered remarkable by nature, art, or history, and they returned from their country rambles laden with ferns and wild flowers to decorate their little homes and improve their botanical knowledge.

Miss White had got Sydney to unpack her trunks, and, with that careful supervision begot of necessity, examined their contents. The little lady had an inborn love for refined things, which was evident in her simple black dress and spotless muslins; so the wardrobe of "her child," as she called Sydney, was a thing for weighty consideration.

She shook her head sadly as she saw the large amount of inside apparel, exquisitely made and trimmed by the mother's loving hands, and all the little etceteras which she had made in her lonely hours. Sydney wanted nothing, in fact, for her foreign journey but fashionable external habiliments. The black silk dress, which Mrs. Ormsby had only worn a few times, occasioned Miss White some serious reflections: her first work was to rip it and fold it up in tissue paper, to be made up for the girl when such a piece of dress was necessary. She also picked to pieces the mother's best cashmere and some other articles of her clothing; then got in a work-girl and turned, clipped, and fashioned so zealously that Sydney was soon in possession of two pretty suits at a desirably inexpensive outlay. Her eyes filled with tears as she tried them on, and pressed them to her lips; but her little friend comforted her with many gentle words. "You must not fret, my child; you must do your best to be happy. We are doing just

what your dear mother would wish; we must be careful of your money. You wanted a new dress and jacket, and those things would mildew in the trunks;—you know I like to see my young people looking nice. That last hat Ida got is quite a trouble to me; I like to have my pretty pictures prettily framed. Look at yourself now, dear, and see if that don't fit you nicely."

And though the girl's heart sank when she thought of the dear patient mother who could never more share her joy or her sorrow, she had to smile through the rush of tears, and was comforted by the tender and sometimes half-playful wisdom of the little lady.

It was not Mrs. Huxton and Miss White alone that felt affection for the two girls: all the other ladies in the Almshouse had a sort of property in them, and unconsciously looked on them as the two individuals in whom was centred the greatest interest. They were two laughing streams flowing through the quiet of their world-weary lives, their aged eyes followed the currents, and they speculated as to their course when they should have swept beyond the Almshouse grounds into the great wide world beyond, with its green valleys and barren deserts. All things were possible to the young: the future lay before them, letting day after day slip beneath its shut doors. Who knows what to-morrow may bring forth? The tide of fortune may force one of those mystic entrances and bear them away into higher and wider ways. Those who had knowledge of the instability of that earthly happiness they once possessed themselves, and the fickleness of that fortune which had left them homeless and friendless, still, with that insatiable desire of the human heart for human success, hoped for the young, and dreamed of possibilities. Their own active existence was past; they sat, as it were, by the great highway of the world, and watched the toilers; with sympathy, envy, or indifference, as their dispositions or affections prompted them. Miss White was ready, if it were but with a cup of cold water, to aid and assist the greatest sinner that passed her by. "The Holy One died for her," was her one reason for indiscriminate charity.

Mrs. Huxton was benevolent; but she objected to being made a fool of, like Miss White, and she seasoned her alms with wholesome advice about thrift and prudence.

Mrs. Danvers considered charity began at home, and that it was a ruinous system, encouraging idleness and improvident habits, and merely productive of ingratitude—sentiments which were alternately shared and condemned by Mrs. M'Closky and Mrs. Fogarty.

But the feeling shared in common was interest in the young girls, and it culminated in a party given by Mrs. Danvers, an aristocratic rival of Mrs. Huxton's, to the whole community.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DINNER PARTY.

Mrs. DANVERS' entertainment was considered worthy of much time and thought: from her knowledge of the habits of the place she was well aware her five o'clock tea would be dinner to the guests as well as herself; so of necessity it should be, and was expected to be, substantial. To save trouble and confusion all the viands were cold. There was a piece of ham, steeped and smoked carefully, which Mrs. Danvers fondly hoped would pass as one of Matterson's; a veal pie (if the veal was not very well fed, the pie was excellently made); there was a fine pudding made after a receipt for which the hostess was remarkable; and cream of which any dairywoman might be proud, made of corn flour, coloured with saffron. This banquet, laid out with care, looked very inviting, and Mrs. Danvers considered that if she could give her guests a little brandy punch, as a stirrup-cup, her banquet would be a gastronomical triumph. She had been presented with a bottle of brandy some time before, and she now held it up to the light to see if there were enough to produce. If she had four glasses, it would be sufficient—half a glass for each—the girls would not take any. It would be a shame, though, if she could not press Mrs. Fogarty to a second glass, she would surely expect it, she was so unladylike. Mrs. Danvers determined to measure it—that would be the safest way. Accordingly she filled glass after glass, pouring them into a jug, and to her extreme pleasure found she had five glasses, and consequently could treat her guests to a beverage undeniably expensive. She proceeded to put the brandy back again into the bottle, but, woe unutterable!—a few drops of milk had remained in the jug, and the desired liquor had all the appearance of the lacteal fluid. Mrs. Danvers sat down to contemplate the catastrophe and recover the shock; she felt justifiable anger against Mrs. Fogarty whom she regarded as the cause of the ruin. "Only for her," she muttered, "I needn't have measured it; as if one good wineglass of punch isn't enough for any woman!" The brandy was of no use now; she could not produce it before her guests, who would be very likely to guess how it happened, and who would be only too glad to have something to say derogatory of the banquet of which they willingly partook—a custom which prevails in all polite society.

On their way to the feast Mrs. Huxton and Ida called in at Miss White's. Everyone was arrayed in her best. Ida had put plaid bows on her black grenadine; her aunt looked very dignified in a wonderfully preserved *moire antique*; Miss White was her usual self, simple and spotless; but she made Sydney put on her mother's corals and other adornments.

"Take your Indian shawl, my dear," said Mrs. Huxton to Sydney; "and you'll see Mrs. Danvers peering at it immediately."

"But 'tis so old and faded," answered Sydney.

"No matter, my dear, it cost money once; 'tis not every family that possesses an Indian shawl; it is respectable in a wardrobe."

"It belonged to grandmamma," said Sydney; "it used to be wrapped about me when I was a baby."

"That is just the thing to tell Mrs. Danvers," said Ida. "To have had a grandmother that was the actual owner of an Indian shawl implies regal style in a progenitor. You must belong to a distinguished line, Syd. Was it not cruel of that foreign grandmère of mine not to have given me something to flaunt in the eyes of the world? I fear she was not quite the thing. Aunt is dumb about my mother."

"I know little about her," said Mrs. Huxton, in a rather annoyed tone, "except that she was, I believe, a very good woman, and a beautiful one."

"Well, 'tis a satisfaction that I have inherited both traits," answered Ida, laughing. "Are not virtue and beauty as good any day as an Indian shawl, though they may not indicate ancestral honours so brilliantly? Come now, let us join the festive throng."

Sydney had brought down the shawl and wrapped it softly about Miss White.

"Very well, my dear, I'll be the lay figure to display your finery," said the little lady. They moved out, and proceeded to Mrs. Danvers' abode, a few doors below them.

That lady was presiding in her room with infinite suavity and hospitable satisfaction, waiting till all her guests were assembled. The tea was fusing under a handsome crochet cosy, the kettle was quite audible in the kitchen, singing merrily, the steam lifting the cover and causing a rapid succession of little taps. When every one had arrived, the hostess filled the teapot, and the entertainment began.

For a while there was a lull in the conversation, broken by the clatter of knives and forks, and ejaculatory expressions of approval of the cookery.

"I never eat a better pudding in my life," said Mrs. Fogarty. "Perhaps if there was less flavour of laurel leaf, it would be better still."

"That would simply ruin it," replied Mrs. Danvers; "I go exactly by the receipt. I remember at a dinner-party I gave one Christmas eve at home, Mrs. Colonel Ponsonby took such a fancy to it I had to write out the receipt for her that very night."

"I wonder who is the Mrs. Colonel," said Mrs. M'Closky, in a low tone, to Ida. "We didn't hear of her before. I hadn't any grand acquaintances, so I can't be raising them from the dead."

"Who is dead, Mrs. M'Closky?" asked Mrs. Huxton.

"Julia Martin's husband," replied Mrs. M'Closky, readily, "and,

indeed, she needn't grudge him to God: he led her a cruel life, the dirty savage, sporting and spending till every halfpenny of her fine fortune was gone. 'Tis an ease to the world he's dead."

"'Twas a wonder he died, then," said Mrs. Fogarty, "or did anything so reasonable. Those sort of people usually live for ever."

"God have mercy on him," said Miss White; "'tis an awful thing to meet death unprepared."

"I ought to know well what sporting costs," remarked Mrs. Huxton. "My father kept a pack of hounds at one time, it was something enormous;—and such an amount of horses! I had my own saddle-horse in those days. Well, well, times are changed."

"And so are we," said Mrs. M'Closky. "We would hardly want a saddle-horse at this time of our lives. I'd like to see you mounting one now, Mrs. Huxton—he, he, he."

"I hope I understand too well what is becoming in one of my years, to attempt such a thing," answered Mrs. Huxton, with dignity.

"I was very fond of driving; I was too nervous to ride," said Mrs. Danvers. "I remember one day the horses ran away with me, and ever after I was afraid to go out without the coachman."

"O Lord, listen to her making believe she drove a pair," whispered Mrs. M'Closky. "Wouldn't she kill you?"

When tea was over and the remains removed by the assistance of Jim Barry, who was major domo at all such entertainments, the guests played cards, looked over albums, or talked of bygone days, laughing gently over remembrances of fifty years ago, speaking of friends over whom the grave-stones had whitened, as if they had gone out on the unreturning tide but yesterday. One old lady mixed up one generation with another, confusing the uncles with the nephews. "And who was Pat of Moy's father?" she would ask, dreamily. "Was it Pat of Cregg? They were all my own people, but there were so many of them I forget now. Ah, 'twas he was the pleasant fellow; his mother wouldn't let him into the army except they made a colonel of him at once;—a very pleasant fellow, and he was very fond of me once. I was a nice girl that time; dear, dear, 'tis a sad world."

"'Tis a pity we don't stay young and handsome for ever," said Mrs. M'Closky. "'Twas well for me I was never a beauty. I needn't be reading the lamentations over myself."

"I wouldn't care to be young again," answered the old lady. "I'm tired; I'd like to go home—home—there's no place like home," she murmured on, indistinctly, sometimes half-lifting one of her thin, worn hands that was crossed over the other, letting it fall again with a sad patient gesture that struck Ida as being inexpressibly touching.

She got up and sat on a little footstool near her. "How well you remember things, Miss O'Gorman," she said. "You are as good as an old story-book."

"I remember a good deal, my dear, that happened long ago. 'Tis company to me to bring the old times back and the old people. I'll soon be with them, very soon ;—'tis easy to tire me."

"I will go home with you whenever you wish," said Ida.

"Thank you, my child ; I think 'tis time for me. You won't mind my going so soon, Mrs. Danvers ? I had a pleasant evening, very pleasant ;—but I am a little tired now."

"You must take a glass of brandy punch before you go," said Mrs. Danvers, who was thoroughly hospitable ; "it will make you sleep." She took her out to the little kitchen where Jim was setting things in order, got some hot water, and, standing at the press, made a small glassful of the soporific beverage in a china cup, so that the milky appearance might escape all remark. The unmistakable odour permeated the house, causing Mrs. Fogarty and Mrs. McClosky to elevate their nostrils with desire and curiosity, and awakening feelings of self-complacency in Mrs. Danvers, who was well satisfied that her undisplayed luxuries should become apparent. Warmed and refreshed by the unwonted stimulant, the old lady departed, accompanied by Ida and Sydney, who gave her in charge to the woman who was minding her and returned to Mrs. Danvers.

The evening was an undoubted success. All were in their best humour, and were more or less communicative about that portion of their lives which had been passed outside the Almshouse, painting it, perhaps, in colours too vivid ; putting in, half-unconsciously, a few touches, a few exaggerations, to heighten the effect and increase the contrast between the past and present. Even Mrs. Huxton, who was very reticent about her brother's affairs, spoke of the time his wife died, the coming home of the children, his death, and the breaking of the bank in which her own and his money was lodged. She confessed how delighted she was when elected to fill a vacancy in the Almshouse, how she gathered the fragments of her fortune together, and so was able to educate and bring up the orphans. "I would be very content," Mrs. Huxton concluded, with a sigh, "only for Ida."

"God will take care of Ida," said Miss White. "The world is not all sadness and temporal ruin. God will give great things to Ida, because she will use great things for his honour. Is not that the way, dear ?"

"Of course it is, mammy," answered Ida ; "I believe in my Cassandra. Two young princes in disguise will come to Sydney and me. The story of Cinderella will pale before ours, and the River Almshouse will become a land flowing with milk and honey. I often plan out all I would do if I came in for a great fortune."

"What would be the first thing, Ida ?" said Mrs. Danvers, smiling.

"I would lay in such a supply of coals," replied Ida, "that there would be no question ever again of sparing them. I'd have fires

everywhere there was a fire-place, and put a end to all cold, black chasms."

"A good fire is great company," said Miss White. "I'll walk after you, my dear, and poke them up as soon as you have them down."

"Fire is thought," answered Ida, "just fancy yourself sitting before an empty, well polished grate on a dark evening; are you not dense and depressed and altogether different from that sentient, fire-lighted, and fire-coloured being with its delicate fancies and lofty conceptions? I wonder is there any Persian blood in me? I'm a fire-worshipper."

"There's a rise in coals, I'm told," said Mrs. Fogarty, "a rise of three shillings in the ton."

At about nine o'clock Mrs. Danvers produced her claret-cup and a plate of biscuits; then the party broke up, pleased with themselves and each other, and satisfied that they had impressed their listeners with the desirable knowledge that their families had been of considerable importance. Mrs. Fogarty and Mrs. M'Closky canvassed the merits of the claret-cup on their way home. The latter remarked that it must be for the sake of the smell Mrs. Danvers kept the brandy, when she did not produce a taste of it; not that she cared much for brandy punch herself, she thought good whiskey as nice anyway; "but grandeur, Mrs. Fogarty, there's nothing like grandeur in these days."

Ida and Sydney walked up and down near the slow whispering river, in whose crystal depths the reflected stars were trembling, waiting till Jim Barry had restored the chairs to their various owners. A pure, pale moon was contrasted with the flicker of the gas-lamps. The rattle of cabs, the steady roll of tramcars broke the silence of the night.

"Did you enjoy the evening, Sydney?" asked Ida.

"Yes," answered Sydney, "but is it not a little sad to hear them all talking of the past as if there were nothing in the present or the future?"

"The rise or fall of the markets is about their only interest in the present," said Ida, "and the future they look to lies beyond the stars. Do you know, I often envy them; the fever of life over, the desire for earthly happiness changed into patient expectation of divine rest. They are very good, notwithstanding some very apparent little faults and weaknesses. They have all been tried, bereft of home and friends; but they are patient, kind, and religious; how I would like to fill their meagre purses, and do away with pinching for the remainder of their days! It would delight me to see Mrs. Fogarty able to take a big wine-glassful of punch every night. Poor old ladies!—and yet they aren't to be pitied, they are near God."

"Indeed they are kind and good," said Sydney;—"of course we are not speaking of Miss White or Mrs. Huxton, but of the others. I

like old people; I can't bear to see them made little of. The way some people speak of them as old things and old cats always pains me. But must you not have been lonely sometimes, Ida, without anyone young to speak to? I think I should."

"Well, so I was often. After Frank went, I felt a hunger] of the heart; then I'd go to mammy, and tell her of my interior desolateness, or, to define it properly, my discontent; and we would have a beautiful talk over divine and human ways till her sweet wisdom had changed my mean sadness into hope; she taught me how to think and to be strong."

"She does not think there is anyone on earth like you," said Sydney, "and I am sure there isn't."

"I know she doesn't," answered Ida. "I wish I were the girl mammy sees. I am not good sometimes, Syd; I get tired of everything—of poverty, of being looked down on, of my monotonous life. Perhaps it was hearing aunt descanting so often on our ancient glory that put false ideas into my head, but I feel out of my element, and as if I were born out of place somehow. It is not that I am ashamed to work—I love to work, I honour those that work—but I resent being looked down on because I earn my bread. Oh, 'tis such an ungenerous world! I meet with impertinence from man, woman, and child because I try to help myself: the mother treats me with lofty politeness or ignores me, the child tells me I am only a music-mistress and not a lady, and the gentleman offers me sundry attentions if he be unobserved. The same man never offers them a second time," she added, with a laugh; "but, O Sydney, it is hard to bear sometimes."

Sydney leaned her head against the girl's shoulder as they walked up and down arm-in-arm. "How can you bear it?" she said, "and when will it end for you?"

"Perhaps never. I sometimes picture myself living on here year after year till I am a faded old lady like Mrs. Fogarty. I can't even promise myself to be pretty like mammy. If she heard me now, she would tell me to look at the silver side of my cloud when I was done with the dark side. I seldom get downhearted, thank God; I have a grand organisation, which is very productive of good spirits: in fact, I incline to denounce weak-hearted cats who get cast down over their difficulties;—and I have faith in Frank."

"I wish I could work," said Sydney.

"There will be no occasion," replied Ida, "you will have a grand life, and will be married to some bejewelled rajah in the mountains of the moon."

"I would rather stay here if I could work," said Sydney, sighing.

"Ah, you fickle fairy, would you give up the old friends for the new ones?"

"But don't you understand, it was poor mother knew them so well,

Ida ; I was but a child, and only remember them the last time they were at Castleishen for a couple of months. Eustace was the only one I knew so well."

"And would you not be glad to see Eustace ?—and you are fond of Mrs. Wyndill."

"Yes, indeed, I love them both, but I would rather stay here."

"Ah, you foolish girl, 'tis well for you to have them to take care of you. It is not so easy to earn one's bread or get it to earn, as idle people fancy when they counsel others to work, and you are not constituted to elbow your way through the world as I am. There is Jim departing ; come on until we lock the gate."

They wished Jim good-night, secured the gate, and then with a warm embrace separated and went to their respective homes.

(To be continued.)

FATHER RYDER'S POEMS.

SINCE Denis Florence Mac Carthy, more than thirty years ago, published his first dainty quarto of "Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics"—which, with all the rest of his original poetry, has just been re-issued in a cheap and popular form—we know of few more exquisite collections of poems than this elegant little volume, published anywhere, and certainly none in Ireland. Sir Samuel Ferguson's "Lays of the Western Gael," and Judge O'Hagan's "Song of Roland," appeared under the auspices of London publishers ; and now by way of reprisals a Dublin firm has the credit of producing in a worthy garb the poems of an English Oratorian, the most distinguished of the living disciples of Cardinal Newman. Father Ryder has hitherto been known only in the austerer regions of theology. The late Dr. Russell of Maynooth used to speak with admiration of the domestic and amicable controversy carried on some years ago, chiefly in the *Dublin Review*, between Dr. W. G. Ward and Father Ryder as a most remarkable exhibition of intellectual subtlety, especially on the part of the younger combatant. Many powerful vindications of Catholic truths against the assaults of contemporary "philosophers" have been contributed by Father Ryder to the higher periodicals ; and his recently published volume entitled "Catholic Controversy," which has rapidly reached a third edition, is a marvellous condensation of accurate learning and

solid argument, and, in spite of its moderate dimensions, is one of the chief contributions to the polemical literature of our time.

The peculiar grace and vividness of his prose style, and his manifest skill in the manipulation of those more delicate shades and tints of diction in which prose almost glides into poetry, make one less surprised to discover that Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder is not a theologian merely but a poet as well.

One of the most consummate living masters of the theory and practice of poetry has said that "poetic diction has in recent times been refined into a singular exquisiteness and expressiveness;" and he adds most truly that "the very charm of this diction is sometimes a seduction and draws the reader's attention, and perhaps the poet's no less, unduly from the subject-matter to the language." Father Ryder seems to us to have just stopped short of this danger. Nothing of the wilful obscurity of a certain set of contemporary poets nor the literary affectations of the same and others. Matthew Arnold is perhaps the poet—for he is a poet as well as a writer of perfect prose—Matthew Arnold's poetic diction is that to which the Oratorian poet's style bears the closest resemblance, even as in external appearance and size the book before us reminds one of the delightful little volume of "Selections from the Poems of Matthew Arnold," which is one of the last and daintiest volumes of the "Golden Treasury" series.

This, too, is a volume of selections—"a selection from compositions whose dates range over a quarter of a century." The very brief preface which makes this statement is finished in a single sentence more. "The author feels that the earliest date thus indicated could never have afforded a solid plea for indulgence; and still less now, when he deliberately accepts the responsibility of publication: this much, however, it may be as well for him to say." Some readers would have been thankful for a third sentence, giving a hint as to the chronological order of the poems. We suspect that a good many of the earliest are placed first. "The Workhouse" we remember many years ago in an English magazine. Yet the first of all, "The Poet's Purgatory," owes probably its perilous position to the poet's partiality. Like many parents, he may be injudicious in his affection; for our part, with a view to the average reader, we should have preferred a different arrangement of the contents, though the opening poem is one of the most original and most poetical. All through, indeed, Father Ryder is no mere writer of pious verses, but a cultured and artistic poet, showing his devotion to the craft even in the choice of his themes and in his mastery of a great variety of metres. For instance, with the exception of a little piece in the same melodious stanza as "The Poet's Purgatory," the first dozen poems represent as many distinct metres; and these contain no specimen of the author's excellent blank verse, which is anything but blank, and of his remark-

able success in the sonnet form. This freedom from monotony in the material shape of his verses has a far deeper influence on the poet's inspiration than the herd profane could dream.

When we come to cull a flower here and there in the poet's garden, we are perplexed, so much does the effect depend on the skilful combination of many subtle shades of colour in each bed of flowers. A blossom or two, plucked when the gardener's back was turned, would have been a poor memento to bear away from those glorious terraces of flowers, sloping down from Baronscourt to its lake, and shining with such a dazzling brightness (both the lake and the flowers), in the hot though breezy sunshine of a certain bygone "munificent August."

There is much quaint beauty in "The Unbidden Guest" (page 67); but the rhyming of the first stanza, as in two or three other places through the volume, disappoints the ear. "Old Age" (page 80), furnishes our first extract, though it is too long to be all given, and Father Ryder's poems suffer from not being studied in all their parts together. They are not constructed (like the Great Eastern, was it?) in independent compartments that can sink or swim on their own account. Is not that a striking simile which describes old age as life with all the music gone out of it, the moments of an old man's days merely repeating themselves "with nought of music save the beat?"

Would to God that I might die
Ere the light has left the sky,
Ere kind hands have ceased to press,
And eyes have lost their tenderness :
Better far to leave behind,
Much I care for than to find
All I care for passed away,
With the light of yesterday.
Let me go since go I must,
Ere time's fingers in the dust
Have writ all my joys as done,
And the moments as they run
Only their sad selves repeat,
With naught of music save the beat.
When I bid the world "good-bye,"
I would greet it with an eye
For its shifting colours keen,
Its interchange of shade and sheen,
The eager green of kindling spring,
And autumn's russet mellowing ;
Not a fragrant flower or fruit
But should yield a soft salute
To a sense where memory still
Doth its subtlest charm distil,
Making life a golden maze
Of half unfallen garden days.
Let me go ere every nook
I have lived in hath a look

Of utter dearth which none can fill
 Of the living, well or ill.
 When I go, ah, let me leave
 Here and there a heart to grieve
 For a part of its old life,
 That a comrade in its strife,
 A sharer in its daily mirth,
 Treads no longer on the earth."
 Now and then my name should slip
 Among friends from lip to lip,
 Coupled with, "it was his way
 Thus to look or this to say;"
 With perhaps a whispered prayer
 That might reach me other where.
 Whilst I live I fain would be
 All there ever was of me,
 No fragment of existence merely,
 For what I had been cherished dearly,
 Whose formal death you scarce deplore,
 The real was so long before.

This is not the end yet, but we break off to emphasise the passage which follows, where the poet shows himself a poet-priest. Cardinal Wiseman wrote some touching lines in which an orphan pleads for special pity from the Heart of Jesus on the score that orphanhood was a sorrow which the Man of Sorrows Himself had never borne. Even by his death-bed stood his Mother. A similar strain of thought runs through the continuation of Father Ryder's little treatise *De Senectute*.

Forgive me, Saviour, if I plead
 That though thy pangs were hard, indeed,
 And all thy body racked and wrung,
 Some pains Thou hadst not dying young.
 I know that 'neath the olive's shade,
 A secular weight on Thee was laid;
 The bitterness of ages past
 Into thy cup of life was cast,
 And all time's miseries yet to come
 Wrought in thy mystic martyrdom;
 Yet scarce was middle age begun,
 When Thou hadst all thy labours done.
 The Eternal Years in mortal span
 Waxed from the child into the man:
 It was not meet that God should wane
 From man into the child again;
 And so the feet that Mary kissed
 The withering touch of age have missed,
 And not a golden hair was gray
 Upon thy Crucifixion day.
 High on the crest of manhood's hill
 Thou didst thy ministry fulfil,

Winning thy victory in the light :
 Whilst I upon the slopes of night
 Creep shuddering down, no victory won,
 Or none that I dare count upon.

Another thin layer of prose to call attention to the freshness and fulness of our poet's variation on Moore's Irish Melody "I saw from the beach." He resigns himself to the possibility of working on till set of sun :—

Yet if it be thy will, 'tis best
 I so should enter on my rest ;
 Piecemeal, as some, thy martyrs, died,
 But Thou wert standing by their side.
 Oh, stand by me when round me press
 The sorrows of my loneliness,
 When my sick heart is gasping wide,
 As when the ocean's reflux tide
 Leaves some poor harbour bare and high,
 Emptied of all the minstrelsy
 Of dancing waves that leap and play
 A mile out yonder in the bay.
 A long farewell, thou treacherous sea,
 That never more may flow for me,
 Whose guerdon is the refuse left
 To rot in many a rocky cleft,
 And the sad drip of sullen tears,
 The requiem of buried years ;
 And the dark slime of fond regret
 No husbandman found fruitful yet,
 Or only one : if but thy hand
 Vouchsafe to touch the barren strand,
 Fair crops shall wave of golden corn,
 And vineyards clothe the rocks forlorn,
 Or might have done a while ago—
 Methinks myself I pity so,
 That so I might myself assure
 That one must pity me yet more.
 Although too late from wasted soil
 To win return of wine or oil,
 I know there is another sea,
 Unwearied Love's infinity,
 To fill when other loves depart,
 The thirsty hollows of the heart.

We have referred to the great variety of metres, styles, and subjects represented in this volume, from "The Workhouse" in the spirit and metre of George Crabbe, to "Discontent" in the metre, if not in the spirit, of *In Memoriam*. The Oratorian poet seems to us to succeed best in blank verse—which, however, he most judiciously uses very sparingly—and in his sonnets, of which he is very much more liberal. Professor Conington, in making up his mind as to the metre of his projected version of Virgil, decided against blank verse on the

ground that only to one in a century is it given to write really good blank verse. There is some truth in this view; and certainly the blank verse that really pleases will have cost the poet more pains than the most difficult rhyming could have involved. "Einsiedeln" is a beautiful poem in this perilous measure, which was also chosen, somewhat inappropriately but with full success, from a quaint story translated from the *Pia Hilaria* of Father Gazet, S.J., on which curious book Father Ryder wrote a delightful paper in *The Month* some years ago. This story of "The Little Mass-servers of Santarem," was proposed by Southey to Miss Caroline Bowles, as a fit theme for her graceful muse in one of those letters that Professor Dowden has recently edited with perhaps greater care than they deserved. Miss Bowles (not yet Mrs. Southey), told the story well in that simple and musical stanza—a quatrain of heroic lines, rhyming alternately, and followed by a couplet—of which the examples that occur to me are Mrs. Hemans' "Cross in the Wilderness," and the two first poems in Mr. Aubrey de Vere's new volume which must be introduced to our readers next month. "D. C.," whose initials have not appeared often enough in our pages, told the same pretty story very prettily in *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* in the metre of "Evangeline," and except in that most exquisite poem we have never seen more readable "English hexameters."

Wordsworth, Rossetti, and sundry other sonneteers have made the sonnet speak for itself in *propria persona*. Father Ryder prefixes to his sonnets a sort of preface and apology, but not in the form of a sonnet. We may listen to his theory of "sonnet writing," before examining his practice:—

Poets ever on the watch
Any dainty thought to catch,
That across their path may flit,
When they once have captured it,
In a cage of quaint device,
Woven with contexture nice,
Very much rejoice to show it;
But, alas! when least they know it,
Oftentime the cage alone
Meets the eye; the thought has flown:
And even when the thought is there,
Much that made it rich and fair
Is with handling lost or frayed,
While thought is into matter made.
Lo, the bird that in the air,
Gaily fluttering here and there,
Filled the cloister of the wood
With a rapture unwithstood,
Caged is dumb and like to die;
And the golden butterfly,
Once 'mid flowers a winged flower,
In a childish tyrant's power,

Thrills its dull and bloomless wings,
Palest of all pallid things.
Fairest thoughts were meant to give
Colour to the life we live,
By the quiet mental eye
To be enjoyed unconsciously ;
But when once by art expressed
Die poor captives half confessed.

Father Ryder's sonnets are of the most orthodox form, except that he rather affects the final couplet, to which some pharisaical purists object as giving to the sonnet an epigrammatic turn altogether foreign to its nature.

" Some friends are living yet, but ah, gray head,
How full is thy 'memento of the dead.' "

What shall our samples be ? The beautiful trio to Cardinal Newman we shall make an opportunity of quoting in another context. The novena of sonnets to St. Philip Neri ought to be studied together as forming one complete and very perfect poem. Let our choice fall on the first of three personal sonnets, which, with the Cardinal Newman sonnets, ought to have found a place somewhat earlier, so as to have all the translated pieces occupying the last pages of the book. Some Bice or Beatrice seems to have died in India, on the 2nd of August, 1877—"youngest of seven, with all her life before, so lately wife and mother, and now dead." Does the third line mean that she sent home her photograph to the loving friends she was never to re-join in the old country ?

We knew the orbit of our darling star
Would hide it from us for a weary while,
And fed our yearning on a pictured smile,
A reflex gleam that floated from afar ;
But now an interdict Divine doth bar
Its ever dawning in our wistful ken,
Till we, too, vanish from the eyes of men
To dwell immortal where the angels are.

Old paths grow dim ; where once in life we trod
Our weary eyes a quenchless sorrow blinds ;
In the deep shadow of earth's " never more "
Fond memory sits fingering her trifles o'er ;
Our star the while its perfect orbit finds,
Circling for ever round the throne of God ;

The title of this book is " Poems : Original and Translated." The translations from Dante and Petrarch, many of which we have compared with the originals, seem to be remarkably successful. The few poems from the German we have to treat on their own merits, and in themselves they are very musical and pleasing. But in this department Father Ryder's great achievement is his version of the " Philo-

mela," which has sometimes been attributed to St. Bonaventure, but which seems to be the work of John of Hoveden, about whom the poet, as he condescends to indulge us with a little prose at the end of his book, might have furnished us with some more information.

This poem occupies more than twenty pages, and we can only give a mere fragment as a specimen. It cannot be appreciated except by reading side by side the original with all its rich double rhymes. Doing so, one will often marvel how the Oratorian Father has contrived to turn certain difficult stanzas into such easy and idiomatic English. Here are a few stanzas of what even the unsympathetic *Saturday Review* calls "a masterpiece of mediæval mysticism," and of which a far higher authority has written to us in reference to this first English version: "The 'Philomela' is a true voice from the Ages of Faith, and proves that they were in at least as great a degree Ages of Love."

Tunc liquescit anima tota per amorem,
Pavida considerans omnium auctorem
Vagientem puerum juxta nostrum morem,
Et curare veterem velle se languorem.

Plorans ergo clamat: "O fons pietatis,
Quis te pannis induit diræ paupertatis?
Tibi quis consuluit, sic te dare gratis
Nisi zelus vehemens, ardor charitatis?"

Digne zelus vehemens est hic ardor dictus,
Cujus est dominio rex cælorum victus,
Cujus sanctis vinculis captus et constrictus
Pauperis infantuli panis est amictus.

O prædulcis parvule, puer sine pari
Felix cui datum est te nunc amplexari,
Pedes, manus lambere, fientem consolari,
Tuis in obsequiis jugiter morari.

Heu mi, cur non licuit mihi demulcere
Vagientem puerum et cum fiente fieri,
Illos artus teneros sinu confovere
Ejusque cunabulis semper assidere?

Puto pius parvulus hæc non abhorreret,
Immo more parvuli forsan arrideret,
Et fiente pauperculo fletu condoleret
Et peccanti facile venia faveret.

Felix qui tunc temporis matri singulari
Potuisset precibus ita famulari,
Ut in die sineret semel oculari
Suum dulcem parvulum eique joculari.

O quam libens balneum ei præparassem,
O quam libens humeris aquam apportassem,
In hoc libens virgini semper ministrassem,
Pauperisque parvuli pannulos lavassem.

Except that glorious dissyllabic rhyming, which in the colder and curter English tongue is impossible save as a *tour de force* in a short poem, Father Ryder represents the old monkish poet very vigorously line for line. The foregoing quatrains run thus in English :—

Her heart in love's strong fire begins to liquefy,
Quivering as it sees the Lord of earth and sky
Become a Babe that cries as other babies cry,
That He might heal our wounds and ancient malady.

Weeping, cries she then, "Fount of piety,
Who has dared to put such poor rage on Thee?
Who has counsel given to give all for me,
But the almighty zeal of burning charity?"

What so fit a name for such love is found,
Underneath whose might heaven's king lies bound?
In the swathing bands clasping tightly round,
See the holy chains love's strong hands have wound.

Sweetest little one, Babe beyond compare,
Happy who is suffered Thee to tend and bear,
Hands and feet to kiss, grief to soothe and share,
Spending all his days in such loving care.

Ah, me, that I may not have the duty dear,
To console his anguish, paying tear for tear,
His tender infant frame to cherish and to cheer,
Whilst his cradle-bed I sit ever near.

I do think the Child would not turn away,
But would smile upon me, as is childhood's way;
His most dear compassion would my grief allay,
Nor when asked forgiveness would He say me nay.

Happy whom Christ's Mother so vouchsafes to bless
With this ample wage for his faithfulness,
That he may once a day her Child caress,
Once may share the play of his mirthfulness.

For his bath each morning I should love to bring,
In my toil rejoicing, water from the spring;
And to serve his Mother still in everything,
His poor baby clothes I would wash and wring.

Even this detached fragment will show that "Philomela" is a precious addition to our stores of sacred song. The importance that the poet himself attaches to it is indicated by the circumstance that from it, and not from any of his original conceits, is taken the symbol which first greets the eye as a sort of trade-mark on the cover. A pretty trade-mark the little nightingale makes in sooth; and all the externals of the book are equally in good taste. "What is majesty stripped of its externals?" was the query propounded by a very old

conundrum, to which, taking "externals" to mean the first and last letter of the word, you were expected to answer "a jest." These externals are not without their influence on our appreciation of a volume of poems also; and probably we have once before in a similar context ventured to apply to the binding of a dainty book the warning of Enid's "kindly mother:"

"For though you won the prize of fairest fair,
And though I heard him call you fairest fair,
Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old."

This blank verse would be considerably blanker were we to make it say, "Let no poem think, however pretty, it is not prettier in a pretty binding."

But the poet will be disgusted with us for wasting so much admiration on the mere setting of his jewels. We do so because this binding is Dublin workmanship, and because we are writing on the day which opens our Dublin Exhibition of Irish Industries. And this reminds us of an authentic anecdote which we may disguise by a slight change of names. When the first of these Exhibitions was started in London, there was a briefless barrister in Dublin, whom we may call Achilles Willis, Esq. As cause and effect of his brieflessness, he not only wrote verses but printed them, and even went so far as to send a gorgeously bound copy of his poems to the London Exhibition. The Commissioners, like some superficial critics of our acquaintance, never went beyond the cover of the book, thought it was merely another sample of Dublin workmanship, and accordingly addressed their acknowledgment thereof to "Achilles Willis, Bookbinder, Dublin." Father Ryder might almost dread a like catastrophe, so charmingly is his book got up; but it will be only one of the items in Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son's show-case in the Rotunda.

In giving to the world this volume, such a striking contrast with his great (though little) work on "Catholic Controversy," the Birmingham Oratorian is true to the *genius loci* and to the spirit and traditions of his Order. The Founder of the Oratory, St. Philip Neri, wrote sweet sonnets which have been worthily translated by his English son. The two names of which the English Oratory (like the English Church) is proudest are Newman and Faber. Father Faber was essentially a poet, even in prose, and for some Cardinal Newman's highest title to veneration is "The Dream of Gerontius." The late Father Edward Caswell would blush to be mentioned after such names, yet he made many valuable additions to our stock of hymns and sacred verse, though his poems are hardly equal in original force and literary finish to these poems of his *confrère*, Father Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder.

THE WRITINGS OF AN IRISH AMERICAN NUN.

WE have substituted "writings" for "works" in the above heading, because her writings form a very small part of the work of the indefatigable *religieuse* whom we are about to introduce to our readers. She is another illustration of the saying that the busiest have most leisure; for she has done as much in the mere *ritagli di tempo*, the mere chips and shavings of life's workshop, as would seem to require many years of literary leisure.

One of those American newspapers which so obligingly tell us everything about everybody gave a sketch of Mary Augustine Carroll's career. We give the outline of it from memory. She is one of those brave Irishwomen who, overcoming the timidity of their sex and doing violence to their clinging, home-loving nature, not only tear themselves away from kindred and friends, but go forth from their native land and cross oceans and continents in order to work chiefly for exiled souls of the Celtic race. Dunedin, Timaru, St. John's, Singapore, Sacramento, and a thousand other far-away spots, witness this slow martyrdom of zeal and self-sacrifice, which may, please God, place many as close to the Heart of Jesus in heaven as swift martyrdom at the stake.

Miss Carroll is, if we recollect aright, a native of Clonmel, which she calls somewhere "the pleasant little town of Clonmel." In a note to her account of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart in Ireland, which forms a very attractive introduction to her translation of Père Daniel's Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, she alludes very touchingly to the old chapel on the banks of the Suir, to which her earliest and fondest memories cling. What a contrast between the Suir and the Mississippi, with which she was afterwards to be acquainted! We believe she first exchanged the Suir for "the pleasant waters of the river Lee," when she found that God wished her to serve Him as a Sister of Mercy. How much it must have cost her to tear herself away from the dear home-circle we may guess even from the terms in which she dedicates one of her books. "To my parents: who still retain, as in childhood, the first place in my affection and esteem; whose unobtrusive sanctity and unvarying tenderness have inspired their children with a degree of reverence and love which time and distance but intensify, and which no other being has excited or even shared, these pages are affectionately inscribed, with the certainty that, however uninteresting to others, they will shed a new joy on their declining years, less for some of the reminiscences recorded than for the sake of her who revives them."

We do not know when God asked her to increase her sacrifice of home affection by going much farther away from Clonmel than St.

Mary's of the Isle. In 1866, she was working in the Convent of Mercy, St. Louis, Missouri; and very soon after she seems to have been sent to New Orleans to establish solidly a convent of her Order which had already been begun there. In the list of Convents of Mercy founded up to the year 1863, which Mother Austin Carroll compiled as an appendix for her *Life of Mother M'Auley*, the St. Louis foundation is dated 1856, and New Orleans does not appear in the catalogue at all. Our gratitude for the pious industry to which we owe the numerous solid and agreeable books now about to be enumerated must be increased when we know that these additions to religious literature were made not by a nun who was set apart for this special exercise of zeal, but by one who was engrossed all the while in the exceedingly arduous task of founding in the New World and maintaining in efficiency, as superioress of her convent, the various works which the Institute of Mercy adopts and assimilates to itself.

The first of her writings seems to have been the one to which reference has just been made, the *Life of the Foundress of the Sisters, Catherine M'Auley*. It is by far the fullest and most entertaining account yet published of a life which has already produced such wonderful results, and which is destined to do so much for souls till the last Sister of Mercy has gained her crown. Mother Austin speaks of Father Tannoia as the "Boswell of St. Alphonsus." She herself is the nearest approach to the Boswell of her Order; and we use that proper name as meaning a minute, faithful, and lively biographer. In this and in all her books she prefixes to each chapter a full and catching enumeration of the items contained in it; and these headings of chapters, grouped together as a table of contents at the beginning, are well calculated to tempt the reader's curiosity. Here and there in the *Life of Mother M'Auley* there are a few traces of American freedom and frank personality; but it is hard to be bent on being always perfectly safe and judicious without being also dull. Our Irish American Nun is anything but dull.

This life of her mother consists of five hundred ample and well-filled pages; but she devotes a portly volume of seven hundred pages to the *Life of St. Alphonsus Liguori*, which was published first in 1873. As a popular and attractive biography of this Saint and Doctor this is far the best in English; yet we suspect that even the disciples of St. Alphonsus are not sufficiently acquainted with its merits. One of his disciples, Father Clement Hofbauer is introduced by our author to English readers in a separate book of smaller dimensions, but of great interest and merit as an entertaining and edifying piece of biographical writing.

Mother Mary Augustine tells the story of a real life so pleasantly that one is not surprised at her success as a story-teller of another kind. The largest of her volumes of tales for the young is "*Glimpses of Pleasant Homes*," which contain a large variety of stories, as does

also the very pretty little quarto entitled "Happy Hours of Childhood," and even the smaller tome, "Angel Dreams." We have not been able to treat ourselves to the delightful bother of unravelling all these plots (what hard toil the habitual novel-reader goes through!), but we have seen enough to be convinced that, as the historian of good and bad boys and girls, the New Orleans Reverend Mother is not deserted by the skill she has displayed as the biographer of saints.

In the preface to that "series of tales for the little ones," to which is given the name of "Happy Hours of Childhood," there is a passage which we quote for a reason that will presently appear. "Pressed again and again, I declined writing for children, because, though I love them more than I can tell, I feared I should not be able to write anything worthy of them; for it sometimes seems to me that they have more discernment than big people. I once saw a bright little fellow pick up Thackeray's masterpiece, read it for awhile, and then throw it down in disgust 'There *couldn't* be so many mean, cruel people,' said he, 'and the world so beautiful and so full of angels.' And yet some grown people would spend hours over such reading. Ah, the children know better; it is but a short time since they came forth from the hand of God, and they have not yet shaken off the heaven that lies about them."

We have given this extract because of its similarity with a passage in an Irish poet with whom we trust that all our readers will very soon make themselves familiar, as his pure and delightful poems have just appeared in a cheap and yet exceedingly readable edition. This parallel passage, of which the judgment passed on *Vanity Fair* by Mother Austin's "bright little fellow" reminds us, occurs in one of the less known of the genial poems of Denis Florence MacCarthy. Staying at Boulogne, in March, 1865, he receives from a kind Irish correspondent a crocus and some violets, which set him thinking of many things. He calls up many happy days in Ireland. I hope some of the thousands who during this summer—for it is summer at last!—pass through the railway tunnel between Dalkey and Killiney will quote MacCarthy's lines about "soft Shanganah's silver strand," and "the breaking of a sapphire sea upon the golden-fretted sand;" but let them not break the music of the line by accenting Shanganah, he inhabitants do, on the first syllable.

"Swiftly the tunnel's rock-hewn pass
Swiftly the fiery rain runs through
Oh! what a glittering sheet of glass!
Oh! what enchantment meets my view
With eyes insatiate I pursue
Till Bray's bright headland bounds the scene.
'Tis Baiae, by a softer blue!
Gæta by a gladder green!"

But what has this to do with "Thackeray's masterpiece?" On that day the poet "with her then dear, and ever dear," read *Vanity Fair*, after gazing their fill from Carrigoon at the wonderful scene below :

"The furze-crowned heights, the glorious glen,
The white-walled chapel glistening near,
The house of God, the homes of men,
The fragrant hay, the ripening ear ;
There where there seemed nor sin nor crime,
There in God's sweet and wholesome air—
Strange book to read at such a time—
We read in Vanity's false Fair.

We read the painful pages through,
Perceived the skill, admired the art,
Felt them, if true, not wholly true—
A truer truth was in our heart.
Save fear and love of One, hath proved
The sage how vain is all below ;
And one was there who feared and loved,
And one who loved that she was so."

Not content with her original writings, this "idle nun" has published translations of several large treatises by Père St. Jure, S.J.; "The Religious," "The Spiritual Man," &c. Also a "Spiritual Retreat," compiled from the works of St. Alphonsus Liguori and "Meditations and Contemplations" from Father Lewis of Grenada. Two other most precious compilations are the tiny tomelets of "Sayings and Instructions of the Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy." With her Mother Austin's literary work began, with her it may end ; for the task on which she is at present engaged will occupy many years. The biographer of the Foundress has become the annalist of the Order. The Catholic Publication Society of New York have issued the first volume (520 pages) of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy in Ireland, England, Scotland, the Colonies, and America." Of course the opening volume is necessarily devoted to the mother-country, which here is not Great Britain but Ireland. The sub-title of this first volume is "Ireland: containing sketches of the convents established by the holy Foundress, and their earlier developments."

"This, then, is all that we know and more than we know"—so Mr. James Anthony Froude concluded the only Saint's Life he ever wrote, and so he might have concluded sundry so-called Histories of which he has since been guilty—this is all that is known, and perhaps more than is known (for some inaccuracies may have crept into the meagre details we have furnished) concerning the life and writings of this gifted and hard-working American Nun, of Irish birth and brain and heart.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

POOR old Sally was wending her way slowly into Dublin from the neighbouring country, and her destination was the poor-house. The climax of all her many troubles in this troublesome world had come, the sorrowful ending of her life's simple story was at hand : she was on her way to that last cold dwelling from which the poor turn away with such loathing. Sally had had her good days and her bad days on earth, but the worst day of all had dawned for her now when she was about to pass, without hope of return, through the " Union " gate. Dragging one half-shod foot after the other, and leaning on a stick, she looked a picture of helplessness, dejection, utter failure and bankruptcy in life ; yet there was no bitter despair in her face. Her thoughts, if turned into language, might have run thus : " The worst has come, and the Lord's will be done. I have accepted this heavy humiliation for my sins. The neck of my pride is broken, and the decency I cherished is in the dust. I am the child of honest parents, and the mother of industrious children. All have gone from me : the husband that loved me and worked for me, the big strong boys, the smiling little girls, even the poor cabin is taken into other hands, and there is no room for Sally in the world any more. I am too sick and weak even to be straying about the streets. I am going to knock at that gate that I always hated, and to rest my weary bones in a pauper's bed. Then I will turn my face to the wall, and wait for the Lord to take me home."

Sally was hungry : it was many hours since she had tasted food. She saw bread in the shop-windows as she crept along, but it was as far from her reach as if walls of brass had defended it from her withered hands. She did not wish for it strongly, but she longed for a cup of tea. " Alas ! " thought Sally, " I am going to a place where there are no more cups of tea."

At this moment the old woman became suddenly faint, and sat down upon a door-step. The streets (it was in the Liberties) were growing dark ; for a few minutes everything was dark to Sally. Slowly returning to consciousness, she was wiping the damp from her face, when a small boy stopped before her. His feet and legs were bare, his knees, red with cold, shone through holes in what had once been somebody else's knickerbockers, his face was pale and pinched, but the end of his little nose and tips of his ears were scarlet from the nipping air.

NEED

"Is anything the matter² with you, Missus?" asked the boy.

"Matter enough," murmured Sally, "and no matter to anybody. I'm on my way to the poor-house, boy, and I can't manage to get there. It's the heart of me that is wake; killing me it is, and sending me to heaven, plaze the Lord!"

"Our house is just round the corner," said the boy, "and if you can get there, it's my mother will be glad to see you."

"God bless you, child, but the mother of the like of you has plenty to fill her house, I'll swear."

"It's not a house, exactly; it's a room. And there's eight of us in when father's at home; but it's better than doorsteps. Up with you, ma'am, and lean upon me!"

It was no easy task for the child to guide the tottering creature to his mother's door, but arrived there at last he knocked, and a woman with an infant in her arms opened it to him; so pale and thin that she looked as if the wind, that rushed into the dwelling, would blow her away, her and the white-faced baby that hung on her shoulder.

"She's bound for the poor-house, mother, and the heart of her is that wake she can't get there," explained the boy; "an' so I tould her you'd make her welcome."

"Come in, ma'am, God bless you," said the pallid mother.

"I'm feard I'll be in your way," murmured Sally, "but it won't be for long, dear. And, sure Himself had no place to lay his head."

"We're in bad need of the likes of you to bring us luck," said Mary Daly, the mother of six young children, and who had that moment nothing to give them to eat. "When one opens the door to a body poorer than one's self, it's always the Lord that comes in. Amen, amen, welcome be his footsteps this blessed night."

As she spoke, she was helping the visitor across the floor of the miserable room, and, with her disengaged hand, assisting little Joe to lay her down on the one bed that it contained; and all softly, for fear of waking the baby on her shoulder.

"What'll you all do, when I'm in your only bed?" whispered Sally, as well as her irregular breathing would permit her.

"Oh, never you mind, we have another bed; only I sold it the other day, to pay the back rent was owing. That's because Dan, my husband, ma'am, and a slater, is out of work. He won't be home to disturb you to-night, so, you see, everything's for the best. Fall off a roof, he did, last week, and is lying in the hospital, praise be to Providence! But the black grief is gone off my heart, ma'am, since the doctors have told me he'll over it. That's why the bed is sold and the fire is out; or we'd be strivin' to make you a bit more comfortable."

One by one a little crowd of small children had crept up to the mother's side, and were staring with great round eyes at the strange

poor woman on the bed. Neither candle nor fire burned in the room, and the only light came through the window from the gas-lamp shining coldly in the street outside. The children had to strain their eyes a good deal, trying to behold poor old Sally's drawn countenance.

"Well she hasn't light to see you," said the mother, stroking the tangled locks of the one nearest her hand, "for you're not made up for company. Ready for washing your faces will be when God sends us a piece of soap! Bread? Why, Patsy, what would a big boy like you be doin' askin' for bread at this time of night? Wait till you see the breakfast I'll have for you in the morning!" And then the mother groaned for the first time as she hid her poor emaciated face in the sleeping baby's neck.

"Here's Jack," said little Joe, touching his mother; "maybe he has some money with him."

A boy came past the window in the lamplight, and Joe went to let him in. He was a year or two older than Joe and looked almost as careworn as his mother. His clothes were more respectable than his brothers.

"Have you any news, Jack, dear?" asked Mrs. Daly, holding out her hand to her eldest born. "Holy Mother! but your hands are cold! Slap them together, dear; the fire has gone out on us."

"I'm too small," said Jack; "that's what they said to me. They couldn't give the work to anyone so young. They told me to go home and grow. Mother, mother! what'll you do while I'm growing?"

"I'm thinking I must wait, dear. It's true for them, my little boy is young. Ten years ago you had never seen the light, my lad. God will send us something to-morrow, Jack."

"Did Joe get nothing?"

"Nothin'," said Joe; "I was trying to beg a few halfpence to buy newspapers to sell, but the police hunted me."

Here Sally opened her dim eyes and said in a weak voice, "For the love of God will you give me a cup of tea?"

"Mother in heaven! Tea!" murmured Mary Daly; "God forgive me, you poor sowl, but I haven't seen the colour of tea for a week. There's not a grain in the house."

"I have that craving for tea," whispered Sally, "I feel as if it would pull up my heart a bit and give me my breath."

"I haven't got it, I haven't got it," moaned Mrs. Daly, looking at the pinched faces of her hungry children, and thinking, with a pang, that badly as bread was needed she would get that cup of tea for the dying woman if only she had the means of getting anything.

"If it wasn't so late in the night," she said, "I'd try and beg it from the neighbours. Try and sleep, honey, till the morning, and then we'll see what can be done."

"Will you give me a drink of water, then?" said Sally, "and the holy will of God be done!"

Mrs. Daly put the sleeping baby in the arms of its biggest brother and went and fetched the "cup of cold water" for the sick woman: that humblest offering of charity, for the tendering of which so mighty a reward has been promised. Sally moistened her parched lips, with Mary's arm supporting her dying head, and then was laid gently back again upon her poor pallet.

Silence reigned in the little room; the children were awed by the sight of the white face of the sick woman as it was raised up in the gleam of the street lamps. Mrs. Daly now set herself to trying to arrange them as comfortably as she could for the rest of the night. She seated herself with her back against the wall and spread her miserable skirts out upon the floor for the children to nestle upon. They gathered themselves round her, with their heads on her knees and feet—five of them—and the baby was in her arms. Thus they tried to keep each other warm; and the younger ones fell fast asleep.

To the mother and her eldest boys sleep did not come so readily. The presence of the dying old woman in the bed weighed upon them too heavily, along with all their other troubles.

"Mother," said little Joe, presently, "are you sleeping?"

"No, Joe, I'm wide awake, child."

"Mother, I'm wondering will there be plenty of tea in heaven."

"I don't rightly know, Joe, dear, whether it'll be that we'll have plenty of tea, or that we won't want tea no more. It'll all be comfortable with us, anyhow."

"I'd rather have the tea," said Joe, reflectively. "It isn't as good not to want things as it is to get them. I'm always trying not to want things, and it does not feel a bit like heaven."

"I'd rather have rashers and eggs than tea, Joe," said Jack.

"It's all the same," said Joe. "I suppose if the angels can get you tea they can get you rashers."

"You musn't talk that way," said Mrs. Daly. "The Mother of God herself didn't get much supper, I'm thinking, after her journey that night when she came to Bethlehem."

Jack and Joe sighed. They were far too hungry to realise that there could be any blessedness in having nothing to eat. Don't be too hard upon them. If they grow up and get on well in the world, as they may, for they are bright, industrious little fellows, they will, perhaps, be able one day to point out the advantages of starvation to other urchins as benighted as they now are themselves.

The night wore on; Joe and Jack fell asleep, and even poor Mrs. Daly herself at last slumbered from sheer exhaustion. The white-faced baby lay as if in a trance, with its little cold fist doubled up under its mother's chin, with a last effort to seek warmth. The mother dreamed that her husband was well again, that a fire was burning in the grate, and that they were all gathered round the table,

old Sally included, enjoying the longed-for cup of tea ; while across the background of the comfortable scene flitted a vision of the heavenly Mother, hungry and thirsty, with her Infant in her arms.

The moments sped on, the darkness of night lifted a little, the yellow gleam of the street lights paled and vanished, and the gray dawn discovered the unconscious occupants of the Dalys' cheerless room. The sun was shining faintly on the wall before the mother opened her eyes and looked around her. With a faint sigh she took up the burden of her life again and tried to straighten herself against the chill wall without disturbing her boys. She remembered Sally, and cast an anxious glance at the bed in the corner. Something in the rigid, motionless attitude of the figure under the poor blanket struck her, and she made an effort to withdraw her skirts from under the children without awaking them. Then she laid the baby on the floor, with its head upon one of its brother's knees, and went softly across the floor to look more closely at the occupant of the bed.

"God help her," she whispered to herself, "that has got to go into the poor-house this bitter day!" And then she uttered a little cry. For Sally was no longer there at all. Sally was in heaven.

R E E D S .

U P R I G H T upon the river
 A slender shaft of gold,
 Its heart doth strangely hold
 Sweet melody for ever.

A frail, mysterious creature,
 Out of whose narrow throat
 Came music's earliest note
 To glad the ear of nature.

By heavenly breezes sighing
 'Twas filled with tender song,
 That, waxing sweet and strong,
 Set all the world replying.

Thus deep within life's river
 An empty reed I stand,
 For music shaped and planned,
 Yet silent stand for ever.

Unless unto me winging
 The whisper of thy call
 Upon my heart shall fall,
 And set my spirit singing.

Of Thee and of thy glory,
 Of joy that never fails,
 Of mercy that avails,
 And all the tender story

In sunbeams writ resplendent
 Across the Christian's sky :
True Faith can never die,
And Hope still rides ascendant !

So give each listening spirit
 Thy message in its song,
 That waxing sweet and strong,
 It wins the world to hear it.

R. M.

O'CONNELL:

HIS DIARY FROM 1792 TO 1802, AND LETTERS.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.

PART VI.

A "Paris Correspondent" mentioned lately that Théophile Gautier set up in his working-room this inscription: *Les journaux quotidiens paraissent tous les jours*; intending probably by this pleonastic statement to warn off idle talkers, and to remind himself and his visitors that a writer for the daily press is bound to have his articles ready every day. Monthly magazines, happily, do not appear once a day, or once a week, or once a fortnight,* but once a month only; and thus topics of contemporary interest have time to grow a little stale in the intervals between month and month. We are, therefore, dispensed from the obligation of furnishing any record of events which most of our

* A friend of ours inquiring in vain for *The Month* at an English railway station, was asked by the obliging representative of W. H. Smith & Son if two *Fortnightlys* would do instead.

readers have seen minutely described in the *Freeman's Journal*; but we cannot resume our O'Connell Papers without this allusion to the magnificent demonstration which, on the 15th of August, 1882, welcomed to its place on the banks of the Liffey, in the heart of Ireland's capital city, the newest and noblest monument of Daniel O'Connell.

The unpublished papers which remain in our hands are letters between O'Connell and his good wife; but the interest taken in the present series has suggested to some of our readers to place at our disposal other unpublished letters of the Liberator. We shall be grateful for the privilege of examining any such documents, with a view to the publication at least of extracts from them.

Our own more private and more sacred treasures can, of course, only be drawn upon very discreetly. Those domestic letters show O'Connell to have been, as he was always known to have been, a tenderly affectionate and devoted husband and father. We venture to give, almost in full, the first of these love-letters of married life. Mrs. O'Connell writes thus to her husband while absent on his summer circuit.

"7th August, 1812.

"MY DEAREST LOVE,

"You have by this morning's post received my letter of Wednesday, giving you an account of our dear Kitty, who is, thank God, much better. She is as saucy as usual, but very good. Our little Ellen is in town to-day, the picture of good-humour and health. The boys are very well, but so delighted with the country they would not come to town, even to see me.

"With respect to my leaving this I cannot as yet determine, as I would not wish to take Kitty from Doctor Leyne for some days to Grena. I will not go for the reason I before assigned to you, but, please God, I shall certainly be with you at the time you appoint.

"I would not wish to arrive in Cork until the day before you could leave it with me. You know how unpleasant it is to have so many children in lodgings. If you approve of the plan I before mentioned to you, I shall adopt it. I feel, thank God, much better, but I would be better were I once out of Kerry. You say nothing of the cold you had leaving this, which makes me hope it is quite gone.

"I do, my heart, most anxiously wish for Emancipation, or any change that would rid you of the troublesome life you lead, and leave you with your family more than you are. As to Emancipation, if the bigots of Tralee could prevent it, they would. Anything like the talk they have in the town about the transaction of Saturday night it is quite tiresome to be listening to. The old Tabbies! The fact is they all seem to be afraid of the poor Papists.

"Ellen and Kitty are just here, and they beg of me to tell their father they love him very much, and wish they were with him; in that, my heart, they are joined by their mother, who is and always will be

"Your sincerest and most affectionate,

"MARY O'CONNELL."

An excellent P.P. of our acquaintance informs us that in his part of the country the people have various epochs to which they refer the various less known events, whose dates they are fixing within the

last hundred years. "The year of the Rebellion" is, of course, one of those common to all Ireland; but in that western district they speak also of "the year of the French," namely, when the French soldiers landed in Killala Bay. A little earlier, we think, was the year of the Horn War, of which we are afraid to commit ourselves to an explanation. A very local date much nearer to our own time is, it appears, "the year of Jones's Election," that is to say, the year in which a young Catholic gentleman of the locality, as commanding in intellectual promise and character as he was in stature and bearing, was put forward amidst great enthusiasm as the popular candidate in a county Sligo election long gone by. The popular candidate, as often happened in those good old days, was unsuccessful, happily for the young master of Benada Abbey, who otherwise might have found it harder to obey when the summons came, "Leave all things and follow Me." Many of our readers know something about the holy life and death of Father Daniel Jones, S.J., and more may hereafter be told.

This subject of the special dates used in Irish chronologies occurred to us while inquiring about the central date in O'Connell's life—Emancipation. We were somewhat surprised to find that word in full vogue, used absolutely and without any explanation or qualification, as early as 1812. To be sure, the most brilliant burst of Curran's eloquence culminated in "the irresistible genius of universal Emancipation;" but we had not imagined that Mrs. O'Connell would say in 1812, as we have read in the preceding letter, "I most anxiously wish for Emancipation."

The same letter mentions the curious fact, often alluded to in this correspondence, that Mrs. O'Connell's health suffered in the air of her native Kerry and flourished in the Metropolis. This circumstance is alluded to in the first letter we have of O'Connell's, two years later. His letter explains also how it came to pass that the good people of Killarney was balked of their hope of hearing the rising young orator of the day, Charles Phillips:—

"Killarney, 13th September, 1814.

"MY DARLING LOVE,

"I am more alarmed than I wish to say about your flight from Mallow. It was, I am sure, more occasioned by your own illness than by my sweet Nell's toothache. You will get, I trust, well from the Cork air; but at all events Dublin is a certain restorative.

"Have you seen or heard anything of Phillips? I never knew a man so insane with love. It seems that the lady promised to write to him on Thursday; she forgot the promise, and he was very uneasy that day. Friday came, and no letter; Saturday, no letter; Sunday also without a letter. And off he set on Monday morning in the day coach. I never saw anybody so dull and stupid, nor have I seen so much agony as he exhibited as he was daily disappointed of a letter. He has suffered a great deal, and he has, you may imagine, not a little disappointed public expectation.

"The meeting took place this morning. John was in the chair, Lord Kenmare here.

having been obliged to go off to see his sister, who had met with an accident near Cork. The meeting was the most numerous and respectable that ever met in Kerry. I hope you will be satisfied with our resolutions. I was the only orator; I spoke very badly.

"I go off for Nenagh in the morning.

"With kindest love to my sweet darlings, Ellen and Kate,

"Ever your fondest,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

This Counsellor Phillips who, in the circumstances described in the foregoing letter, bolted without making his expected speech at Killarney, was a young Protestant barrister who espoused the cause of the Catholics, and had at one time a considerable reputation, which his published volume of speeches does not justify. But in this respect he resembles much greater orators. From his poem, "The Emerald Isle," O'Connell was fond of quoting as a finale to one of his addresses:—

"Still shalt thou be my waking theme,
Thy glories still my midnight dream;
And every thought and wish of mine,
Unconquered Erin, shall be thine!"

He honoured these lines still further by writing them in young ladies' albums when dunned for his autograph, as Samuel Rogers used to write in similar emergencies:—

"Knowledge is proud in that she knows so much,
Learning is humble that she knows no more."

A correspondent of the *Weekly Register* last week (September 2nd, 1882), disinters Phillips' lines from a scrap-book now residing at 63 High-street, Bedford, imagining them to be O'Connell's own. All that we knew of him before, and the recent revelations of his youthful diary, lead us to believe that the great Tribune had a far less keen appreciation of poetry than any of the other great orators from Curran to Bright. One who remembers his style of oratory tells us he did not repeat poetry poetically. Perhaps this dearth of the poetic element was a source of weakness to him as an orator to be read as well as listened to, and a source of strength to him as a practical politician and a leader of men in this prosaic world.

We venture to take as our next item in this correspondence a letter by one of the *Liberator's* sons, written at a date which will seem incredible to those who have the pleasure of being acquainted with the writer. He will allow us to quote it for the sake of the amiable postscript attached to it by his illustrious father. The Mr. Kenny he mentions was Father Peter Kenny, the Rector of Clongowes College, the chief instrument in the re-establishment of the Society of Jesus in Ireland. Take notice of the little lad's notions of quick travelling from Dublin to Limerick.

"August 5th, 1817.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,

"We arrived here on Friday after a prosperous voyage. My father is very well, and so is Maurice. We are to leave this to-day and proceed immediately to Killarney; we are not to touch at all upon Tralee, as there is a fever there. There was a Catholic meeting yesterday. The papers mention that the fever in Cork has almost subsided. In consequence of the fever in Tralee, no business will be done there. I think that I am a fool to write a letter without knowing what to say. Our journey here was very short; we started from Naas at a quarter past eleven o'clock at night, and at four the next morning I got out of the coach and went on the top. I did not get down the whole day, and when we arrived at Limerick I was quite thirsty. I must now finish this letter by telling you that I am your affectionate son,

"MORGAN PATRICK O'CONNELL.

"P.S.—Give my love to all at Clifton. Father and Maurice join me."

"Such, darling, is your son Morgan's epistle. Need I tell you that it is genuine? He is always in great spirits. If I had space to-day, I would copy Mr. Kenny's account of my sweet boys. Maurice may, he says, be *anything*. I will write again this day to the General to settle about our journey to Toulouse; we will go, darling, early in September, that you may have fine weather. I shall again enjoy the unrestrained society of my darling children.

"Dearest, dearest heart, believe me ever yours most tenderly,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Limerick,

5th August, 1817."

Whenever we are inclined to imagine that nothing patronised by the polite, refined, good-natured world, can nevertheless be horribly bad and wicked, we have only to call to mind the detestable custom of duelling which once was imposed as a duty by the tyranny of fashion. Men, otherwise sensible, kind-hearted, and even pious and religious, considered themselves bound in honour to run the risk of being murderers or else of going before the judgment-seat of God with the double guilt of murder and suicide. There are few incidents in O'Connell's life better known than the duel forced on him by Colonel D'Esterre as champion of the Corporation of Dublin, which O'Connell, in denouncing their petition against the emancipation of Catholics, had characterised mildly enough as a "beggary corporation." As an illustration of the feelings excited at the time by the result of the duel this letter of Mrs. O'Connell's brother may be printed. He was a retired officer of the Line and Adjutant of the Kerry Militia.

"Tralee, February 4th, 1815.

"MY DEAR DAN,

"An event of all others I most wished for has taken place. To express to you my feelings this morning in reading the *Freeman's Journal*, giving a full and accurate account of the duel between you and Mr. D'Esterre is beyond my powers of description, particularly as the unfavourable impression that remained fixed on my mind, and which I could not divest myself of, relative to the manner in which your affair with

Mr. Magrath was patched up by that miserable meddler in Catholic affairs gave me the most serious uneasiness. On this subject I never spoke to you. Though you mentioned it to me in Cork, shortly after it occurred, I did not give any opinion about it. But I was decidedly aware, whenever it came to the point and when you were fairly committed and left to your own judgment, and with such a friend as Mr. M'Namara, that you would have conducted yourself with that steadiness, carriage, and coolness which are the true and leading characteristics of an O'Connell. Indeed, my dear Dan, I can't tell you how delighted I am. My spirits which were miserably depressed by a bilious attack, brought on by uneasiness of mind in consequence of a late melancholy and unfortunate event, have risen beyond the possibility of my expectations. I am this day quite a new man; my fondest wishes are realised. You have laid low the champion of intolerance and the beggarly corporation of Dublin, to use your own words, who selected the unfortunate D'Esterre as the man, the only man, they could prevail upon of that highly respectable body to put down the troublesome Counsellor O'Connell.

"Is it true that James is committed with young Saurin, and that they are to fight? If they are, I trust the result will be such as we all wish it to be. John came over here to-day; we met with a cordial shake of the hand and congratulated each other on the glorious result of the duel. He talks of going up to Dublin if he does not receive a satisfactory answer about James's affair on Monday.

"Make allowances for my manner of writing, you know my education was rather limited. All the consolation I have is that whatever I say or write is sincerity.

"Ever, my dear Dan,

"Affectionately yours,

"R. O'CONNELL."

"DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq.,

"30 Merriion-square, South, Dublin."

It is well to note that the house then occupied by O'Connell, and in which he lived to the end, addressing the multitudes, for instance, from its balcony on the day of his release from Richmond Bridewell, in September, 1844, is no longer No. 30 but No. 58, the residence at present of Dr. Kidd.

One thing is abundantly evident from the letters we have been allowed to read, namely, that there never was a more attached couple than the terrible demagogue, Daniel O'Connell, and his gentle Mary. This is proved even by the number of Mrs. O'Connell's letters, which her illustrious husband preserved carefully, though pursuing him to out-of-the-way places on his circuit, where special care was needed to treasure up these expressions of mere wifely regard. Letters cost more than a penny in those days, yet letters passed every day between husband and wife when separated. Charles Lamb advises near relatives to find out ways of expressing mutual love, lest the very familiarity should dull the fervour of affection. O'Connell acted on this advice before it was given. Replying to a letter of his, Mrs. O'Connell writes, on the 1st of April, 1820: "I cannot tell you how vain your letter made me this morning, but it is quite too flattering. My dear love, you don't know how much I prize your good opinion or how anxious I am to do all in my power to make you happy. In this

world I believe there is not such a disposition as yours, always inclined to contribute to the happiness of those around you, and to do good for evil. I am certain there is not one of your family that would intentionally give you a moment's uneasiness."

There are a great many public men who do not improve on further acquaintance. This is one of the applications of the German sarcasm, "*strass-engel, haus-teufel*" [street-angel, home-devil], though one does not need to be a great public man to be a pleasant fellow to meet in public and yet a very disagreeable member of the domestic circle. "If you *must* have two sides to your face, for God's sake keep the bright side for your homes" was the advice given once, not to any distinguished men, but to some undistinguished ladies.

It is a great satisfaction to find our great O'Connell so thoroughly good and amiable with his wife and children. On the 13th of March, 1821, she writes to him simple, affectionate words, which she little thought would be preserved carefully and printed sixty years afterwards:

"Your little boy is not yet reconciled to your absence. Really, love, I never saw anything like the affection he seems to have for you. You would be quite delighted with the expression of his countenance when he mentions your name. Yesterday evening again he sat in my lap to talk of his 'fader.' You will believe, love, I indulged him on the subject, with the sincerest and truest love for him and his 'fader.' The doat! what a comfort and a blessing he is to his father and mother.

* * * * *

"You will smile when I tell you we were talking of your beauty when you married. Ellen began by asking me were you not very handsome at that time, and she was not displeased at my answer, 'I think, mamma, my father is still handsome; don't you think so, mamma?' In this opinion of my poor Ellen's I coincided with great sincerity. Next week I shall have my Kate talking on the same subject. Sunday will be her birthday. It would be celebrated rightly if her father was at home; it is a great drawback to her mirth to have her father absent."

I hope I am not using indiscreetly the trust reposed in me by the owner of these papers, by showing the great Agitator as one whom his wife thought likely to be interested in such domestic events as the cutting of his little boy's hair and the buying of his first primer. "You have been" (she tells him in one letter), "the best and most beloved of husbands, and you will continue such to the last hour of my life." And she enters more fully into this interesting subject in a letter dated "Dublin, May 7th, 1825." O'Connell, then in the prime of his manhood at 50, had been calling himself an old man, in order, probably, to draw his correspondent out.

"MY OWN DARLING LOVE,

"On my return this moment, four o'clock, from driving about the town, I found the postman at the door with your letter, your sweet letter. But, darling, I ought to scold you well for your pettishness. Tell me, love, what reason have you to

suppose you are not the idol of my heart? O Dan, it is impossible for me to give you the smallest notion how beloved you are by me. Why should you speak of your age or allude to it? Surely, my own heart, I am for a woman much older. If I had not real love for you, would not my pride make me love you? By real love I mean loving you for yourself alone. Do not, my own heart, vex me by ever writing or speaking in this manner again, but rest assured that in existence there is not a husband so beloved as you are."

By way of reprisals and to show that in these connubial letters the reciprocity was not all on one side, we might cite a letter of the Liberator, which begins, "My darling love, I approve of all your arrangements—when did you ever make any arrangements of which I did not approve?"—and which ends thus: "Darling, give my tenderest love to our children. Come as soon as you possibly can to be pressed to the heart of (darling love, sweetest love,) your most tenderly and doatingly fond Daniel O'Connell." Another letter ends: "I am impatient to be with you, my own darling heart's love. May the great God of heaven bless and preserve my darling sweet Mary!"

Here we may interpolate, somewhat abruptly, a brief letter of a different kind which we find occurring in this correspondence about the date we have now reached.

"FLEET-STREET,

"Saturday, 23rd (sic), 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I called at your hotel to-day in order to thank you for the great kindness which you and your son had the goodness to show to William in Dublin, and also to beg you to come and see us at Kensington, as soon as you can; to which let me add a prayer that you will not suffer yourself to be disheartened by the proofs that you will soon receive of the baseness and perfidy of politicians. At all events I hope you will believe me, with a very anxious desire to see you,

"Your most obedient servant,

"WM. COBBETT.

"To DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq.,

"St. Petersburg Hotel."

TO OUR DEAR ONES WITH GOD.

BY SISTER MARY AGNES.

WE do not grudge your eyes the blessed light
Which gladdens them upon life's further shore,
Although our eyes ache hourly for the sight
Of your dear faces, lost for evermore
Till the old ties again are knit in one,
In an unchanging and immortal land,
And the sweet links, by Death's rough grasp undone,
Are reunited by a master Hand.

We do not envy you your well-earned rest,
 Beyond the ebb and flow of mortal tide ;
 Although life's cares have harder on us pressed
 Than in the days when you were by our side,
 And every burden has a double weight,
 Because it henceforth must be borne alone,
 And every sorrow seemeth twice as great,
 Because no heart can know it save our own.

We would not rob you of an hour's repose
 In the sweet peace so eagerly desired,
 Though only God our weary yearning knows
 For all that lived in you, with you expired :
 The little nothings, all so fondly prized,
 That bound you to us by a thousand rights,
 The tones that soothed, encouraged, and advised,
 The sympathies that were our heart's delights !

We would not wish you in our midst again
 For all the comfort that your love could give,
 We would not cause to you an instant's pain,
 Whatever pleasure we might thus receive ;
 And yet we miss you with a growing want
 Which seems as though it *must* be satisfied,
 And your dear shadows ev'ry corner haunt,
 Yet evermore beyond our vision glide !

Ah, dear ones ! if God's love on you bestows
 A delegation of his gracious powers,
 If, as we doubt not, He each trial shows,
 Do not your hearts beat still in tune with ours ?
 Are not you pleading for us in the Light,
 Whilst we strive painfully through darkness home ?
 Are you not watching with love-quicken'd sight
 How you can best unto our succour come ?

Will you not welcome us with outstretched arms
 When we at last obtain the victor's crown ?
 Will not God's very throne have added charms
 When we can join our worship to your own ?
 Will not God bless, with sanction all divine,
 The love which is of his dear love a part ?
 Is there not throned in heaven's most sacred shrine
 In God's own breast a sweetly human Heart ?

THE MONK'S PROPHECY.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ARTIST'S RETURN.

THE springtime deepened and burst into golden summer. Mails had come in, but there was no letter from Mrs. Wyndill. Mrs. Barry called at Cosgrave's, and was informed by the landlord that no letter had come there. She watched her opportunity and called again when he was out, but got the same answer from the heart-broken landlady. Father Moran, who had returned from Italy, was quite surprised at her silence, and at length wrote to Mrs. Wyndill himself to know the cause of it. Before he could have a reply a letter came to him from Mr. Wyndill, expressing his uneasiness at not hearing from Sydney; they had written to her several times, and had enclosed a cheque in the first letter. They were very anxious either to have the girl out at once, or to be sure she was properly taken care of till everything was arranged for her journey. They might be able to get leave before another year, or Eustace might come home in the autumn: a few months would decide what was best to be done. In the meantime he begged of Father Moran to spare no expense in providing for her, and to let them know at once the reason of the unanswered letters.

Jim Barry made inquiries again at Sydney's former lodgings. He found Mr. Cosgrave too drunk to impede the utterance of his wife, who was in the deepest despair. Her daughter was gone: she knew not where, or how, or with whom; but she was gone. She knew nothing about the letters; it was Julia always took the post; it was the only thing in the house she was ready to do. If she (Mrs. Cosgrave) had got letters for the orphan child, they would have been safe with her, she would have sent them to her the same day, but she did not get them, nor did she ever hear Julia say that any came for her. Jim departed, confirmed in the suspicion that Julia Cosgrave was not of scrupulous habits, and had taken possession of the missing letters.

Sydney wrote at once to Mrs. Wyndill, telling her how happily she was placed, and how dearly she loved her new friends; she told her also of the amount of money she had remaining, and that she could well afford to stay at home until it was quite convenient for Mrs.

Wyndill to take her. She drew a long breath when the letter was posted. She felt as if she had got a reprieve, and thanked God that some months, at least, would elapse before she should part from Ida and Miss White. When the quarter came to a close, she ceased to attend the school, but she and Ida continued to study at home with considerable diligence.

One evening in the month of June, when the world seems almost too full, and the sun too ardent, Sydney was seated on the steps of Mrs. Huxton's house waiting for Ida; a large hat concealed her face as she bent over a book that lay on her knees, and so absorbed was she in its contents that she did not hear an approaching step and was only awakened to consciousness of outward things by a man's voice and the clasp of his arm; she lifted her startled eyes to see a dark handsome face beside her.

The young man sprang back. "I beg a thousand pardons," he stammered; "I thought it was my sister."

"Oh, Ida's brother," cried Sydney, starting up. "O Ida, Ida!"

Ida appeared, and while the brother and sister were clasped in each other's arms, Sydney stole away and told the glad tidings to Miss White.

In a short time Ida came out radiant with delight, to tell them they were to come in to tea at once. Frank was coming to see mammy, only aunt said she would arrive more quickly if he did not come out to her. In a few moments they were all assembled at Mrs. Huxton's, whose prevailing idea was that her nephew must be famished, and Ida introduced her brother to Sydney, with a great assumption of dignity.

"I introduced myself before, very unceremoniously," said the young man, smiling. "Did I not, Miss Ormsby? I did not dream there could be a young girl in the place but Ida. And is it not pleasant to be back," he continued, sitting down, "and to have such a fuss made about one? I did not create such a sensation since I went away."

"And is it not quite wonderful to have you arrive just like an ordinary mortal," said Ida, "without even a velvet coat, a portfolio under your arm, or a daub of paint? Sydney expected to see you with your easel before you, like a bandboy's music."

"It destroys your ideal of an artist to find me so commonplace; does it not, Miss Ormsby?" he said.

Sydney smiled and shook her head, thinking the while that he looked anything but commonplace. He was very like Ida, tall and slight, with the same dark complexion and splendid eyes, but he seemed to be of a graver temperament; he rarely laughed, but he had a slow smile that gradually parted his lips and gave his face a beautiful expression. He had the look of a man who thought, who lived a good deal within himself and had control over his impulses.

The foreign appearance of her nephew and niece was a topic that Mrs. Huxton evidently did not relish. Their father was dark, she would say, in answer to any inquiries on the subject; so was their mother, she heard, but she had never seen her. She generally changed the conversation when it arrived at such personal details, and no one was made acquainted with the family history of the young people's maternal progenitors.

Frank Lestrange entertained them with an account of his travels and adventures during the evening, so that Miss White was taken by surprise when the clock struck ten. He was to bring his portfolio next night and show them sketches of many places he had been in, and give them an insight into the divine realm of art. He would look out for lodgings as near as possible to the Almshouse, and make the most of his stay with them. He had several small finished pictures, he said, and others nearly so. It was uphill work, but he looked to the future with hopeful anticipations.

Next morning at an early hour he and Ida set out to look for lodgings. They should be well lighted and they should be cheap; and, as it is sometimes difficult to get what you want for what you can afford to give for it, they found themselves going from house to house, seeking light and economy in vain. At length they resolved to get information from Mrs. Barry, and went away by the river until they reached the cottage. After renewing his acquaintance with her and receiving her cordial welcome, he told her what he was looking for. "A room like this would do me," he said, looking about, "plenty of light and quiet. Who knows but you would take me as a lodger yourself, Mrs. Barry?"

"Deed, then, I would, sir, with a heart and a half, if you thought it good enough," answered Mrs. Barry. "'Tis an humble place, I know, but 'tis clean, and a pretty look-out. And 'tis often I have a gentleman in it. Sure I'd be as proud as punch if I could accommodate you."

"Say no more, the bargain is made," said Frank; "'tis the very place to suit me; and Jim will be my valet. I shall order my things from the hotel at once."

After having made his arrangements, which gave general satisfaction, he and Ida went into town, he to his hotel, and she to attend her pupils. The day passed away happily for them all. Ida never found her pupils so tractable. Mrs. Huxton was in a glow over preparations for the dinner, bearing in mind that she had to scold Frank for his extravagance in sending in so many things—meat, fruit, wine, &c. When Ida arrived, the domestic horizon brightened into brilliancy, and her joyous laughter, breaking musically through the open doors and windows, made the old ladies, in the other houses smile and sigh.

The dinner was very simple, but the friends were extremely happy. The two elders, beautiful in a serene old age, looked with unutterable love on the hopeful young people, who were making the best of their lives, working for independence with strong and cheerful spirits. There were no feeble laments that fortune had not favoured them : no complaints over the narrowness of their career ; no envy of those that had been more fortunate, but patient resolve to do the best they could to-day and leave to-morrow to God. Happiness is not dependent on material causes, though it must be admitted they increase it considerably ; and the Almshouse party drew theirs from the inexhaustible spring of pure affections. They loved each other, and each deserved to be beloved. Beside the bond of natural affection there was an intellectual one between the brother and sister ; though she had no talent for drawing, she had a thorough appreciation of art, and followed him into its labyrinths with a quick comprehension and sympathy that gave an impetus to his own conceptions. Many winter evenings in their young years had been spent drawing pictures in their imagination, the girl telling him how he was to paint scenes that had struck her fancy, and angel faces that came to her in dreams. They had studied together when they returned from their respective schools, so they were nearly equal in mental acquirements, and had read and argued over the same books. As they differed in their opinions almost as often as they agreed, their intercourse was neither languid nor insipid. "Whenever a question arises between Frank and me," Ida would say, "the listeners are certain to hear both sides of it."

After dinner Frank opened his portfolio and showed them many sketches ; sunny glimpses of the Rhineland, mountain passes, and grim old castles reflected in quiet waters, giving them a human interest, by relating the weird legends still clinging to the mouldering piles.

"That land of poetry and dreams makes one long for genius," said the artist. "I felt there as if my talent was but aspiration."

"Poor mother used to tell Geoff that genius was hard work," answered Sydney.

"Geoff?" said the artist. "I knew a Geoff abroad—Geoff M'Mahon."

"Oh, that is he!" replied Sydney, delighted ; "is it possible you met him? How is he? Is he better?"

"Yes, indeed, I have met him, and he is getting very strong. He is a fine young fellow, and has a thorough love of art. I met him at Florence, and we became great friends. And so you knew him also?"

"Oh, yes; Geoffrey was the dearest boy in the world : so patient and good. Is he able to walk yet?"

"Yes ; he walks with a stick, but has a slight halt. He told me at

one time he had to use crutches. I have made a discovery, Miss Ormsby. I was teasing my brain to discover where I had seen a face like yours. Now I have it." He had been rapidly turning over the drawings, and at length drew out a little sketch and laid it before her.

"Oh, Poulanass," she cried, her face flushing. "Geoff's picture;—look at it, Ida. I remember so well the evening he drew it, when we were standing on the bridge together. Look, that is the end of the Hut; and that is our goat eating the ivy behind the spray; I told Geoff it was like a pig first. Poor Poulanass! I'd like to see it again." The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"It must be a lovely waterfall," said Ida, "and really the nymph of the wave is very like you, Syd."

"I copied Geoff's sketch as well as I could," said Frank. "It struck me as being a very graceful design. I promised him to go and see his part of the world when I was rambling about next. Perhaps I will run down there soon for a few days; he says the scenery is worth seeing. Where would you like to go, Ida, for your holidays?"

"Oh, would it not be lovely if we could all go to the Hut?" exclaimed Sydney.

"'Tis an angel speaks," answered Ida. "Let us storm Nellie."

"I am serious," said Sydney, earnestly, "Why couldn't we go? It would not cost much at all. Nellie has eggs, and butter, and fowl. And we could live on all the presents we should get," she went on, growing excited at the idea, "and it would do Mrs. Huxton and Miss White ever so much good. Wouldn't it, Ida?"

"Leave me out, Sydney dear," said Mrs. Huxton, smiling. "I'm too heavy and rheumatic for long journeys. Coax Miss White, and leave me to mind the houses."

"Why don't you speak, Ida?" asked Sydney, pulling her by the arm. "I always second a plan of yours. Why don't you second mine? Would you not like it? Could you not coax Miss White? But any way, if no one else went," she added, hesitatingly, "could not you and Mr. Lestrangle make use of the hut? Nellie would be so delighted."

"I think the plan is simply perfection," said Ida, gaily. "I waited a moment to filter it through my judgment. My decision is this: Aunt is to be let alone. I know her of old, and she is not to be goaded into migratory habits. Miss White is to come, to give an air of respectability to the tourists; Frank is to come to perfect himself in art; Sydney is to come to do the honours of her country residence; and Ida is to come, to dazzle all beholders. Our holidays are settled; and August will be glorious."

Sydney clung to her in rapture, and recounted all the advantages to be gained by a visit to that particular locality. How delighted Nellie would be, and Father Moran, and Mrs. Gale, and all the poor

people. She knew every view in Rathmoylan and Castleishen, and it would cost so little: the railway fares would be the principal expense, and she would be so happy to have them for one little while in her old home.

So it was settled. Ida represented to Miss White that she could not conscientiously allow three headlong young people to go without her; there would be no certainty about dinner, and even tea might be unsatisfactory. They would not be comfortable unless she came to take care of them; and surely she would not wish that there should be any drawback in their brief holiday. Of course the little lady consented, and the young girls looked for August with happy hearts. Sydney wrote to Father Moran and Nellie, both of whom were enchanted with the scheme. Nellie began her preparations at once, airing and cleaning, keeping a list in her mind of everything she would borrow from the priest's housekeeper. She announced the glad tidings to everyone around, and all were pleased at the prospect of seeing the widow's child again.

The advent of the artist was a new and vigorous element in the girls' lives. It seemed strange at first to see a man entertained in the Almshouse. The rooms appeared to be smaller, and quite too narrow for his legs, when he sat in them. One had the idea that he could hardly move without knocking down some of the furniture or ornaments. Ida told him he reminded her of the hot-house in the Botanic Gardens, where such a gigantic plant grows in a tiny tub. But the artist adapted himself, and the sense of oppression wore off.

The sunlit summer days passed softly away. The artist had a few orders which he was working hard to complete, but he came in the evenings, and they had long, delightful walks into the green heart of the country. On Sundays he took them for longer excursions by mountain and sea.

"Is there any fear of your falling in love with Sydney, Frank?" asked Ida, when first he came home.

The young man smiled and shook his head. "I am not one of those fellows that cry for the moon," he said; "I shall keep clear of love till I can afford to marry, and heaven knows when that will be. Luckily for my peace of mind, I am not a spooney fellow."

CHAPER XX.

IN THE HUT.

In a few weeks the four travellers were on their way to the country. Instead of making the latter part of the journey by rail, they changed from land to water, and sailed down the sunlit river, lying wide and empty between its wooded shores.

They passed the groups of islands rising green and bare from its transparent bosom, and soon the gray towers of Rathmoylan appeared above the forest trees. A little boat came out to meet the steamer, and lay alongside rocking on the swells, while it was filled with caaks, firkins, parcels, and packages. Miss White felt sundry misgivings as she was helped into it, but bravely kept them to herself. The young people thought it a splendid mode of progression, and sprang down in the best possible spirits. The boatman rowed them to the shore, where they found Father Moran's car waiting for them. They drove rapidly along the shady roads, over which the arching trees met and mingled. Ferns and foxgloves clothed the wayside with beauty, while the combined odours of honeysuckle, sweet-brier, and meadow fields filled the warm air with refreshing fragrance.

In the gayest temper they rattled over the stony roads; they passed out of the woods; they came within the sound of falling waters. "Poulanass!" cried Sydney. They dashed over a bridge. "Here we are!" she exclaimed. "Nellie! Nellie!" She sprang off the car almost before it stopped, and was clasped in the arms of Nellie, who was watching at the little gate. "My lannuv," cried the old nurse, the tears running down her face, giving her a kiss like a pistol shot. "My lannuv bawn, I thought I'd never lay my eyes on you again."

"Poor Nellie!" said Sydney, kissing her again and again; "I am so glad to see you; come and welcome my best friends, Miss White and Miss L'Estrange."

Nellie advanced, wiping her comely face, and gave them a cordial greeting. She looked searchingly at the young man as he stepped forward. "You are the young lady's brother, sir. Anyone would know ye out of one another, and sure if ye are as good as ye are handsome the world will be the better of ye. Will ye step in, if ye plaze? Father Moran was here this mornin', Miss Sydney, to know was everythin' right before ye; an' he desired me to say he'd be back in the coorse of the evening. He is finely now, thanks be to God an' his Blessed Mother. But aren't you grown the big girl, asthore machree, an' as lively as ever? Come in, *agra*; lave the shawls on the gate, Patsy."

They went into the tiny pleasure-ground, which was in the neatest order. The show of flowers was not so varied as in the old times, but many old fashioned ones still remained: lovely cabbage roses, pinks, sweetwilliams, and lavender. The grass was newly mown, and Poulanass poured down its bright stream, and flung its silver spray upon the air in unchanged brightness. They entered the little sitting-room, where the table was neatly laid for dinner. Sydney led Miss White and Ida to the bedroom, and then followed Nellie to the kitchen, where she was preparing chickens and putting rashers of bacon on the pan. Sydney threw her arms about her and sobbed

bitterly for a few moments. "My poor lannuv, my motherless child," said the old woman, rocking her in her arms. "Hush, asthore, sure tears can't bring her back to us, an' she with the Lord of glory; dhry your eyes, asthore, an' don't lave your company." Sydney wiped away her tears and returned to the sitting-room. Frank L'Estrange was standing at the end window, and turning as she entered, looked earnestly at her tear-stained face. She sat down, her lips quivering, though she tried to steady them. "What is it, Sydney?" he said, taking her hand in his.

"Poor mother," answered Sydney, the tears filling her eyes again; "'tis lonely here without her."

"I am sorry we came here," said he; "we should have gone somewhere else."

"Oh, no," she replied, hastily, crushing back her tears, "I am so happy we came. It is all over now. I won't be sad again. Don't tell them."

The young man turned away, and gazed silently out of the window. Sydney stood up and rearranged the table. Miss White and Ida soon entered. The young hostess helped Nellie to bring in the dinner, and in attending to her guests her melancholy soon vanished.

Later on, Father Moran arrived, and became friendly at once with the strangers. L'Estrange was to sleep at his house, he said; there was no use in hunting up lodgings in the village; he could have a latchkey if he liked, and stay out as long as he wished admiring moonshine. Geniuses were well known to be of disorderly habits, and for his own part he did not mind when people went to bed, supposing they got up like Christians at a reasonable hour.

He and the artist, having been so lately in foreign lands, had many subjects of common interest to discuss. The evening passed away so pleasantly that time slipped by unnoticed until the priest discovered, with a start, that it was after ten o'clock. "Oh, this will never do for me," he said, standing up; "I have to go out to Cannon Island at six o'clock in the morning to say a dead Mass."

"You may as well take your special artist with you," said Frank, "I should like to see a little island life."

"All right, my boy, I'll have you out of the bed at six sharp."

"We must get a boat to bring us all out some day, Father," said Sydney. "Ida is mad on ruins."

"We'll gratify her fancy, my dear," he answered, laughing. "We'll show them to her, ancient and modern. She couldn't go for them to a better locality."

"I prefer the antique," said Ida. "Age is twofold in its action; it adds to and it takes from the beauty of many things. I certainly think it is very desirable in a ruin."

"Except in a human ruin, my dear—eh?" asked Father Moran.

"If a person be really beautiful, age won't destroy it," she replied.

"Right, my dear," said the priest, looking at her with a pleased, grave smile. "Beauty of soul is indestructible, but it is not every eye that looks beneath the surface."

The priest and Frank L'Estrange took their leave, the former having engaged them all to dine with him on Sunday. Miss White soon retired, attended by the girls, who saw her comfortably settled in bed; they then wandered out for a few moments into the quiet night, broken only by the musical sound of falling waters, and the occasional melancholy note of a curlew from the shores of the distant river. Great stars throbbed in the bending heavens, and masses of dark shadows lay almost motionless on the moonlit earth beneath the gently swaying trees. To Ida, accustomed to spend her days in the crowded city, the sense of peace and purity was exquisite. "This is Nature," she said, "her very arms are about me; up to this I but clasped her by the hand."

Sydney fell asleep that night with a feeling of happiness, the pervading one; yet she grieved for the tender mother without whom she had never lain down to rest there before. Father Moran had told her a good deal about the Wyndills; but though she loved them she turned away from the thought of ever having to part with those who were now dearer to her than all the world. The hope of going to the Wyndills had been her mother's hope, not hers. If she could do something at home, something that would make her independent like Ida. But who was like Ida? and—Frank? Well, they would have one happy three weeks anyway, and the good God would take care of her, and not separate her from those she loved.

The halcyon days slipped by, of which they made all possible use, roaming over hill and dale, through glen and greenwood. Sydney was a delighted cicerone, showing the artist every bit of effective landscape and river-view. Father Moran came to them almost every evening, and found Miss White excellent company.

One afternoon he and the three young people went out to one of the islands, where he had a sick call. The sinking sun was throwing its level rays along the shining waters when they were returning. The priest, and Ida who had become a great favourite of his, were engaged in one of their usual serio-comic conversations at one end, while Sydney and the artist sat silent at the other. She had pushed back her hat, and the sun tinging her ruffled golden hair, made what Frank thought an aureole above the face. She was dipping her fingers into the water, making the tiny wavelets break into foam by keeping her hand against the current. He watched her with an expression half sad, half tender, in his eyes. What a picture she would make as she sat thus in beautiful unconsciousness; he should

paint her after that sketch of Geoffrey's, "The Water Spirit beneath Poulanas;" he would ask her to sit to him, though he knew every expression on the innocent face, every line of the girlish form. Was the old painter's fair-haired wife, with whom the world is familiar, as sweet as this pure specimen of budding womanhood?—his wife. It was a musical word. When would *he* win a wife? It would take a few years yet before he could indulge in love; he must shut out all tender thoughts: it was well for him he was so strong. What would be the fate of Sydney? Would those grand friends be kind to her? Would she be married to that early playmate whose name was now so often on her lips? For every place she showed him was associated with memories of Eustace. She would pass out of *his* life by-and-by; she came into it a dove-like apparition, and her departure would leave a little emptiness which would be filled up with occupation and hard work. George Elliott was right, though: "Life is a difficult thing." But "sufficient for the day." The present was his to enjoy.

They landed at the little pier, and walked on gaily to the Hut. The hall-door was rarely closed, and just as they reached it the door of the sitting-room was flung open, and a young man caught Sydney in his arms.

"O Eustace!" she cried, clinging to him, "Eustace; when did you come?"

"Half an hour ago," he answered. "My darling Syd, how glad I am to see you. There was a panic abroad on account of you; we thought you were lost. And, dear Father Moran, how is every robe's length of you?"

"Well, my boy," said Father Moran, as they shook hands warmly, "and right glad to see you."

"Won't you introduce me to your friends, Syd? They must be mine for taking such care of you." He shook hands with them cordially, and turned to get another look at Ida's face. "And Sydney actually grown a young woman," he continued, taking her hands and holding her at arm's length, "and not a bad looking one either, faith. Wouldn't think of an undignified scamper at all now, I suppose?"

"Indeed I'll never be dignified," said Sydney, clasping both hands on his arm. "But, tell me, how is Mrs. Wyndill and Mr. Wyndill and the children?"

"They are right well: Winnie is not very strong, though, and they are to come here before Christmas. I have six months' leave; so we shall be happy as birds when Winnie is back. She will never be able to thank your kind friends."

"Miss White won't allow you to thank her," said Ida; "it was a happiness to her to have Sydney with her." She and Frank went in-doors, and left Sydney, Father Moran, and Eustace together.

A sudden sadness fell upon them as they sat in the parlour. "I

wish he stayed away for the next fortnight," said Ida; "he has ruined our holidays. What will we do after Sydney, mammy?"

"My dear, she is not gone at all yet; we shall have her to ourselves for months to come. Don't be cast down, darling, and spoil the present by anticipating the future. I like that Mr. M'Mahon;—he seems to be a good-hearted young man."

In a few moments Sydney and her companions entered, and Nellie brought in the tea. Eustace was in the most exuberant spirits; talk of his experiences abroad, the native peculiarities, his voyage home, and his hunt for Sydney in Dublin.

"Carrie is a wonderful woman for knowing nothing," said he; "only for a momentary inspiration which put Mrs. Barry into my head, there would be an advertisement in the *Freeman* now, offering a reward for you, Syd."

"You had left before Winnie got our last letters," said Father Moran; "so, of course, you knew nothing of her whereabouts."

"Not a word, till Mrs. Barry told me everything. Poor Syd had a hard time of it, and it is not everyone happens to find such friends in need. Well, 'tis past now, Sydney: those dark days of yours are over; a happy future will blot them out of your memory."

"I shall never be happier than I have been since Miss White took me in," said Sydney, putting her hand under the arm of the little lady, beside whom she was sitting, "I couldn't be."

"And I over the water!" Eustace replied, laughing joyously; "I don't believe a word of it. Do you, Father Moran?"

"But 'tis lovely to have you come while we are here, Eustace," she said, after joining in his laugh, "it will be like old times to me."

The artist got up, murmuring something about the brightness of the night.

"I say, L'Estrange, don't fill your pipe awhile, taking a shabby advantage of me," called out Eustace; "I shall join you presently. Where shall we go to-morrow?" he continued, turning to the girls;—"choose, Miss L'Estrange."

"Every place is new to me," she answered; "I have no will of my own for the present."

"Is that amiable negative mood your usual one?" he asked.

"I fear not," she replied, with one of her rare smiles; "I have very decided likes and dialikes. Where would you like to go, Sydney?"

"I'm sure Eustace wishes to go see Mrs. Gale," said Sydney. "That is an old habit of his, asking you politely what you would wish to do, but he could get you to do as he liked in the end."

"Was I not right, Miss L'Estrange?" answered Eustace. "A man must be masterful or he will be disregarded. If I did not rule Sydney, but allowed her to have her own way, she would not adore me as she does. How would you like to be subjugated?"

"Very badly, Mr. M'Mahon; I'm not at all of a soft temperament. My instinct is to rule also. But what about Rathmoylan?"

"I must go see my old friend Mrs. Gale, certainly, and I think a woodland walk would greatly refresh my exhausted energies. Don't I look pale and worn, Syd?"

"Pale!" answered Sydney, "why, you are as brown as Ida's hat, and, indeed, you are not worn; you have grown quite fat."

"Fat!" he repeated; "what a word to use in connection with my appearance; little girls like you never know what constitutes a good-looking fellow; but, really, I have been worked to death in the office, Miss L'Estrange," he went on pathetically, "had to keep a handy black to tie wet towels round my pallid brow. You can fancy how I will relish country rambles."

"You but play at work," she replied, shaking her head; "you cannot enjoy holidays as we do."

"Who are 'we'?" he asked.

"Well, I myself, for instance."

"And what great work do you achieve? Wax flowers, Berlin wool, fender stools, point-lace, antimacassars?"

"No," she said, "nothing so delicate. I am a teacher."

"A teacher of what?"

"A teacher of music," she answered, "I earn my bread by it."

For a moment he looked confounded; but a question from Father Moran did away with the necessity for making any remark on Ida's calm disclosure of her employment.

Shakspeare says, "it is a bitter thing to look at happiness through other people's eyes;" and Frank L'Estrange, as he walked up and down in the moonlight, though he did not advert to the poet's comment on the emotion, felt a good deal of its bitterness. It is by contrast we measure most things, and poverty has not at all so deformed an appearance until it is placed in juxtaposition with plenty. We become conscious of our worn coat, the little piece on our boot, the meanness of sparing sixpence, and the unutterable beauty of prosperity, when we are thrown into the company of one, dowered with no better blood or brains, whose tailor does him justice, who pulls out a handful of sovereigns and silver to give a shilling to a beggar, and who has power to possess himself of those lawful happinesses, whose unattainable sweetness is but to us like the fabled draught of Tantalus.

The artist walked on to the bridge and laid his folded arms on it. There was no use in hiding it any longer from himself; he loved Sidney. Poverty ruled their destinies; it brought them together, and it would separate them. He would enter the lists with Eustace, and try to win her if he had a home to offer her; but he had no home, and he should suffer in silence, and see her taken away by this fortu-

nate stranger, who did not even recognise any pain or difficulty in her giving up those friends who had stood to her in her sorest need. And had he but the means, he might have won her love. She cared for him in her frank, girlish way; half for himself, half because he was Ida's brother; but the chance was lost; it was one of the missed happinesses of life, his place was taken by her old companion, who would absorb all her attention.

Where was all his boasted strength? Had the fair face of a girl so unmanned him, making havoc of his peace of mind; and his calm resolutions to avoid sentiment till he could afford to indulge it, coming like a haunting dream between him and those artistic visions that now seemed vague and unsatisfying? Well, he had only to crush down this strange hunger of the heart, and keep his folly to himself. He would go away; he could not bear the next month, if this new element remained to embitter it; and evidently he intended remaining. He would find some excuse and go away. It was now Thursday, he would be off on Saturday, and forget his brief delirium in his beloved art and its attendant hard work. Braced up by his sensible resolves, he returned to the Hut, and the laughing voices as he approached it made him realise more thoroughly how little he was missed, or necessary to anyone, but his sister.

"I don't find any ungodly odour, L'Estrange," said Eustace, "which gives an impetus to my faith in man."

"Give impetus to your legs now, my dear boy," remarked Father Moran; "'tis after ten. Are you sure you are comfortable at Castleishen, Eustace?"

"Perfectly, my dear sir. We are bound for Rathmoylan, to-morrow, L'Estrange, so be up to time. Sydney may be thankful if she hasn't me down before breakfast; but perhaps, I may lessen my value by being too agreeable; better for me look you up at Father Moran's, L'Estrange; we'll hunt in couples and be able for them. Good-night, Miss White: I hope we have not kept you up too long; good-night, Miss L'Estrange: we shall renew that remarkable argument of ours to-morrow; good-by, Syd: you have grown too big to be kissed, I suppose, except in tragic moments of exits and entrances. I rather like tragic moments, don't you, L'Estrange?"

"If you haven't sense, my poor boy, can't you pretend you have it, for the sake of your family?" said Father Moran.

"By Jove, I didn't think you were listening, sir; my little confession was meant for an aside. Have a cigar, L'Estrange; it intensifies the beauty and pathos of moonlight. Who has a match? I shall go in to Nellie. By George, Nellie, that's a fire to gladden the blue cold nose of the Last Minstrel. I am sorry I didn't bring you home a black husband; you'd keep him as hot as a pie."

"*Iyeh fatha ga tho,*" answered Nellie. "I never had much mind

for a white husband, not to talk of a black one. The Lord save us from sin; sure 'tis the devil I'd think I had alongside me. Does there be any black ladies, Mr. Eustace?"

"Lots of them, woman:—splendid girls. You couldn't put such a polish on your boots as they have on their soft cheeks. I'll bring home one of them some fine day, and any amount of tin, Nellie."

"Yerra what tin," said Nellie, in a tone of great disgust; "lave her beyant, for God's sake: Is it to have children running about you like black *bonnus*. I'd be afraid to rear them, faith."

"For the sake of posterity I'll be cautious," said Eustace, laughing merrily;—"but the money is a temptation, Nellie."

Father Moran and the two young men departed: the girls standing at the hall-door, could hear the gay voice of Eustace as they went down the road.

"How do you like him, Ida?" asked Sydney; "did I exaggerate?"

"No," answered Ida; "he is a nice fellow, and one whom it is easy to see the world went smoothly with." She sighed, for she thought of the precarious livelihood of her hard-worked brother, and secretly wished he had such well-made clothes as Mr. M'Mahon.

The next morning the four young people walked off to Rathmoylan. Miss White usually remained at home, where she was quite happy, sitting outside the door knitting her quilt, talking to Nellie and all the countrywomen who came to see Sydney. It was true for that sagacious young housekeeper their expenses at the Hut were very trifling. They got eggs, butter and fowl from every quarter, and Father Moran's housekeeper had long and frequent consultations with Nellie which usually resulted in something pleasantly tangible.

Frank L'Estrange made various attempts to assert his independence by taking lodgings in the village, but he was pooh-poohed by Father Moran, and made Sydney so unhappy he resigned the idea. He then had a secret interview with Miss White, who faithfully promised that he would be allowed to pay for everything that had to be bought, and so the first ten days passed by.

The walking party wended their way to the forest. Frank lingered for a moment to pluck a hart's tongue fern he saw beneath the hedge. Sydney looked back and then waited for him.

"I shall show you better ones later on," she said; "they are beautiful near the Druid's altar. Did you not notice them the last day?"

"Yes, there are a number of them about here, they look better among ferns of a different class than by themselves."

"I wish we could go up to Black Head," said Sydney; "the drive 'round it is splendid, and such a place for wild flowers: but Eustace is to bring us across the river on Monday you know."

"I fear I shall not be able to go with you," he answered. "I am thinking of going away to-morrow."

Sydney put out her hand, with a pretty gesture she used when startled, as if she were pushing something from her. "Going away," she repeated, looking at him in blank amazement.

"I am growing too idle," he said, with a forced laugh, "and that would never do;—would it?"

"You are not serious," she answered; "you are not thinking of going?"

"Yes, I am. What matter does it make whether I go or stay," he said, a little bitterly; "you can enjoy yourselves without me."

"No, we cannot," she replied; "it will destroy everything. Ida will be utterly disappointed. Ah, don't go, for pity sake."

"But you won't want me," he said; "Mr. M'Mahon will take my place as squire of dames. I would not go if I were necessary."

"You are necessary, indeed you are; we would not have the least pleasure; not the least;—and we looking forward to a whole month yet."

"Is not your old friend enough for you, Sydney, for the present? You would not miss a new one. Would you?"

"Surely I would;—my new friends are more to me than anyone in the world," she answered, passing her fingers over her lashes; "though, indeed, I am fond of Eustace and the Wyndills."

"And if the new friends care for you too much, won't it be hard on them when you go away, don't you think?"

"It will be harder on me," she answered. "I try not to think of it. If I could only do something like Ida; but I am good for nothing."

"Ah, you foolish little maid! you must always have someone to work for you, and take care you don't get lost."—His voice had taken a more cheerful tone. "But what would Mr. M'Mahon say if he knew he wasn't sufficient for you? I imagined you would be playing Juliet to his Romeo."

"With Eustace!" she cried, with a blush and a laugh;—"what an idea! We will never care for each other in *that* way. But say you won't go?"

"What am I to do? Obey you or my conscience, Sydney."

"Ah, me, for this once, and conscience has nothing to do with it. Let us be happy this one little month;—don't go till we all go."

She lifted her eyes in mute entreaty, and Frank's prudential resolves, self-abnegation, and consciousness of circumstances melted away. He would remain: he would win her;—she would wait for him for a few years till fortune enabled him to marry. He was always eloquent on the imprudence of engagements, and the folly of a man asking a girl to have him until he was in a position to enter the holy state of matrimony; now the matter stood in an altered light, and he looked on the position of two faithful hearts, loving, trusting, and

waiting till time permitted their union, as a most felicitous arrangement. Why should he scruple to take her from the Wyndills?—she was in no wise necessary to the happiness of their lives, as she was to his. It was impossible they could love and cherish her as he would. And for herself: would it not be better after all for her to link her fate with his than to remain dependent on friends, or marry someone else who might not love her so tenderly? If he only could succeed and get enough of work! Well, let time decide—and Sydney. His gloom and discontent vanished. They quickened their pace, which had unconsciously slackened, and joined Eustace and Ida, who were evidently enjoying themselves if merry voices and laughter could be taken as a proof of the fact.

(To be continued.)

THE WIDOW OF NAIM.*

FORTH from the city gate of Naim,
 A sombre throng of mourners came;
 For a widow was reft of her only son,
 And the multitude wept with the childless one.
 Oh, the mystic might of the mother's prayer!
 Her son is gone—her God is there!
 Lo! sacred tears refulgent shine
 'Neath the brow of pitying Love Divine,
 And the Word yet speaketh: "Young man, arise!"
 As light leaps forth from the stony eyes,
 And the bosom heaves with refluxing breath
 At the voice of the Lord of life and death!

As He hung on the all-redeeming Tree,
 He gave me, O Mary! as son to thee;
 O Mother! weep o'er my sin and shame,
 Weep o'er thy lost child as she of Naim;
 And thy God in pity shall sure restore
 Life to my sinful soul once more.

* See Luke vii., the Gospel of the Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost, which was this year the feast of the Name of Mary.

NEW BOOKS.

The Poems of Denis Florence Mac Carthy. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1882.)

WE place this volume in front of all our book-notices, that it may be the more sure to catch the eye of even the careless reader. It contains substantially the whole of the original poetry of our lost Poet Laureate, and it has wisely been brought out in a very cheap, though pleasing form, under the auspices of the Committee established for securing a fitting memorial of the poet. We trust that all our readers will at once possess themselves of this exquisite collection, and that none of them, after reading it, will fail to forward the Memorial by at least one subscription—if not their own, that of their parents or others whom they may be able to influence.

The poet's eldest son, Mr. John MacCarthy, has edited the volume with consummate taste and skill, and with a carefulness and ripeness of knowledge which no other could bring to the task. We wish he had allotted at least twice as much space to the biographical introduction, which, with characteristic modesty he merely calls a preface. But, no doubt he is right in reserving his strength, and will give us more hereafter of the life and correspondence of his amiable and gifted father.

Nothing is further from our idea at present than to enter into any criticism of Mr. MacCarthy's poems. Our loving annotations upon some of them we reserve for another time. But would not most poets fare better with the general public if for the benefit of the *profanum vulgus*, who are too hurried and too unsympathetic to find out the best for themselves, a selection were made of the poet's best—say a baker's dozen of his choicest poems? What would be Wordsworth's twelve or Moore's twelve? We dare to name as our favourites among the Poems of Denis Florence Mac Carthy, "Waiting for the May," "The Bridal of the Year," "The Spirit of the Snow," "To the Bay of Dublin," "Not Known," "The Vale of Shanganagh," "A Lament," "A Shamrock from the Irish Shore," "Kate of Kenmare," and "The Irish Emigrant's Mother." Anyone who reads these, and who completes our dozen with two of the longer poems, "Alice and Una," and "The Bell Founder," will love and admire Denis Florence Mac Carthy as one of the sweetest and truest poets of our time and race.

II. *The Way of Religious Perfection in the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola; or, Meditations and Lectures for a Retreat of eight or ten days, for the Members of Religious Orders.* By the Rev. JOHN CURTIS, S.J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.)

Nonum prematur in annum seems a cruel edict to the youth who has his first work ready for the press. Keep it back for nine years more!

How will the world be able to get on so long without it? Later on in life a space of nine years does not appear so formidable a delay. Father Curtis has obeyed the Horatian precept, perhaps five times over. The present work is the fruit of his vast experience as the guide of religious souls during much more than half a century. It is an invaluable addition to the ascetic literature of the English language, and will, we have no doubt, be studied assiduously by many generations, especially of the religious sisterhoods of Ireland. For to nearly all of these Father Curtis might have dedicated it in the words that have just been addressed by Bishop Ullathorne to the English Dominicanesses: "Having watched over your congregation from its cradle, having also co-operated with its holy Foundress in its formation and expansion, I have desired to complete this book, and to place it in your hands as some token of my paternal affection, as some memorial of my solicitude for your solid instruction, which your filial gratitude may pass on to the generations that come after you."

For those of our readers who are familiar with the order of spiritual exercises in a full retreat of eight or ten days no analysis is needed of the contents of this volume. A glance at the very clearly arranged table of contents will show that no subject of importance has been overlooked; and a glance over some of the meditations or considerations will show the fulness, order, solidity, and unction with which every subject is treated. The large and bold type, and the excellent paper and binding, contribute to the practical utility of the work.

Complevit labores ejus is one of the benedictions of the just man. The venerable author of this Spiritual Retreat has been allowed to "complete his work," not prematurely or with undue haste; and its fruitfulness is sure to be all the more lasting. It is a transcendent grace to have any share in the holiest hours of the holiest lifetimes.

III. *The Foray of Queen Maeve, and other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age.* By AUBREY DE VERE. (London: O. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. 1882.)

WE merely transcribe this title-page here for the purpose of keeping it before our readers' notice and our own. The November issue of this Magazine will contain an extended review of Mr. de Vere's latest and not least noble contribution to our poetical literature. As these legends are drawn from times earlier than the "Legends of St. Patrick," there is scope for the display of only two of the "fidelities" signalled by Father Ryder in dedicating his recent exquisite volume to "one whose life has been a happy blending of fidelities to his Church, his country, and his muse."

IV. *The Groundwork of the Christian Virtues. A Course of Lectures.*
By BISHOP ULLATHORNE. (London: Burns & Oates. 1882.)

EVEN when we have studied this splendid octavo, we shall hardly feel ourselves justified in presuming to offer any criticism or recommendation beyond the most superficial description of its contents. It is the stateliest tome that has issued from the Catholic press since "Christian Schools and Scholars," and there is a closer connection between these two works than an external family likeness, for no doubt with the names of Hedelitha and Margaret and Imelda, another name would be linked in the bishop's very graceful dedication, but for the sacred prohibition, *ne laudes hominem in vita sua*. *Homo* is not confined to one gender, but includes the author of "Songs in the Night." When we mention that the volume consists of five hundred of the largest octavo pages, and that the printing, which is simply perfect in its clearness and finish, is not of that style which gives as little matter as possible on a page, but rather the largest amount that is agreeably readable, it will be easy to conjecture the depth and amplitude with which all the questions are discussed relating to the nature and practice of true Christian humility. Our gratitude is due to the venerable Bishop of Birmingham for giving us permanently in this book the ripened fruit of years of deep meditation, wide study, and fervent prayer.

IV. *Uncle Pat's Cabin; or, Life among the Agricultural Labourers of Ireland.* By W. C. URROX. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.)

THIS book is not likely to attain as wide a circulation as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It puts forward in a striking way some important facts about the actual condition of certain classes of Irishmen, and makes many suggestions which our legislators would do well to take into consideration. It goes too deeply into contemporary politics to be safely criticised here; and so does the conclusion of a penny "Catechism of Irish History," published by Mr. John Denvir of Liverpool.

V. *The Granville Reading Book.* Fourth Standard. (London: Burns & Oates.)

WE have a bitter complaint to make against the compiler of this excellent selection. There are many touches of good taste and ingenuity, as where he appends to the passage from Dickens about poor little Paul Dombey at the seaside, Glover's duet, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" which is prettier than most songs of the sort. How, then, has the compiler incurred our displeasure? For his cruelty and injustice in suppressing the names of all the writers. Is it fair to the amiable memory of Longfellow that the young students of this "Granville Reading Book" should peruse here his "Children's Hour" without seeing his name at the end of it, or getting any oppor-

tunity of saying "what a good heart Longfellow had!" Some pieces must remain anonymous, but why should anonymity spread its shroud over every piece of verse and prose in the "Granville Reading Book?" There is a tradition coming down from a remote antiquity that the present reviewer, *etatis* five or six, was present at a discussion in which the disputants pleaded the cause, each of his or her favourite poet, when suddenly a sturdy little critic (not cricket) spoke up from his seat on the hearthrug and said that *his* favourite was the poet Anon—which word he accented on the first syllable, and took for an ordinary surname, like Scott or Moore. But now that he is "twenty-three years old and upwards," as discreet spinsters swear in affidavits, he objects vehemently to his old friend Mr. Anon filching from the Rev. Charles Kingsley the great credit of having written "The Sands of Dee"—to which such a charming little picture calls attention. The illustrations in this shilling Reading Book are very good.

VI. *Priest and Poet, and other Poems.* By J. D. LYNCH. (Dublin: James Duffy & Sons.)

WE think that it is of these poems we before expressed this opinion, that the choice of themes, rather than the treatment of them, showed the writer to possess a poetical temperament. The diction and rhythm seem to us to be often more than faulty. The poem to which the most prominence is assigned is in a stanza which would be musical if the third line rhymed with the first. As it is, the ear is disappointed every time. Such technical errors spoil the majority of the pieces. Sometimes Mr. Lynch dispenses with rhyme altogether, even in lyrical pieces, and it speaks well for the poetical turn of his thoughts that the result is not much worse than it is. The distinctly religious seem to us the best. We had marked for quotation "The Eucharist" and "A Visit," and the sonnets to the newly beatified mendicant, Benedict Joseph Labre. The promise held out by this volume must be partly measured by the age of the writer and other circumstances in which it is produced.

VII. *The Life and Times of the Most Rev. John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam.* By the Very Rev. U. J. CANON BOURKE, P.P., M.R.I.A. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.)

THE subject, the author, and the price of this biography—only a shilling—are enough to win for it the patronage of our readers, even if we do not hereafter (as we hope) devote more of our space to this long and useful career. Canon Bourke has overlooked a most eloquent tribute paid to the great Archbishop of the West by Thomas Francis Meagher in one of his American speeches.

VIII. *Life of the Good Thief.* From the French of MGR. GAUME. Done into English by M. DE LISLE. (London: Burns & Oates. 1882.)

OUR wonder at seeing two hundred and fifty compactly, though very

readably, printed pages devoted to the Good Thief, whose story in the Gospel occupies only a few lines, is diminished when we perceive that Monsignor Gaume discusses a great many other subjects connected with the Passion of our Divine Lord. The translation is extremely well executed, and we wish, indeed, that all this skill and care had been expended on works still more worthy of them, such as the learned apologetical works of M. Auguste Nicolas.

IX. *Ave Maria ; or, Catsby's Story.* By the Rev. FRANCIS DREW. (London: R. Washbourne. 1882.)

THIS is called "a story for children," but that description would lead one to expect something more childish than is here served up to us. Though each of the "Little Books of St. Nicholas" is complete in itself, the present one is the sequel of "Credo," and it is itself on its last page left in such a state that the broken thread of the narrative may be taken up in another of these diminutive volumes, like the end house in an unfinished street. It is pleasantly written; but is there enough of incident to interest the sort of boys for whom alone it can be intended?

X. *The Golden Thought of Queen Beryl, and other Stories.* By MARIE CAMERON. (London: Washbourne.)

THE "other stories" are "The Rod that bore Blossoms," "Patience and Impatience," and "The Brother's Grave." They are neatly and brightly written, and got out in that attractive way which is common to all Mr. Washbourne's story-books.

XI. *The History of the Blessed Virgin Mary.* Translated from the French of the Abbé Orsini. By the Very Rev. F. C. HUSENBETH, D.D., V.G., Provost of Northampton. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.)

THIS is a new edition, with eight excellent full-page illustrations after famous paintings, of the learned and devout work which the late Dr. Husenbeth translated. Every point connected with the history and dignity of the Blessed Virgin is adequately discussed in the text or in the notes.

XII. *Enchiridion Clericorum: being a Rule of Life for Ecclesiastics.* By the Author of "Programmes of Sermons and Instructions." (Dublin: Browne and Nolan. 1882.)

THIS "Clerical Manual" contains very minute and practical instructions for priests with regard to "their principal obligations, in reference to their sacred ministry and their own sanctification, as also their intercourse with the world, including an Examination of Conscience for Retreats." It will be of immense utility, especially to young and inexperienced priests; but indeed there is no priest who

can read without great profit and edification any part of this work, and especially the sixty pages of minute practical questions which make up the "Examination of Conscience in a Retreat." It can, of course, be supplied to priests only, and we counsel any ecclesiastic under whose eye this notice may fall to procure a copy. As a matter of symmetry, it is a pity that sixty pages of appendix are added, which properly belong to a distinct work, "Programmes of Sermons and Instructions." But there is less inconvenience in this addition, as the eight works by the same author may be considered as one series. Though that author suppresses his name, we venture to congratulate the Vincentian Father MacNamara, Rector of the Irish College at Paris, on being allowed to contribute so effectively to the sanctification of many generations of priestly souls.

XIII. *Mary Beatrice; or, Discrowned and Crowned.* By a SISTER OF MERCY. (New Orleans. 1882.)

AMPLE as was the catalogue we furnished last month of the writings of "An Irish-American Nun," we left unnamed some of the publications of Mother Austin Carroll of New Orleans. Besides another volume of stories "By the Seaside," she has composed for convent schools three little historical dramas, the one named above, along with "Marie Antoinette," and "Three Scenes from the Life of Mary Queen of Scots." In this context we may name with praise, as we are not sure we named it before, "Mercy's Conquest," a tiny play by Annie Allen. (London: Burns & Oates.) A sample of a higher class of convent-play comes from Australia, though published by the Dublin firm of James Duffy and Sons. The beauty and vigour of "Aleilat" will not surprise those who know that its author is the Rev. William Kelly, S.J.

XIV. *Arts and Industries in Ireland.* By S. A. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.)

UNDER this common heading are grouped a sketch of the life and works of the sculptor of the O'Connell Monument, John Henry Foley, R.A. and "Irish Wool and Woollens, passages from the history of the staple trade." The first sketch, with which our readers are partially acquainted, contains in its perfected form chapters on the artist's bequest to Ireland, on his youth and early studies, first triumphs, fame assured, the sculptor in his studio, the sculptor in his home, and then his last works and last days. This is the first adequate account of the career of the great Irish sculptor, whose last achievement is the O'Connell Monument, not even yet completed, but manifestly worthy of being even Foley's last. The materials of this biography were not before in print, but have been gathered laboriously by "S. A.," by inquiries from the sculptor's relatives and every other available source of information. The skill with which these materials are used is only

equalled by the industry which collected them. It is a brilliant and thoroughly satisfactory biographical sketch.'

Almost more original and more interesting is the second part of this work, giving the curious and eventful story of the woollen manufactures of Ireland. This is not one of those apparently erudite essays, of which the erudition can be cheaply got up from a few encyclopædias and old magazines; it is the fruits of researches in out-of-the-way sources, which only skilled industry, sustained by a tranquil enthusiasm, could have patience to explore. Half a sentence may be the result of much study and a careful collation of authorities. The clearness and elegance of the style in which the facts are set forth would be admirable even in one who had the facts ready to hand and had nothing else to attend to but the way of using them. When we recollect that the same writer has given us the *Life of Mrs. Aikenhead*, the Foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity, and much other good work which the modesty of true merit has sternly kept anonymous, we can partly understand the obligations that Irish literature lies under to "S. A.," and our regret increases that we are only allowed to offer our gratitude to a pair of initials.

ALICE TREHERNE.

BY MRS. FRANK PENTRILL.

I.

IT was May at Hampton Court, and among the trees the birds made the sweetest concert, while the tall chestnuts were bowing their powdered heads and murmuring to each other. "It is like an old court ball," said Alice Treherne, to whom all things were fresh and beautiful. "Yes," answered her companion; "and see, the buttercups are the Cinderellas, who have come to take a peep." So, laughing, they passed on under the trees, and were followed by another couple, older and sadder.

"I hope she will be happy," said gentle Lady Walston to her husband.

"Happy!" repeated he, impatiently; "how can she help it?—Gordon is rich, young, handsome."

"But their opinions, their tastes."

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders. "Child's nonsense,"

said he, and struck a daisy with his stick, while his wife stooped to gather a little flower which his foot had almost crushed.

An hour later Sir Henry and Lady Walston had taken refuge from the sun, and were sitting among the pictures, but Alice and Mr. Gordon still stood beneath the trees, though now they laughed no longer; but she, with pale face and downcast eyes, listened to his words.

"Cannot you trust me?" he was saying; "cannot you think that Sir Henry, that your aunt, that I know better than you? Are we all wrong, and you alone right?"

"I would gladly yield, if I might; but I cannot sell my soul, even for happiness," answered Alice.

"Then you do not really love me," cried the young man, and his eyes shone like steel, and his mouth grew hard and stern.

Did she not love him? Would she not have given up for his sake wealth, position, all life's pleasures, everything but her father's faith? Ah, willingly she would, but she only said with a sigh, "It is impossible."

The drive home was very silent, and after the formal dinner, at which Mr. Gordon did not appear, Alice went up at once to her room. Her old nurse saw that something had grieved her; so, with a murmured "God bless my darling," she left her alone, and then Alice sat a long time in the silence, while the moon and the trees made fantastic shadows on the walls, and as she watched them her life seemed to pass before her.

She saw first a pretty cottage, where she roamed among the flowers, or in the twilight sat at the open window and listened to her mother singing some simple litany in which her baby voice could join. Then she heard in the hall the voices of angry men; she saw the servants' scared faces; her father was holding her to his heart, and whispering words of farewell and of hope.

Another scene. This time it is a London lodging, and on a wretched bed her mother is lying; by her side sits Sir Henry, his face softened by sorrow: for he is listening to the last words of his only sister.

"My child has but you in the world," says poor Mrs. Treherne; "and yet, if I thought she would cease to be a Catholic, I would rather trust her to the charity of some asylum of our Church."

"Do not fear," answers Sir Henry; "I will not tamper with her faith. In all else she shall be my daughter, in that she shall be free."

"Will you send her to a convent? Will you promise?"

"Yes."

"And her nurse, faithful Norah, whose love for her is next to mine?"

"She shall always stay with us; she shall have charge of the child."

Sir Henry's voice is trembling; he is thinking that there is no love like that between brother and sister, that love which, beginning in a cradle, ends only in the grave, and yet his only sister is dying in poverty, and he has done nothing to save her. He did not know, he did not think it was as bad as this, but he will make amends to her daughter. The dying woman seems to guess his thoughts; the anxious look fades out of her face; she places her child's hand within her brother's, and smiles on them both.

Then come the years of convent life, the gentle nuns, the merry school friends, the sweet monotony of work and play and prayer, and over all hangs that peaceful charm which convent girls never forget.

Now it is the London season; Alice is at her first ball, and by her side stands Mr. Gordon, handsome and devoted. And now again it is morning at Hampton Court, and he is speaking of his love. "You shall be my queen," he says, "my queen for ever, only give up that silly superstition, or at least conform exteriorly to the rites of my church. Conviction will come later; it cannot fail."

II.

WEEKS passed, but Mr. Gordon came no more to the house at Kensington Gore. Lady Walston, who had never held an opinion in her life, looked with half-admiring eyes at the young rebel; but Sir Henry was by turns stern and irritable—for he had been thwarted in the dearest hope of his life. Hitherto he had looked on Alice's Catholicity as a pretty superstition to be smiled at and tolerated. What mattered it to him that she stole out with old Norah to early Mass, since her bright face was always ready to welcome him at the breakfast-table? As he often remarked to his wife, their little Popish niece was sweeter and more dutiful than any other girl they knew. But now it was quite different; for Mr. Gordon refused to marry a Catholic, and that Alice should be his wife had been Sir Henry's dream for years. To Mr. Gordon, who was his cousin, the baronetcy and estate would pass at his death, and he had always planned that Alice should then reign at the old house in Shropshire. But now that all his wishes seemed about to be realised, now that love itself was playing into his hands, was it to be borne that a silly question of theology should spoil everything? Of course, Gordon was as foolish, and more exacting than Alice; but, then, Gordon was a self-willed man, with whom it was useless to contend—a Scotchman, with all a Scotchman's prejudices—whereas his niece was a child, a mere baby. It was thus

that Sir Henry communed with himself, as he walked up and down among the chairs and ottomans, while Alice sat by the window and watched the fading of the summer twilight.

It was the feast of Saint Aloysius, and the poor girl was thinking, with vague envy, of the boy saint, and of that peaceful Roman novitiate from which the world seems so entirely shut out, and where one fancies that even temptation must be silent, hushed by the holy calm. Suddenly she was startled out of her reverie by seeing that her uncle had stopped in his walk, and was standing before her.

"No one," he said, abruptly, "no one can say that I have not fulfilled my promise to your poor mother. You have had exactly the training that Catholic parents would have given you; but you are now nineteen, my task is over, and it is time you took on yourself the responsibility of a choice. It has pleased you to refuse Mr. Gordon, though my heart was set on the marriage. But it is not of that I wish to speak this evening;—it is of your father, whose reckless folly——"

He was interrupted by Lady Walston's gentle voice. "My dear," she said, reprovingly, and Sir Henry grew red, coughed, and then continued more calmly:

"Your father, Mr. Treherne, who knew nothing of business, became the dupe of swindlers, who involved him in their affairs, and then fled the country, leaving him responsible. The debts amounted to ten thousand pounds, and the angry creditors threw him into prison. You have often questioned me regarding your father, and you have been told that he was away, but that some day, perhaps, he would return. Yet all this time he has been living near you—in London—in the Fleet Prison."

"In prison!" repeated poor Alice;—"in prison!" and with bitter grief she added: "He has but me in the world, and I have not been allowed to see him."

"It was your father's desire," continued Sir Henry, "that you should know nothing of his fate. You were so young when it all happened that he thought you would forget him, and he did not wish to embitter your life by the knowledge of his misery; but he has had news of you constantly; and now, if you will, it is in your power, not only to see him, but to make him a free man. Ten thousand pounds is a large sum, and I have been years saving it for your dowry; but Gordon is rich, and willing to give up the money. Only conform to our wishes, and you yourself shall fetch your father from prison: say, my child, shall it be so?" asked Sir Henry, looking eagerly at his niece; for it had cost him many a struggle with his prudence and his conscience to resolve on such a bribe, and now he was all anxiety for the result.

"Let me go to my father to-morrow, to-morrow morning early," said Alice, between her tears.

"That's my own sensible girl," exclaimed Sir Henry, who took her words for consent, and, with a parting kiss, left her to the tender ministrations of her aunt.

III.

By nine o'clock Alice was driving through the city streets, with her uncle and Norah. "I think we will get out and walk," remarked Sir Henry, as they approached the Fleet prison; and when the gloomy building was in sight he stopped and hesitated. Perhaps it was only a man's inherent dislike to a scene, perhaps some other motive, that made him say: "You will naturally like to see your father alone; I'll join you in an hour," and he wandered away into the gloomy streets, while Alice and Norah entered the prison together. The man who received them forbore to tell the trembling girl to lift her veil, and ushered them, with more respect than usual, into Mr. Treherne's room. "This is it, Miss," he said, and closed the door behind him, leaving Alice standing in utter bewilderment. She looked in vain for the father whose loved face still dwelt in her memory; she only saw an old man, who sat propped up by pillows; an old man whose pale face was framed by long, white hair.

He, too, was confused for a moment; but, seeing Norah, the truth flashed on him, and, stretching forth his trembling hands, he cried: "My child! my darling!"

In an instant Alice was in his arms, and then they stood gazing at each other, with hearts too full for words. How pale he was—how thin his hands—how faded the light of his eyes! And yet, what peace shone through all the suffering in his face! And the room!—how shabby and comfortless it looked—how different to her uncle's house;—but everywhere in it she saw tokens of her father's love. Near the hearth was the first kettleholder she had made for her nurse; in the place of honour, on the rickety table, lay one of those bead mats of which school girls are so fond; several of her drawings hung where the light could best fall upon them, and, near the bed, there was a long row of her portraits: a little black profile, a rough sketch made by some convent Raphael, several faded daguerreotypes, and the photograph taken only a few weeks ago. Alice, as she looked at them, understood why her nurse was always so eager to secure such things, and who the friend was to whom the faithful creature so often paid mysterious visits.

And now there came a knock at the door, and the doctor entered. He was a rough, good-natured man, the self-constituted physician of his fellow-prisoners, and their most patient nurse; but neither Alice's beauty, nor her gentle bearing, could win one kindly glance from him;

for it had been whispered in the prison that Mr. Treherne had a daughter rich and happy, and this, no doubt, was the heartless girl.

"Is my father better?" asked Alice, as the doctor was leaving the room.

"No," answered he, gruffly; "nor likely to be in such a place as this."

"Can nothing be done to cure him? What is he suffering from?"

"What is he suffering from?" repeated the doctor, angrily, "he is suffering from want of air, and sunshine, and happiness. I think, young lady, that if you were shut up here for six months you would know what that means;" and he went away, slamming the door and muttering to himself.

"Oh, my father, you shall not die!" cried Alice, throwing herself at Mr. Trehern's feet. "I can save you—I will save you!" and, in broken words, she told him of Mr. Gordon's love, and of her uncle's offer.

Her father heard her in silence, and then said, very earnestly: "Can you think that I would accept liberty on such terms? that I would buy a few years of freedom with your eternal slavery? My child, listen to me, and when you are tempted remember my words. If, from any motive, you forsook your faith, I would never see you, never speak to you again; and when I died you would know that you had broken your father's heart. But I have no such fear," he added, laying his hand tenderly on her bowed head; "my child will fight the good fight, and win the victory."

While he was still speaking Sir Henry entered the room. He came forward, with beaming face, expecting the warmest welcome, but Mr. Treherne waved back his proffered hand. "Is it thus," he said, sternly, "that you keep your promise to your dead sister? Is it thus that you tempt a young girl to forswear her faith? Is it thus that —," and then suddenly the angry light faded out of the sick man's eyes, he fell back on his pillows, and when they gathered round him they found he had fainted.

For a week Mr. Treherne wavered between life and death, and then slowly he began to recover. Alice never left him, and during those long watches, the peace of his [soul seemed by degrees to steal into hers. She could be content, she thought, to go on for ever, tending her father, and learning from him the sweet wisdom of resignation. But Mr. Treherne himself soon destroyed this hope. Sir Henry had not come again to the prison, but he constantly sent to inquire after his brother-in-law, and to ask when Alice would return.

"Tell Sir Henry that his niece will go home to-morrow," said Mr. Treherne to the messenger, when one day he came as usual, and it was in vain that Alice pleaded to stay. "My darling," her father answered, "it is impossible that you should go on living here.

My sweet Alice dwell in a prison! No, no, it cannot be; but if you will, you shall come and see me daily. I shall fancy that 'you bring the sunshine with you, and your visit will be the event of my day.'

It was thus it came to pass that Alice each morning stood at the gate of the "Fleet," waiting for admittance, and that every one within those gloomy walls learned to watch for her coming. "She is like the angel that was sent to break St. Peter's chains," said a poor artist, who had brought with him to his prison recollections of the glorious Vatican fresco, and though a fellow-prisoner sceptically remarked that gaolers were not to be done by angels nowadays, the children had caught up the name, and would whisper to each other that Saint Peter's angel was coming. Alice was so different from the woman to whom these poor little things were accustomed; so unlike their care-worn and often slatternly mothers, that they would hover in the passages when she was expected, and I really think they cared more for her smiles than for the cakes with which nurse Norah's basket was always laden. Even the gaolers would brighten at her approach, and as for her father, he sat all day at his window, watching with wistful eyes for the first sight of his darling. She seemed, indeed, as he had said, to bring the sunshine with her, though at home she often felt sad and had trials enough.

Sir Henry had dwelt on the thought of her marriage with Mr. Gordon till it had become a monomania, and in a hundred ways he showed his disappointment, though occasionally a word would betray that he still hoped to break his niece's resolution. Mr. Gordon, too, had resumed his visits, and would plead his cause, sometimes with loving words, sometimes with arguments, sometimes with reproaches. Poor Alice bore it all with gentle patience, and if she grew paler and thinner, the change was so gradual that no one remarked it.

At last there came a day on which she did not appear at the prison. Her little friends, the children, ran out into the cold wind in the hope of meeting her; the prisoners, lounging about in their sad, enforced idleness, discussed the reason of her absence, and her father often turned with a sigh from the window, and as often turned back with lingering hope. But he was never to see her again, for Alice lay motionless on her little bed, and the angel of death wrapped her, each moment more and more, in the shadow of his wings.

It was Palm Sunday, and that morning, on her return from Mass, she felt a sudden dizziness, and with a faint cry for Norah, she had lost consciousness. A blood-vessel had burst, and the great doctor whom they summoned in haste had shaken his head and gone away, blandly saying that he would return if it could afford Sir Henry any consolation. Then they knew that she must die, and no one offered any opposition when her faithful nurse brought a priest to administer the last holy rites of religion.

He, too, was gone now, and Sir Henry and Lady Walston stood at the foot of the bed, watching the dying girl. She still wore the white dress she had put on that morning, but it was stained here and there with crimson spots of blood; her yellow hair had fallen back on her pillow, forming a kind of glory round her head, and by her side lay the palm branch which she had brought from church. Sir Henry, looking at her, could not help thinking of a picture he had seen years ago at Florence, a picture of St. Agnes, virgin and martyr; but in Alice's mind there was no thought of reproach; her last words had been words of love, and even now, when she could no longer speak, her eyes seemed to follow her uncle with mute caresses. The end was drawing near. They stood aside, that Norah might hold the crucifix for the dying girl to kiss; as her lips touched the sacred feet a faint colour came to her face, a sudden light to her eyes, her hand sought the palm branch, and with a last effort she held it towards Norah. "For my father—heaven!" she murmured, and fell back with a smile which death stamped for ever on her face.

THE LATE DILLON O'BRIEN.

"**P**ROUD philosophy" tells us of stars so remote from this little planet of ours that the rays of light which bear their image to us, though they travel so many thousands of miles each minute, take hundreds of years to reach our eyes, so that those distant orbs might be extinguished for a hundred years and yet seem to us to be still shining on. We have been reminded of this statement of the astronomers during the last few months, as the monthly instalments of one of our serial tales followed in regular succession, though the hand of the writer was cold in death in distant Minnesota.

We owe our introduction to the late Mr. Dillon O'Brien to Mr. John Sweetman, of Drumbaragh, county Meath, the public-spirited and benevolent gentleman who has expended a portion of the ample means entrusted to him by Providence on the promotion of Irish colonisation under advantageous conditions. As the subject of our notice was one of his chief helpers, it is proper to remark here that all concerned in the enterprise felt with Longfellow, that "to stay at home is best," and that it is a sad pity when a homestead has to be broken up. Would that all could live and work and bring up their families and save their souls on the same spot as their fathers and

mothers on the plains and hills of Ireland. But still the emigration goes on, and it is eminently desirable that it should take place, if at all, with those aids and safeguards which are best for the temporal and eternal welfare of the Irish exile.

Dillon O'Brien was born in June, 1818, at Kilmore, in the parish of Athleague, county Roscommon. Through his mother he was related to the late Father Christopher Bellew, S.J., who was perhaps the only example in the Catholic Church of what is pretty common among Anglicans, the union of the two very different dignities of priesthood and baronetcy. He was afterwards connected by marriage with another Irish *littérateur*, Miles Gerald Keon.*

In some notices of his death, published in American and home newspapers, the place of his education received a name which we forget, and which belongs to no college in these countries. But Mr. O'Brien, in a letter received from him last year, mentioned that he was educated at St. Stanislaus College, Tullamore, and that he had used in one of his Irish-American stories the name of one of his masters, Father St. Leger, S.J. Like the owners of many large properties in Ireland after the famine year, and especially in the west of Ireland, Dillon O'Brien found himself in manhood in less flourishing circumstances than he had been born to. In the year 1855 he took his family out to the United States, settling first at Pontiac, in Michigan, and then at Bayard, in Wisconsin, but finally, after two years' sojourn in Minneapolis, he made his home at St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1865. Many touching testimonies are borne to his great worth and goodness in all the private relations of life. As a public man, he was an earnest Irish Catholic, devoted to every enterprise which he thought capable of elevating his race and the sharers of his faith. He was, by word and example, a lay apostle of the cause of total abstinence, and he was, as we have said, associated with Bishop Ireland in organising a system of Catholic colonization. Our poor Irish exiles (who with us are emigrants, but over there are immigrants) are too often lost by being absorbed in the residuum of the large seaboard cities like New York. The German element has an influence in the United States population far beyond its numerical proportion, because German societies and organisations convey the new comers to the far West, and enable them to get a hold on the land. Mr. Dillon O'Brien did most effective service in applying the

* This name might find a place in the next edition of Mr. Alfred Webb's excellent "Compendium of Irish Biography." Thirty years ago Mr. Keon was editor of "Dolman's Magazine"—one of the best attempts at a literary periodical for English Catholics—and he published about that time a *Life of the Roman patrician, St. Alexis*. As the rest of his life was spent in colonial appointments, his writings were published chiefly in New York, one of the most important being a "Christian Classic Romance" called "Dion and the Sibyls."

same policy to the yearly influx of the Celtic race. Mr. W. J. Onahan of Chicago is the best authority on this subject, and he has published his emphatic testimony to "the vast labour and never-tiring zeal, combined with intelligent and well-directed purpose, which he gave to this work in all the multiplied and frequent vexations which attend it. It was a work which required talent, enthusiasm, patience. He gave it these, and more."

The writings of Mr. Dillon O'Brien with which we are acquainted are "Widow Melville's Lodging-house" and "Dead Broke," with which our readers are also acquainted, and two or three novels of Irish-American life. In a letter, dated November 8th, 1881, he said in reply to some enquiries about what he had written in addition to the above mentioned tales: "I am grateful for the interest you take in my poor literary efforts. I have written some verses and a good many pieces for the newspapers, but never kept a copy of manuscript or paper; however, I believe that the well-deserved destiny of my poetry pointed to the greengrocers."

On Sunday, February 12, 1882, Mr. O'Brien, before attending Mass in the cathedral, called on the Bishop of St. Paul's, Dr. Ireland, whose intimate friend he was and trusted fellow-labourer. During their conversation the bishop noticed him growing pale, and in five minutes he was dead. But a "sudden and unprovided death" is the evil we pray against, and this death was not unprovided, but prepared for in the best way by a life of virtue and good works, the assiduous frequentation of the sacraments, and the constant practice of all the duties of religion. Bishop Ireland, in his funeral sermon, paid the highest tribute to his departed friend, whom he called "a typical Catholic layman—an Irishman, to whom his countrymen could look up with pride, and a warm friend and benefactor from whom they could expect any service. With the record of his Christian life we remit him into the hands of his Maker and his Judge, confident (said the venerable prelate) that a rich reward awaits him, and finding in this thought full consolation for his departure from us."

OUR PILGRIMAGE TO LISDOONVARNA.

PART I.

"**F**ULL many a flower is born to blush unseen," quoth the poet; and such an assertion was safe to make in the stay-at-home days of the gentle elegiast. As a rule we do not prize that which is within our reach; hence in those bygone times pale primrose, and graceful hyacinth, briar rose and delicate fern, with many another sweet wild blossom, bloomed and faded in sequestered spots, untroubled by man's notice. Thus, too, it fared with the flora of the distant lands which then loomed but faint and shadow-like upon the horizon of the insular mind. Now, however, all that is changed; the shadowy lands have taken substance, and the world of to-day, governed by Science, Pleasure, and Commerce, holds few sequestered spots. Under the above restless triumvirate, our sphere, like the ant-hill, has been intersected by continuous highways, leading through the mountain masses, across the mountain peaks, under the waters, over the waters, penetrating to every quarter of the globe, and bearing thither man eager to see and hear, and touch and taste, of aught that is novel in his surroundings.

Therefore, pondering upon the great development of man's inquisitiveness and his proportionately increased facilities of locomotion, I am forced to quarrel with the poet's dictum. Where, nowadays, is there a floral haunt sacred from man's intrusion? Invading Alpine solitudes, he will pluck the fragrant lilies of the valley that cluster about the chestnut boles upon the Colma. Even the majestic flower which loves to be alone, pluming the granite rocks of Monte Rosa, is not, upon such dizzy heights, beyond the reach of his ambition. Turning from Europe to the dark Continent, see thrust aside in our day the broad-leaved, shell-shaped lily, that for centuries stood sentinel by the waters of Nyanza, shading the cradle of the Nile, and successfully guarding the secret of its birth. Away to the New World, and there we find that the virgin forests of America have not been dense enough to exclude, neither have her vast prairies been trackless enough to deter the adventurous explorer. Northward in the regions of perpetual snow—where the birds build their nests on cold cliff and frozen sand, where even the hardy Samoyeds never come—there may, you think, be ice-plants, and mosses, and lichens, of which the reindeer only knows. But no: here too the inquiring mind has been, and the mosses and lichens of those arctic wilds have a place in botanical annal, since brave Nordenskiöld with his good ship, the *Vega*, made the voyage between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans through the North Polar Sea.

East, west, north, or south, why, it seems to me, that owing to the wandering disposition of mankind, there is no place on earth where a poor flower of the present can hide its head, except, perhaps, Central Australia. After a little while, too, the secret which cost poor Burke his life will be wrung from this inhospitable tract, and twenty years hence the fortunate explorer of the mysterious region may come (like the Australians whom I observed yesterday) all the way from the Antipodes, to pluck the Ballynalacken ferns, and recount his strange adventures, whilst he recruits his shattered health here at Lisdoonvarna.

That brings me back to the very point from which I started. It was in the remote corner of the world represented by the above musical polysyllable that, standing at my window yesterday, I observed some Australian visitors pass by, carrying flowers of native growth and shyest habits in their hands.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,"

I exclaimed ironically. Not so many in this nineteenth century; and thereupon I rambled off in a train of thought which, reduced here to writing, forms a very discursive introduction, which, if it lacks point, may serve a purpose, illustrating for the reader the tedious and uphill road one has to travel, in coming from Ennis, the chief town of Clare, to this little village upon the western coast of the most western county in Ireland.

About fifty years ago the powerful sulphur spring at Lisdoonvarna was accidentally discovered. Science heard, and hastened hither to investigate the treasures of the mountain district in the interest of suffering humanity. Pleasure, curious to see, came quickly tripping upon the heels of her graver sister, and Business, advancing steadily in the wake of both, built up for the growing wants of their followers good hotels, commodious lodges, and shops fully stocked with their respective wares. All this you may prove for yourself if, eschewing Continental spas, you give a trial next summer to our Irish Baden.

During the season there are several two-horse vehicles plying daily between Ennis and Lisdoonvarna, and it was in one of these that I made the journey lately. The day, cold and threatening in its earlier hours, grew fine towards noon—too fine we thought, as, previous to starting, the car in which we had taken our seats was drawn up at the little office in a narrow street, most aptly termed Jail-street, and the sun poured down on our devoted heads, covered, but not shaded, by close toques. Of course our sun-hats were buried away, deep down "full fathoms five," in the pile of luggage.

At length the last cord was fastened upon this same luggage pile, the last strap was buckled on the harness, the gentleman for whom we had waited arrived in becoming haste, yet, with his foot upon the step, had still another word to say to a friend before finally clambering into

the seat reserved for him upon the box. The driver took his place, shook the reins, cracked his whip, and away we went; through Bindon-street, over the Victoria Bridge, and so at a pleasant quick pace, till in due time we reached Corofin. This village or townlet (to coin a word and effect a compromise), is situated on the top of a hill, and gave me the idea of thorough bleakness. A line of young trees set along the street rather confirmed than removed this impression. The plantation looked so unhealthy, that, as a fellow-traveller remarked, it must be long years before it affords an umbrageous retreat to the Corofin maidens. But although Corofin is in itself so bleak, it boasts near neighbourhood to the picturesque lake and beautifully wooded district of Inchiquin, from the barony of which the lords of that ilk take their prettily sounding title.

Between Corofin and the little village of Kilfenora, the road leads through the dismantled piers of seven gateways to the ruined castle of Liméneh. This castle is a structure of the Elizabethan period, and we are told how it was held in that bygone time by Maura Rhua, a woman dead to every gentle feeling of her sex. Local traditions have much to say of cruel deeds perpetrated here, and of wicked horsemen riding forth to work their wicked lady's will; but to-day the only horses led under the massive archway are those meant to replace our jaded team which goes wearily into the shelter of the crumbling walls, as we resume our journey, which is soon to come to its close. We have been mounting upwards for three hours, to find ourselves at the end of that time surrounded by steep hills, that dip suddenly into the deeper ravines through which the mountain streams are rushing. Crossing an ivy-mantled bridge that spans such a stream at an angle of the road, we come upon our first view of the white walls of Lisdoonvarna, and at the same time our path is crossed by "smartly got-up" children, dandified men, and fashionably dressed women—flotsam and jetsam which indicates that civilisation is at hand, rising from the midst of a flat table-land of heath-clad, boggy country. The promenaders had come to meet the cars, and for a like purpose the population seemed to have collected *en masse* at the entrance to the village. Still, as we drove up to the door of "The Royal," we were confronted by another group of sight-seers: these were the hotel guests, anxious to note the new arrivals and learn whether Mr. Daly had brought any addition to their party.

You are fortunate if upon your entrance to Lisdoonvarna Slieve Eilva should lift its cap; and most fortunate, indeed, may you consider yourself if this high, bold headland, jutting out into the sea, remains uncovered during the whole time of your stay; for then, as weather-prophets tell, the sun will shine upon your rambles. But woe to the unlucky wight who, entering Lisdoonvarna from the east, is confronted by the unpropitious augury of a mist-covered, black

capped mountain. The day of his arrival is the date of his committal to a dreary prison. And if when the sky clears up ever so little, arrayed in "sempre secoo" and thick boots, you should attempt a rush to one or other of the wells, beware of the treacherous Lisdoonvarna mud—a greasy composite stuff in its liquid state, as slippery as glass, although hardening instantaneously under the influence of the sun.

The glorious sun! Even as upon his first appearance here the muddy roads are dried up, and straightway present a firm macadamised surface, so in like manner does his coming stimulate the quiescent human life at Lisdoonvarna into instant action. A moment since and the scene was desolate; now it is animated enough. Cars are hurrying to and fro, taking up the fares secured by previous appointment, whilst the less fortunate jarveys range their vehicles in line at the door of "The Royal" and improve the shining hour in chaffing one another, or in expatiating, to whoso will listen, upon the merits of their respective steeds. Marketwomen proceed to remove the straw or sacking which had sheltered their wares, babbling all the time in the sweet, quaint Irish tongue. Perhaps the overstrained medium of a marketwoman's tongue but ill conveys the sweetness of any language. Then listen and be convinced of the beauty of ours, as it falls in liquid tones from the lips of that dark-eyed peasant girl, who is just leaving the market-place, driving before her an ass with panniers. She had come, as women of her class come every day, to barter with the "hucksters" the vegetable produce of her garden "patch," which lies a mile or two away, just down upon the sparkling sea.

Groups of countrypeople are wending their way to the sulphur-well for a mid-day draught of the cool bright water; and as it is time that we presented our credentials to Biddy, let us join the crowd. See that stalwart Tipperary man, who leans lightly upon his folded umbrella (of the Sarah Gamp pattern). You will hear him tell his companions how he came to Lisdoonvarna crippled with rheumatism, but how that now, owing (under Providence) to the water, he can walk without crutch or stick; and then, to prove his words, the Sarah Gamp is flourished aloft, shillelagh-fashion, till, shillelagh-like, it comes into dangerous proximity with a neighbour's head.

There is no halfway-house at Lisdoonvarna; every building seems to be upon the top or at the bottom of a hill. This thought struck me as I stood looking, for the first time, at Mr. Westropp's pretty villa upon the height, and observed nestling at the foot of the same eminence the structure raised over the sulphur spring and the baths connected with this latter. Time was, and that recently enough, when this sulphur well was a well, *pur et simple*, and Biddy, as regardless of sun or rain as any nymph or naiad, sat out the season by its side, and dispensed its waters with a liberal hand and a ready tongue to all comers. Now the water is raised by a pump; Biddy serves her

customers across a counter, and over her there is a sheltering roof, which, no doubt, conduces much to the comfort of her declining years.

But whilst these modern contrivances have not impaired the quality of the waters, they must have detrimentally affected the native humour of the presiding genius. Biddy's keen observations and witty answers no longer delight an appreciative audience; her smart sayings are no longer retailed at the dinner-table or sociable "tea," and to me all that appeared "racy of the soil" in this homely-featured countrywoman was a kindly manner, with a countenance in which shrewdness was strongly blended with good humour.

Having taken your first draught from her shapely brown hand, and returned the glass with a grimace, you may loiter by the river, alternately watching its placid flow and the ebb and flow of visitors to the well, or mounting the steep pathway drop a coin into the hand of the blind fiddler at the gate, and with footsteps timed to the lively measure of Brian Boru's March, venture upon the ascent of still another hill to the left, until, coming opposite the Atlantic Hotel, you turn and have a clear, wide view of the Atlantic Ocean in the distance.

If you wish to approach more closely to the sea, and are an active pedestrian, there are several pleasant walks—that to Ballynalacken, for instance, affords good exercise—and you will return from your ramble with an appetite sharpened to the keenest edge by Lisdoonvarna air. Blending as it does the sea and mountain breeze, many ascribe the health-giving properties of Lisdoonvarna more to its bracing atmosphere than to the mineral springs in which it is so rich.

Of these, together with the sulphur spring before mentioned, there is one very strongly impregnated with iron, a copperas well, and the magnesia or milder chalybeate. This last is said to make excellent tea, and to extract the fullest flavour from the fragrant leaf, thus affording an example of the nice adjustment and compensating nature of the hygienic law which forbids the use of spirituous liquors to those who would profit by imbibing the mineral essence. Assuming that this law is strictly observed by visitors, the easy lines upon which society at Lisdoonvarna is constituted, and its generally jovial and convivial disposition speak volumes for the social qualities of "the cup that cheers."

The centres of fun are the hotels, to which outsiders may easily obtain the *entrée*, an introduction by a mutual friend ensuring you a constant welcome from the host of one or other. Where all extend such hospitality, comparisons would be invidious: but gratitude obliges me to particularise the circle of "The Royal," as it was the one in whose amusements I most largely shared.

There the autumn evenings passed pleasantly, and if the song was

abruptly hushed, or the dancing brought to a close at the comparatively early hour of 11 p.m., who could murmur at the enforcement of a rule which consulted for the quiet necessary to the invalided guests? Certainly not those other guests, strong and healthy, who before leaving the hotel had decided with the friendly inmates upon some plan of amusement for the morrow—a pic-nic party at a distance, or a walk it might be to some point of interest nearer home: perhaps a fern-gathering expedition to Ballynalacken, whither we must go next month to see these pretty plants *at home*, and to pluck one which may serve us as a floral memento of Lisdoonvarna.

M. E. C.

BORROWED PLUMES.

III.

THE feelings which are supposed to animate the maternal bosom of a hen that has reared up a brood of orphan ducklings when, for the first time, to her dire dismay, she sees her web-footed foster-children take to the water, may be used as a term of comparison for the feelings of the editor of an humble magazine when contributors, who have graduated in his pages, launch out on the sea of public literature, and the London magazines. This remark is not suggested by such prominent names as Richard Dowling, or Oscar Wilde. The author of the "Mystery of Killard" had, indeed, distinguished himself before the IRISH MONTHLY was born, by those quaint essays which afterwards became the book, "On Babies and Ladders;" but we are not aware that any fiction from his most ingenious pen preceded the exquisite idyllic story of "Mary of Inisard," in our second volume, in 1874. Before æstheticism was invented; before "Patience" was sung, or "The Colonel" played; or "that greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery, foot-in-the-grave young man," had yet been heard of, Mr. Oscar Wilde had contributed many poems to our magazine, his first appearance, we believe, in print. We refer, at present, neither to these nor to Miss Attie O'Brien, who, after enlivening our sixth volume with short stories like "One Summer by the Sea," was invited to supply a long serial story, and, indeed, more than one, to a weekly journal of vast circulation, and whose name we perceived lately in the bill of fare served up by *Tinsley's Magazine*. The plumes which we are going to borrow are verses published elsewhere by the author of "The Legend

of the Painted Windows," at page 360 of our eighth volume, and of many excellent poems since. The following, in a recent number of the *Graphic*, is signed "Katharine Tynan," and is called "At Set of Sun":—

Within the church long shadows on the wall
Come, and are gone; the hours have lingering feet;
And the great organ's pulses rise and fall,
Waking to life in rapturous music sweet,
Weaving a poem ever mystical.
Without, in a high westward world of gold,
As loth to leave, the sun goes tenderly;
The trailing glories of his vesture's fold,
Amber, and rose, and all fair hues that be,
Float, all transfigured, in a sapphire sea.
In the low hedge the brown birds chirp and sing,
And the wan wild rose opens its jewelled cup
Lighting the brier; the elder blooms are white;
Where late the hawthorn stars were blossoming,
Now woodbine doth its sweet breath render up,
And the rich air grows languorous with delight.

I know a lady who at sunset fire—
O white, unsoiled dove!—comes here to prayer;
So pure she is, the seraphs scarce were higher;
So sweet the summer wind in warm desire
With fair cool fingers ruffles her soft hair;
So tender, flowers are joyful 'neath her tread;
The loving dumb things gather in her way,
The singing birds from her white hands are fed.
Drop down, O Music, into silence gray!
She comes, my love, my love; oh, fairer than the day!
She kneels; the light from the rose-window rolled
Streams o'er her burnished hair and fair grand brows,
Staining her white robe with auroral dyes.
Now could I fall and kiss her garment's fold,
And tell her all my love and all my vows,—
Ah! the sweet wonder in her lovely eyes.

The following poem would, we think, be improved, if Miss Tynan had got rid of the solitary break in the scheme of versification which makes all the odd lines end with dissyllabic rhymes. Is not the ear offended at finding the accent laid on the last syllable of the odd lines in the fourth quatrain, and only there? This "Resurgam" of the Irish language was written at the request of the Secretary of the Gaelic Union.

O sorrowful, fair land! shall we not love thee,
Whom thou hast cradled on thy bounteous breast?
Though all unstarred and dark the clouds above thee,
Thy children shall arise and call thee blest.

Never our lips can name thee, Mother, coldly,
 Nor our ears hear thy sweet, sad name unmoved,
 And if from deeper pain our arms might fold thee,
 Were it not well with us, O best beloved !

Yet when we hymn thy praise, what words come thronging ?
 Not the sweet cadences thy lips have taught ;
 Accents are these to alien lands belonging,
 Gifts from another shrine thine own have brought.
 For ah ! our memory, in the darkened years
 Of thy long pain, hath waxen dim and faint,
 And we've forgot, for weariness and tears,
 Our grand old tongue of poet and of saint.

Most like a little child with meek surrender,
 Learning its lesson at the mother's knees,
 Come we to hear our own tongue, soft and tender,
 As wordless bird-songs in unnumbered trees.
 And now it shall not die ; through all the ages
 Thy sons shall hold it still, for love of thee,
 This strong sweet tongue of warriors and sages,
 Who served thee much, yet loved not more than we.

When the news came, "Balder the Beautiful is dead !" many Irish hearts felt disappointed that the prayers they had so long offered up for Longfellow had not been crowned with outward success. They had hoped and prayed that one of the truest, sweetest, and purest poets of any age or country would find his way at last into the Church whose creed and ritual had been the best inspiration of the genius to which the world owes for ever Elsie and Evangeline. But such graces do not follow natural laws ; "the spirit bloweth where it listeth." Christopher Milton had not the genius of his blind brother John, but he "regained the paradise" of the true faith. Would that the grace which made Adela Longfellow a Catholic a few years ago, had been also conferred on her amiable and illustrious uncle, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow !

The following elegy by our young poetess appeared in *Young Ireland* soon after the death of Longfellow, March 24th, 1882.

God gave this man a priceless gift of song,
 And sent him forth into the worldly mart,
 To bear his message to the hurrying throng,
 And wake his image in each sleeping heart.
 And as they heard, fair bloomed the icy ways,
 Strife changed to love, and faith no more was dim ;
 Stainless he bore his gift through many days,
 And now God calls his singer back to Him.

When autumn fields were bare and woods were gold,
 This poet's life was waning with the year,
 Yet did he hear glad Christmas tidings rolled
 From many a steeple, o'er the snow-fields drear.

Time passed, and lo! in later days of March,
When orchard boughs break into roseate foam,
And green in leaf are oak and silver larch,
He heard a voice that called the exile home.

Nor shall we weep, since our exceeding loss
Is gain to him who passed beyond the dawn
With gentle hands close clinging to the cross,
And loving trust in Him who died thereon.
With Lenten lilies be his dead hands crowned,
For he hath joined the everlasting choir;
Higher and sweeter his loved voice shall sound
Where flame-winged seraphs chant with strong desire.

A MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN.

THERE are three periodical publications in whose prosperity our readers ought, we think, to be specially interested. The first of these is intended only for a particular class of our readers. Our list of subscribers has always from the first contained the names of a very large number of priests in Ireland and other countries, many of whom have continued their patronage for the sake of the cause of Catholic literature in general, without drawing much personal advantage from our monthly supply of prose and verse. These are, we think, called upon to support another literary journal, which (unlike our lighter pages) is specially adapted for their use. The current series of *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*—which might, perhaps, be called the Maynooth Series of it, though priests from every part of Ireland contribute to its pages—is eminently worthy of the support of its own important public. Strange enough to say, it is the only periodical in the English language written by priests for priests. There are many such in France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy; but even the vast body of American clergy have no such organ of their own, and we are sure they will welcome *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* as at present conducted, according as it becomes known to them.

The second periodical which appeals (not in vain) to the kind interest of our readers is their own magazine, *THE IRISH MONTHLY*. *Erubescere referens*—and so pass on.

The third magazine, in which even our gravest readers should take an interest for the sake of their little friends, is the one which corresponds with the title of this paper. We fear that many who ought to

know better will learn now, for the first time, that for three years past some zealous friends of the rising generation of the Irish Church have published month by month, through the firm of Duffy & Sons of Wellington-quay, Dublin, "The Catholic Children's Magazine: an Illustrated Journal of Instructive Amusement for our Little Ones." There is its title in full, with the important announcement appended—"price one penny."

We are free to confess, to use a stupid parliamentary phrase, that the marked improvement which has been made in this *Irish Children's Magazine* has taken us by surprise. The illustrations especially are growing better and better. The standing front page of each number is a very pretty picture, or group of pictures, very neatly printed. The picture of Howth Harbour must be taken, we fear, from an old block. There is no such array of sails in those waters nowadays.

Let us turn over the pages of the September number of your own Magazine, dear Irish children. The first page we have described already. The second strings together very cordial praises of the Magazine from Irish, English, and American journals, and also from the superiors of sundry convents—at Cabra, Liverpool, Enniscorthy, St. Helen's, and Thurles. For instance, the last of these "begs to assure the Editor that she has done everything in her power to recommend the Magazine as eminently calculated to instruct and improve the minds of children."

Next follow two chapters of a serial story, which seems to please its patrons, though it has not succeeded in catching our attention in spite of two or three chances afforded to it. The foundress of the American Sisters of Charity, Mrs. Seton, was a most excellent and saintly woman, yet hardly suited for a biographical paper in a "Children's Magazine."

We suspect that the last pages of each issue of this Magazine are the first to be read. The youthful readers are, of course, eager to see if they have actually appeared in print, and how many of their solutions of puzzles and pastimes are correct.

But we must cease abruptly, and leave till next month what more is to be read about "The Catholic Children's Magazine."

FRAGMENT OF AN UNPUBLISHED AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

[SIR Charles Gavan Duffy says in "Young Ireland" that Clarence Mangan was "the man most essentially a poet of all the writers of *The Nation*—as truly born to sing deathless songs as Keats or Shelley." Of this exquisite genius a curious relic has lately come into my hands. A kind friend showed me an old oblong book ruled for music, containing two or three chapters of what proved to be a life of the poet Mangan written by himself. Between every pair of staves were two lines in the very beautiful penmanship which he had preserved from his dismal scrivener days. On the first page of the book was placed this note by Father Meehan. "This fragment was written at my instance by poor Mangan. While composing it, he lodged in Fishamble-street. The remnant of the biography never came into my possession; and I fear the author either lost or destroyed it.—C. P. M., SS. Michael and John's, June 23rd, 1849." As Mangan died three days before the date of this entry, probably Father Meehan made it just after he had followed the remains of his friend to that grave in Glasnevin, which, though marked by a very simple headstone, is saved from being forgotten by a finger-post on the walk near it, with a hand pointing "*To the Grave of Clarence Mangan.*" Not far away lies the fresher grave of another true poet, Denis Florence Mac Carthy.

Father Meehan, who knows not how the manuscript escaped from his keeping, has with his characteristic generosity placed it at our disposal. We trust it will be followed in our pages by some original particulars concerning this very gifted man, who is not to be judged by this fragmentary confession of one of his dark hours, which draws too dark a picture of himself and his father. A corrective for wrong impressions will be supplied hereafter.—*Ed. I. M.*]

CHAPTER I.

"A heavy shadow lay
On that boy's spirit: he was not of his fathers."—*Massinger.*

AT a very early period of my life I became impressed by the conviction that it is the imperative duty of every man who has deeply sinned and deeply suffered to place upon record some memorial of his wretched experiences for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, and by way of a beacon to them, to avoid, in their voyage of existence, the rocks and shoals upon which his own peace of soul has undergone

shipwreck. This conviction continually gained strength within me, until it assumed all the importance of a paramount idea in my mind. It was in its nature, alas! a sort of dark anticipation, a species of melancholy foreboding of the task which Providence and my own disastrous destiny would one day call upon myself to undertake.

In my boyhood I was haunted by an indescribable feeling of something terrible. It was as though I stood in the vicinity of some tremendous danger, to which my apprehensions could give neither form nor outline. What it was I knew not; but it seemed to include many kinds of pain and bitterness—baffled hopes, and memories full of remorse. It rose on my imagination like one of those dreadful ideas which are said by some German writers of romance to infest the soul of a man apparently foredoomed to the commission of murder. I say apparently, for I may here, in the outset, state that I have no faith in the theory of predestination, and that I believe every individual to be the architect of his own happiness or misery; but I did feel that a period would arrive when I should look back upon the past with horror, and should say to myself: "Now the great tree of my existence is blasted, and will never more put forth fruit or blossom." And it was (if I may so speak) one of the nightmare loads lying most heavily on my spirit, that I could not reconcile my feeling of impending calamity with the dictates of that Reason which told me that nothing can irreparably destroy a man except his proper criminality, and that the verdict of Conscience on our own actions, if favourable, should always be sufficient to secure to us an amount of contentment beyond the power of Accident to affect. Like Bonnet, whose life was embittered by the strange notion that he saw *an honest man* continually robbing his house, I suffered as much from my inability to harmonise my thoughts and feelings as from the very evil itself that I dreaded. Such was my condition from my sixth to my sixteenth year.

But let me not anticipate my mournful narrative. The few observations that I make in this preliminary chapter I throw out without order or forethought, and they are not intended to appear as the commencement of a history. In hazarding them I perhaps rather seek to unburden my own heart than to enlist the sympathies of my readers. Those few, however, who will thoroughly understand me, need not be informed why I appear to philosophise before I begin to narrate.

I give my Confessions to the world without disguise or palliation. From the first my nature was always averse, even almost to a fault; the second, if it be possible in my case, I resign to that eternity which is rapidly coming alike upon me, my friends, and my enemies. These latter I also have, and from my heart I say, "May GOD* bless them

* Mangan throughout writes the name of God in capital letters.

here and hereafter!" Meantime they, as well as those excellent individuals whose kindness towards me during the period of my probation I have experienced to an extent scarcely credible, may in these pages read the simple and undecorated truth with regard to all that has so long appeared worst in my character and conduct. To all I owe a debt, and that debt I shall endeavour to repay to the uttermost.

There have been some men who may be said to have published their autobiographies without directly revealing themselves in these, as there are others who have avowedly laid bare to the eyes of mankind their own delinquencies without cloak or equivocation. Among the former we may class Godwin and Byron; the latter will comprehend St. Augustine, Rousseau, Charles Lamb, and perhaps a few besides. It is neither my wish nor my ambition to take any one of these as my model in sentiment or expression. I cannot do so if I would, and if I could I know that I would not. My desire is to leave after me a work that may not merely inform but instruct—that may be adapted to all capacities and grades of intellect—and that, while it seeks to develope for the thinking the more hidden springs of human frailty, shall also operate simply in virtue of its statements as a warning to others, particularly to the uneducated votary of Vice. And let me not be esteemed presumptuous if I add that it will be one which, with GOD'S blessing, shall achieve both objects.

For myself, individually, I crave nothing. I have forfeited all claim upon human generosity. The kindness that during my life, and amid all my errors, I have endeavoured to exercise towards others will, doubtless, be denied to me; but I complain not. May my unhappy memoirs serve in some degree to benefit my fellow-beings! May GOD'S justice be vindicated in me and them! May no human creature ever arise from their perusal without (if a good man) feeling his virtuous resolutions confirmed, and if a bad, without experiencing some portion of that salutary remorse which indicates the first dawning of reformation. These I would wish, and ambition—but no more than these.

CHAPTER II.

"These things are but the beginning of sorrows."—*Jesus Christ.*

I SHARE, with an illustrious townsman of my own,* the honour, or the disreputability, as it may be considered, of having been born the son of a grocer. My father, however, unlike his, never exhibited any of the qualities of guardian towards his children. His temper was not merely quick and irascible, but it also embodied much of that

* Moore.

calm, concentrated spirit of Milesian fierceness, a picture of which I have endeavoured to paint in my Italian story of "Gasparo Bandollo."* His nature was truly noble: to quote a phrase of my friend O'Donovan, "He never knew what it was to refuse the countenance of living man;"† but in neglecting his own interests—and not the most selfish misanthropes could accuse him of attending too closely to those—he unfortunately forgot the injuries that he inflicted upon the interests of others. He was of an ardent and forward-bounding disposition, and, though deeply religious by nature, he hated the restraints of social life, and seemed to think that all feelings with regard to family connexions, and the obligations imposed by them, were totally beneath his notice. Me, my two brothers, and my sister, he treated habitually as a huntsman would treat refractory hounds. It was his boast, uttered in pure glee of heart, that "we would run into a mouse-hole" to shun him. While my mother lived, he made her miserable; he led my only sister such a life that she was obliged to leave our house; he kept up a succession of continual hostilities with my brothers; and, if he spared me more than others, it was perhaps because I displayed a greater contempt of life and everything connected with it than he thought was shown by the other members of his family. If anyone can imagine such an idea as a human boa-constrictor, without his alimentive propensities, he will be able to form some notion of the character of my father. May GOD assail his great and mistaken soul and grant him eternal peace and forgiveness! But I have an inward feeling that to him I owe all my misfortunes.

My father's grand worldly fault was *improvidence*. To anyone who applied to him for money he uniformly gave double or treble the sum requested of him. He parted with his money—he gave away the best part of his worldly property—and in the end he even suffered his own judgment and disposition to become the spoil of strangers. In plainer words, he permitted cold-blooded and crafty men to persuade him that he was wasting his energies by following the grocery business, and that by re-commencing life as a vintner he would soon be able not only to retrieve all his losses but to realise an ample fortune. And thus it happened, reader, that I, James Clarence Mangan, came into the world surrounded, if I may so express myself, by an atmosphere of curses and intemperance, of cruelty, infidelity, and blasphemy, and of both secret and open hatred towards the moral government of GOD—such as few infants, on opening their eyes to the first light of day, had ever known before.

From the fatal hour which saw my father enter upon his new business, the hand of a retributive Providence‡ was visibly manifested

* See *Dublin University Magazine*, for December 1848. (No. cxcii).

† "Annals of the Four Masters," anno [date not given].

‡ My reader will pardon the frequent allusion to GOD and Providence which occur

in the change that ensued in his affairs. Year by year his property melted away. Debts accumulated on him, and his creditors, knowing the sort of man they had to deal with, always proved merciless. Step by step he sank, until, as he himself expressed it, only "the desert of perdition" lay before him. Disasters of all kinds thickened around him; disappointment and calamity were sown broadcast in his path. Nothing that he undertook prospered. No man whom he trusted proved faithful to him. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." And his family? They were neglected—forgotten—left to themselves. For me, I sought refuge in books and solitude, and days would pass during which my father seemed neither to know nor care whether I were living or dead. My brothers and sister fared better; they indulged in habits of active exercise, and strengthened their constitutions morally and physically to a degree that even enabled them to present a successful front of opposition to the tyranny exercised over them. But I shut myself up in a close room: I isolated myself in such a manner from my own nearest relations, that with one voice they all proclaimed me "mad." Perhaps I was: this much at least is certain, that it was precisely at that period (from my tenth to my fourteenth year) that the seeds of moral insanity were developed within me, which afterwards grew up into a tree of giant altitude.

My schooling during those early days stood me in some stead. Yet I attended little to the mere technical instruction given to me in school. I rather tried to derive information from general study than from dry rules and special statements. One anecdote I may be permitted to give here, which will somewhat illustrate the peculiar condition of my moral and intellectual being at this period. I had been sent to Mr. Courtney's Academy in Derby-square. It was the first evening of my entrance (in 1820), when I had completed my eleventh year. Twenty boys were arranged in a class; and to me, as the latest comer, was allotted the lowest place—a place with which I was perfectly contented. The question propounded by the schoolmaster was, "What is a parenthesis?" But in vain did he test their philological capacities: one alone attempted some blundering explanation from the grammar; and finally to me, as the forlorn hope that might possibly save the credit of the school, was the query referred. "Sir," said I, "I have only come into the school to-day, and have not had time to look into the grammar; but I should suppose a parenthesis to be something included in a sentence, but which might be omitted from the sentence without injury to the meaning of the sentence." "Go up, sir," exclaimed the master, "to the head of the class." With an emotion of boyish pride I assumed the place allotted me; but the next minute

in the course of these memoirs. But as Malebranche saw all things in GOD, so I see GOD in all things. GOD is *the* idea of my mind.

found me once more in my original position. "Why do you go down again, sir?" asked the worthy pedagogue. "Because, sir," cried I, boldly, "I have not deserved the head place; give it to this boy"—and I pointed to the lad who had all but succeeded—"he merits it better, because at least he has tried to study his task." The school-master smiled: he and the usher whispered together, and I was remanded to a seat apart. On the following day no fewer than three Roman Catholic clergymen, who visited the Academy, condescended to enter into conversation with me: and I very well recollect that one of them, after having heard me read, "*Blair on the Death of Christ*," from "*Scott's Lessons*," clapped me on the back, with the exclamation, "You'll be a rattling fellow, my boy; but see and take care of yourself."

In connection with this anecdote I may be permitted to mention a singular fact, namely, that in my earlier years I was passionately fond of declaiming, not for my auditors but for myself. I loved to indulge in solitary rhapsodies, and, if intruded on upon those occasions, I was made very unhappy. Yet I had none of the ordinary shyness of boyhood. I merely felt or fancied that between me and those who approached me, no species of sympathy could exist: and I shrank from communion with them as from somewhat alien from my nature. This feeling continued to acquire strength daily, until in after years it became one of the grand and terrible miseries of my existence. It was a morbid product of the pride and presumption which, almost hidden from myself, constituted even from my childhood governing traits in my character, and have so often rendered me repulsive in the eyes of others. But a severe check was in preparation for these faults. My father's circumstances at length grew desperate: within the lapse of a very limited period he had failed in eight successive establishments in different parts of Dublin, until finally nothing remained for him to do but sit down and fold his arms in despair. Ruin and beggary stared him in the face; his spirit was broken; and as a last resource he looked to the wretched members of his family for that help which he should have rather been able to extend to them.* I was fifteen years old; could I not even then begin to exert myself for the behoof of my kindred? If my excellent mother thought so, she said nothing; but my father undertook the solution of the question; and I was appren-

* Mangan was himself "*The Nameless One*" of whom he sang:—

"Tell how his boyhood was one drear night hour,
How shone for him through his grief and gloom
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

"Till, spent with toil, dreading death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for him
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim."

ticed to a scrivener. Taken from my books, obliged to relinquish my solitary rambles and musings, and compelled, for the miserable pittance of a few shillings weekly, to herd with the coarsest of associates, and suffer at their hands every sort of rudeness and indignity which their uncultivated and semi-savage natures prompted them to inflict on me! "Thus bad began, but worse remained behind."

CHAPTER III.

AT this time we—that is, my father, my mother, my brothers, my sister, and myself—tenanted one of the dismalest domiciles, perhaps, to be met with in the most forlorn recesses of any city in Europe. It consisted of two wretched rooms, or rather holes, at the rear of a tottering old fragment of a house, or, if the reader please, hovel, in Chancery-lane. These dens, one of which was over the other, were mutually connected by means of a steep and almost perpendicular ladder, down which it was my fortune to receive many a tumble from time to time upon the sloppy earthen floor beneath. Door or window there was none to the lower chamber; the place of the latter, in particular, being supplied not very elegantly, by a huge chasm in the bare and broken wall. In the upper apartment, which served as our sleeping-room, the spiders and beetles had established an almost undisputed right of occupancy; while the winds and rains blew in on all sides, and whistled and howled through the winter nights like the voices of unquiet spirits. It was to this dreary abode, without, I believe, a parallel for desolateness, that I was accustomed to return from my employer's office each night between eleven and twelve through three long years. I scarcely regarded my own sufferings when I reflected on those of my relatives—my mother especially, whose fortitude was admirable—and yet I did suffer, and dreadfully. I was a slave of the most miserable order. Coerced to remain for the most part bound to one spot from early morning till near midnight, tied down to "the dull drudgery of the desk's dead wood" unceasingly, without sympathy or companionship, my heart felt as if it were gradually growing into the inanimate material I wrote on. I scarcely seemed like a thing of life; and yet at intervals the spirit within me would struggle to vindicate itself; and the more poetical part of my disposition would seek to burst into imperfect existence. Some lines which I produced about this time may serve to give my readers a notion of the sentiments which, even amid want and bitter pain, and loneliness of soul, may sometimes agitate the breast of a boy of sixteen:—

GENIUS.

O Genius! Genius! all thou dost endure
First from thyself, and finally from those
The Earth-bound and the blind, who cannot feel
That there be souls with purposes as pure

And lofty as the mountain-snows, and zeal
 All quenchless as the spirit whence it flows!
 In whom that fire, struck but like spark from steel
 In other bosoms, ever lives and glows!
 Of such, thrice blest are they, whom, ere mature
 Life generate woes which God alone can heal,
 His mercy calls to a loftier sphere than this—
 For the mind's conflicts are the worst of woes;
 And fathomless and fearful yawns the Abyss
 Of Darkness thenceforth under all who inherit
 That melancholy changeless hue of heart,
 Which flings its pale gloom o'er the years of Youth—
 Those most—or least—illumined by the spirit
 Of the Eternal Archetype of Truth.
 For such as these there is no peace within
 Either in Action or in Contemplation,
 From first to last—but, even as they begin,
 They close the dim night of their tribulation;
 Worn by the torture of the untiring breast,
 Which scorning all, and shunned of all, by turns,
 Upheld in solitary strength begot
 By its own unshared shroudedness of lot,
 Through years and years of crushed hopes, throbs and burns,
 And burns and throbs, and will not be at rest,
 Searching a desolate Earth for that it findeth not!"

My physical and moral torments, my endurances from cold, heat, hunger, and fatigue, and that isolation of mind which was perhaps worse than all, in the end flung me into a fever, and I was transmitted to an hospital. This incident I should hardly deem worthy of chronicling if it had not proved the occasion of introducing into my blood the seeds of a more virulent disease than any I had yet known—an incurable hypochondriasis. There was a poor child in the convalescent ward of the institution, who was afflicted from head to foot with an actual leprosy; and there being no vacant bed to be had, I was compelled to share that of this miserable being, which, such was my ignorance of the nature of contagion, I did without the slightest suspicion of the inevitable result. But in a few days after my dismissal from the hospital this result but too plainly showed itself on my person in the form of a malady nearly as hideous and loathsome as that of the wretched boy himself; and, though all external traces of it have long since disappeared, its moral effects remain incorporated with my mental constitution to this hour, and will probably continue with me through life. It was woe on woe, and "within the lowest deep a lower deep." Yet will it be credited? my kindred scarcely seemed to take notice of this new and terrible mark so set upon me. Privation and despair had rendered them almost indifferent to everything; and for me, sullen, self-inwapt, diseased within and without, I cared not to

call their attention to it: "My heart had grown hard, and I hurt my hand when I struck it."*

Very slowly, and only when a kind acquaintance (for I was not yet utterly deserted), came forward to rescue me from the grave by his medical skill, did I in some degree conquer the malignity of this ghastly complaint. Another disease, however, and another succeeded, until all who knew me began to regard me as one appointed to a lingering, living martyrdom. And, for myself, I scarcely knew what to think of my own condition, though I have since learned to consider it as the mode and instrument which an all-wise Providence made use of to curb the outbreaks of that rebellious and gloomy spirit that smouldered like a volcano within me. My dominant passion, though I guessed it not, was pride; and this was to be overcome by pain of every description and the continual sense of self-helplessness. Humiliation was what I required; and that bitterest moral drug was dealt out to me in lavish abundance. Nay, as if Pelion were to be piled on Ossa for the purpose of contributing to my mortification, I was compelled to perform my very penances—those enjoined me by my spiritual director—in darkness and subterranean places, wheresoever I could bury myself from the face of living man. And they were all merciful dispensations these, to lift me out of the hell of my own nature, compared with those which the Almighty afterwards adopted for my deliverance.

My apprenticeship terminated: but so did nothing else in my unhappy position. The burden of an entire family lay upon me, and the down-dragging weight on my spirit grew heavier from day to day. I was now obliged to seek employment wheresoever I could find it, and thankful was I when even my father and mother were enabled to reap the fruits of my labour. But my exasperated mind (made half mad through long disease), would frequently inquire, though I scarcely acknowledge the inquiry to myself, how or why it was that I should be called on to sacrifice the Immortal for the Mortal; to give away irrevocably the Promethean fire within me for the cooking of a beef-steak; to destroy and damn my own soul that I might preserve for a few miserable months or years the bodies of others. Often would I wander out into the fields and groan to GOD for help. "*De Profundis clamavi!*" was my continual cry. And in truth, although my narrative scarcely appears at a glance to justify me, my circumstances taken altogether were amply sufficient to warrant the exclamation. A ruined soul in a wasted frame; the very *ideal* and perfection of moral and physical evil combined in one individual. Let the reader imagine these and draw his conclusions.

After a short while matters appeared to brighten with me, or rather to assume a less dusky aspect. I was advised by a worthy medical friend of mine, Mr. Graham of Thomas-street, a man of considerable

* Shakespeare.

knowledge and skill, though but an apothecary, to try what such kinds of exercise as fencing or ball-playing might accomplish for me. "The mind, my dear young friend," observed this intelligent man to me, "is the key to the health, a somewhat rusty key to persons of coarser constitutions, but an oiled key to all of nervous temperaments and susceptible apprehensions. You have taken long walks: they have done you no good: why? Because you felt no interest in them, *because while your limbs walked one way, your mind walked another*. Try the foil or the racket, and you will be a new man at the end of a fortnight." I took my friend's advice and soon was in a condition to bear testimony to the truth of his vaticination. Never, perhaps, was such a change witnessed in the health and spirits of a human being as that which supervened in mine after the lapse of a week. The almost miraculously recuperative power which has since been frequently observed to exist in me enjoyed full and fair play. I arose, as it were, out of myself. I had for a long time subsisted upon nothing but bread and tea, or milk, with my heart only for animal food ("bitter diet," as Byron remarks), giving the grosser aliments they required to my relatives; but I now felt as though I could feast upon air and thought alone. The great overcurtaining gloom, which had become to me a sort of natural atmosphere, a fifth element, still in a degree surrounded me; but my experience of existence at this time was that of a comparative paradise. Alas! it could not endure, and it did not. Another book in the *Iliad* of my woes was to be opened, and black and appalling was the page that it presented to my view.

CHAPTER IV.

"Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!"—*Shakespeare*.

AMID the glow of soul which I experienced through the change in my situation from absolute bondage to comparative liberty, I could not forget the links that bound me to those who still depended on me for the very breath of life. That they appeared as indifferent to my powers of endurance as the storms are to those of the rock they assault was nothing to me. That they were in health, and in the prime of life, while I was in a state of chronic illness, and old in soul though young in years, touched me little or nothing. They were still my parents, and only as such could I regard them. I willingly overlooked the maxim of St. Paul that the elder should lay up for the younger portion of the family, and not the younger for the elder. Within about nine months after the termination of my apprenticeship a situation was offered me in a solicitor's office, the salary derivable from which, though humble enough, was sufficient to elevate us in some degree above the depths of our former poverty; and this situa-

tion I accepted, not gladly—for a foreboding of what was to come haunted me now with more intense force than ever—but resignedly, and in the full belief that I was merely fulfilling a destiny which I could not oppose, and which I had no right to arraign.

I weary the reader by calling on him for ever to listen to a tale of unmitigated calamity. But as I am bound to adhere to strict truth in this autobiography, he will kindly forgive as well the monotony of general reflection as of particular detail which he here encounters. By-and-by I may invite his attention to more cheerful and consolatory matter. At present the scroll which I am compelled to unroll before him is, like that of the prophet, "Written within and without with mourning, lamentation, and woe." And perhaps those who are more desirous of understanding the motives than of listening to a cold recital of the actions of another may find some interest in perusing a record which, I willingly admit, embodies hardly a sentence upon which the mere worldling would care to expend a moment's reflection.

I had not been long installed in my new situation before all the old maladies under which I had laboured returned with double force. The total want of exercise to which I was subjected was in itself sufficient to tell with ruinous effect upon a frame whose long-continued state of exhaustion had only received a temporary relief from the few months' change of life to which I have adverted. But other agencies also combined to overwhelm and prostrate me. The coarse ribaldry, the vile and vulgar oaths, and the brutal indifference to all that is true and beautiful and good in the universe, of my office companions, affected me in a manner difficult to conceive. My nervous and hypochondriacal feelings almost verged upon insanity. I seemed to myself to be shut up in a cavern with serpents and scorpions, and all hideous and monstrous things, which writhed and hissed around me, and discharged their slime and venom upon my person. These hallucinations were considerably aided and aggravated by the pestiferous atmosphere of the office, the chimney of which smoked continually, and for some hours before the close of the day emitted a sulphurous exhalation that at times literally caused me to gasp for breath. In a word I felt utterly and thoroughly miserable. The wretched depression of my spirits could not escape the notice of my mother; but she passed no remark on it, and left me in the evenings altogether to myself and my books; for unfortunately, instead of endeavouring somewhat to fortify my constitution by appropriating my spare hours to exercise, I consumed these in unhealthy reading. My morbid sensibilities thus daily increasing and gaining ground, while my bodily powers declined in the same proportion, the result was just such as might have been anticipated. For the second time of my life nature succumbed under the intolerable burden imposed upon her; and an attack of illness removed me for a season from the sphere of my irksome and melancholy duties. My place in the

office was assumed by my younger brother, John, a stout and healthy lad of nineteen, who had already acquired some slight experience in the mysteries of scrivenery and attorneyship, and I returned home.

My confinement to bed on this occasion was not of long duration, but, though after the lapse of a few days, able to crawl about once more, I was far indeed from being recovered.

A settled melancholy took possession of my being. A sort of torpor and weariness of life succeeded to my former over-excited sensibilities. Books no longer interested me as before; and my own unshared thoughts were a burden and a torment unto me. Again I essayed the effect of active exercise, but was soon compelled to give over, from sheer weakness and want of animal spirits. I indulged, however, occasionally in long walks into the country around Dublin, and the sight of hills, fields, and streams, to which I had long been unaccustomed, produced in me a certain placidity of mind, with which, had I understood my own true interests for time and eternity, I ought to have remained contented. But contented I did not, and would not remain. I desired to be aroused, excited, shocked even. My grand moral malady—for physical ailments I also had, and singular of their kind—was an impatience of life and its commonplace pursuits. I wanted to penetrate the great enigma of human destiny and my own, to know “the be-all, and the end-all,” the worst that could happen here or hereafter, the final *dénouement* of a drama that so strangely united the two extremes of broad farce and thrilling tragedy, and wherein mankind played at once the parts of actors and spectators.

If I perused any books with a feeling of pleasure, they were such as treated of the wonderful and terrible in art, nature, and society. Descriptions of battles and histories of revolutions; accounts of earthquakes, inundations, and tempests; and narratives of “moving accidents by flood and field,” possessed a charm for me which I could neither resist nor explain. It was some time before this feeling merged into another, the sentiment of religion and its ineffable mysteries. To the religious duties enjoined by my Church I had always been attentive, but I now became deeply devotional, addicted myself to ascetic practices, and studied the lives of the saints with the profoundest admiration of their grand and extraordinary virtues. If my mind had been of a larger and sterner order, all this had been well enough, and I should doubtless have reaped nothing but unmixed advantage from my labours. But, constituted as I was, the effect of those upon me was rather injurious than beneficial. I gradually became disquieted by doubts, not of the great truths of faith, for these I never questioned, but of my own capacity, so to speak, for salvation.

Taking a retrospective view of all the events of my foregone years, reflecting on what I had been and then was, and meditating on what it was probable that I should live to be, I began to think, with Buffon,

that it is not impossible that some beings may have been created expressly for unhappiness; and I knew that Cowper had lived, and perhaps died, in the dreadful belief that he himself was a castaway, and a "vessel of wrath fitted for destruction."

Scruples of conscience also multiplied upon me in such numbers in the interval between each of my confessions that my mind became a chaos of horrors, and all the fires of Pandemonium seemed to burn in my brain. I consulted several clergymen with regard to what I should do in this extremity. Most recommended me to mix in cheerful and gay society. One alone, I remember, counselled me to pray. And pray I did, for I had so held myself aloof from the companionship of others that I knew of no society with which I could mix. But I derived no consolation from praying. I felt none of that confidence in God then, which, thanks to his almighty power and grace, I have so frequently known. The gates of heaven seemed barred against me: its floor and walls of brass and triple adamant, repelled my cries; and I appeared to myself to be sending a voice of agony into some interminable chasm. This deplorable interior state, one which worlds and diadems should not bribe me into experiencing again, continued for about a twelvemonth, after which it gradually disappeared, not through progress of time, not through any progress of reasoning, or, indeed, any effort of my own, but remarkably enough, precisely through the agency of the very remedy recommended me by my spiritual advisers.

CHAPTER V.

"Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content."—*Shakespeare*.*

ON the south side of the city of Dublin, and about half-way down an avenue which breaks the continuity of that part of the Circular-road, extending from Harold's Cross to Dolphin's Barn, stands a house plain in appearance, and without any peculiarity of external structure to attract the passenger's notice. Adjoining the house is a garden, with a sort of turret-lodge at the extreme end, which looks forth on the high road. The situation is lone and unpicturesque; and he who should pause to dwell on it must be actuated by other and deeper and, possibly, sadder feelings than any that such a scene would be likely to excite in the breast of the poet or the artist. Perhaps he should be under the influence of such emotions as I recently experienced in passing the spot after an absence from it of seventeen years. Seventeen years! let me rather say seventeen centuries. For life upon life has followed

* Chapter III. has no motto, and Chapter V. repeats the motto of chapter IV.—*Ed. I. M.*

and been multiplied on and within me during that long, long era of passion, trouble, and sin. The Pompeii and Herculaneum of my soul have been dug up from their ancient sepulchres. The few broken columns and solitary arches which form the present ruins of what was once Palmyra, present not a fainter or more imperfect picture of that great city as it flourished in the days of its youth and glory than I, as I am now, of what I was before I entered on the career to which I was introduced by my first acquaintance with that lone house in 1831. Years of so much mingled pleasure and sorrow! whither have you departed? or rather, why were you allotted me? You delivered me from sufferings which, at least, were of a guiltless order, and would shortly, in a better world, have been exchanged for joys, to give me up to others, the bitter fruits of late repentance, and which await no recompense, and know no change, save change from severe to severer. But, alas! thus it was, is, and must be. My plaint is chorussed by millions. Generation preaches to generation in vain. It is ever and everywhere the same old immemorial tale. From the days of Adam in Eden to our own, we purchase knowledge at the price of innocence. Like Aladdin in the subterranean garden, we are permitted to heap together and gather up as much hard bright gold and diamonds as we will—but we are forever, therefore, entombed from the fresh natural green pastures and the healthy daylight.

In the course of my desultory rambles about the suburbs of the city it would sometimes happen that I should feel obliged to stop and rest, even though nothing better than a hedge-side or a field-hillock afforded me the means of a few moments' repose. The reader will, therefore, imagine me reclining, rather than seated, on a long knoll of grass by a stream-side beyond Rathfarnham, and closely adjacent to Roundtown, while the sun is setting on an evening in June. I held in my hand a book, with the covers turned down; it was *Les Pensées de Pascal*. As I lay revolving in my mind some of the sublime truths contained in this celebrated work, I was somewhat suddenly approached and accosted by a fashionably dressed and intelligent-looking young man, whom I had twice or thrice before observed sauntering about this neighbourhood.

"May I ask," he inquired, "the nature of your studies?"

I placed the book in his hand. He looked at it for a moment, and then returned it to me without speaking.

"You don't read French?" said I, interrogatively.

"Oh, yes, I do," he replied; "who does not nowadays. But that is a very unhealthy work."

I perceived at once that there was a great gulf between us; and as I had even then learned enough of the nature of the human mind to know that disputation hardly ever converts or convinces, I contented myself with remarking, in an indifferent manner: "Everything in this world is unhealthy."

The stranger smiled. "And yet," said he, "you feel pleasure, I am sure, in the contemplation of this beautiful scenery; and you admire the glory of the setting sun."

"I have pleasure in nothing, and I admire nothing," answered I; I hate scenery and suns. I see nothing in creation but what is fallen and ruined."

My companion made no immediate remark upon this, but after a pause took the book out of my hand, and turning over the leaves, read aloud that passage in which Pascal compares the world to a dungeon, and its inhabitants to condemned criminals, awaiting the summons to execution.*

"Can you believe, my friend," the stranger asked, "for short as our acquaintance has been, I venture to call you such, can you believe this to be true?"

"Why not?" I replied. "My own experiences, feelings, life, sufferings, all testify to my soul of its truth. But before I add anything further, will you allow me to ask what religion you profess?"

"A good one, I hope," he answered; "I have been reared a Catholic Christian."

"Then," said I, "you know that it is the belief of the holiest and most learned theologians of your Church that the majority of mankind will be irrevocably consigned to eternal misery."

"Really I know no such thing," he replied.

"Have you never read Massillon," I asked, "on the small number of the saved?"

"I take the judgment of no one individual, even in my own Church," he answered, "as my guide. The goodness, the justice of God——"

I interrupted him. "Stop," said I, "What do you ——"

[Here the Manuscript comes suddenly to an end.]

* Upon which, by the way, Voltaire has nothing better to say than this: "Regarder le monde comme un cachot, et les hommes comme des criminels qu'on va exécuter, c'est là la pensée d'un fanatique." Strange that a man of such an analytical mind as the philosopher of Ferney, should not have perceived that Fanaticism, so-called, is but another name for Enthusiasm; the spirit that has always governed, and to eternity will govern the Universe. Its proper name is Activity. It

"—— makes the madmen who have made men mad

By their contagion,—conquerors and kings,

Founders of sects and systems."—Byron.

But with the vast amount of evil, which it has unquestionably generated, is intermingled a still vaster amount of good, and if "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," what may we not anticipate from an abundance of it? [But Voltaire was right in this instance, and Pascal was soured by Jansenism, which dwelt more on the Fall than on the Redemption.]

THE HOLY SOULS.

BY SISTER MARY AGNES.

THE mystic Styx by them is safely past ;
And the firm shore beyond its waves they gain ;
Their life-long burdens are laid down at last,
Never to press upon their souls again.
Yet are they still denied
An entrance to repose,
Till Justice, satisfied,
The port of peace uncloses.

Their eyes have looked upon the Light of Light ;
Their hearts have leaped within them at his voice ;
Yet are they shut out from that blissful sight
In which the perfect only can rejoice :
In purgatorial fire,
By God's most just decree,
Waiting until their souls acquire
Their destined purity.

They see sin's evil now without excuse,
Satan can cloak its malice never more ;
Each is the first his own guilt to accuse
And God's divine perfection to adore.
No words of murmur rise
Amidst the keenest pain—
So hateful in their eyes
Is now the slightest stain.

They suffer in a crucible intense,
But with a patience greater than its heat ;
Their hearts are thrilling with a love immense,
With burning thirst, yet with submission sweet.
O bitter punishment !
And bliss supreme so near !
O weary banishment
From Him now held so dear !

Each holy soul with untold yearning longs
After the rest for which it cannot plead ;
To us alone the precious right belongs
To help them in this hour of direst need.

And in forced silence stands
Each fettered soul, to wait
Till we, with prayerful hands,
Open heaven's blessed gate.

THE DWARF'S MIRROR.

A LEGEND FOR CHILDREN, ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

FRITZ and Hedwig lived with their father, who was ranger and gamekeeper to the prince of one of the old German principalities, in a pretty roomy cottage, picturesquely situated in the midst of a forest of tall sombre pines, and of grand old evergreen hemlock-trees.

The children's mother was dead, but their grandmother lived with them, and looked after them. But, indeed, she required care herself if she could only get it, as she was rapidly becoming very old and feeble. She spent most of the winter days sitting beside the stove spinning, only stirring at meal-times to hobble into the kitchen to cook.

Except in the summer-time, when they attended school, the children's lives were anything but bright, their father being almost always away, going his rounds through the forest, or shooting game for the Prince. When he did come home, he was silent and moody; very tired, too; and after having cleaned the gun, he invariably fell asleep. The cottage was scarcely ever visited by anyone, except, rarely, on a bright day, by Lena, who came from the village, two miles distant, with supplies. Sometimes she could not come for days, the paths being covered with snow; so through the winter Fritz and Hedwig lived like two little mice in a hole, seldom leaving the cottage; as attending school in winter's harsh uncertain weather was impracticable. The ranger went out in every kind of weather, always taking with him Faust, the great Newfoundland dog, a capital guide home over the snow, and the children's sole playfellow.

Now and again Hedwig set her little wheel spinning, but at short intervals, as she wearied of the monotony. Fritz carved wood into every form and fashion he could devise; but he, too, soon gave that up, as he was perpetually cutting his poor little fingers. Next he tried house-building with sticks and stones, which came crashing down with such a noise, his grandmother said her head ached; so that, too, had

to cease. Then he fretted and fumed at his lot, one moment wishing to be the prince's son, and the next to be a gipsy boy, that he might camp out, and never be cooped up in a house.

One evening before Christmas was drearier and lonelier than ever. The paths through the forest had been snowed over for some days, so that even Lena could not come from the village. The lamp oil was all used, there was not any light but from the bright, cold moon. The children felt frightened by their own shadows, and kept close to their grandmother, whom Fritz coaxed and teased, in a loud voice, (she was slightly deaf) for a story.

"Dear grandmother, do, please, tell a story, even a short one;—you must know some more besides those you told us long ago;—do try, grandmother, we are so dull."

"I cannot remember one," child, not one," she muttered; "I have forgotten all."

"Well, grandmother, tell the one about the Dwarfs in the Quarry over again; you can remember that."

"The Dwarfs in the Quarry? Well, I will try; listen if I tell it correctly:—

"About a mile from this, on the side of the slope of the quarry, there was once a large, smooth stone, steady as a wall, and very like one, not a chip out of it, resting on a beautiful green moss-grown plot, underneath which the Dwarfs had a miniature subterranean city, with squares, streets, market-places, and a palace for their queen.

"In those good old times the quarry had not been discovered by men; so the unmolested, happy Dwarfs came up every fine summer's day to pic-nic in the quarry, and to dance on the green sward. But, alas happiness in this world cannot last, and, as time passed on, some huntsmen in the forest saw the valley, and the quarry full of beautiful stone, and spoke of it in a distant city. After a little, men arrived with boring and blasting-irons to break blocks of it for building, and the Dwarfs (happy no longer) got uneasy and anxious about the safety of their rock and their kingdom.

"Then they worked industriously every night, and all night, loosening and throwing stones down into the valley, hoping thus to protect their precious rock; but these efforts were unavailing, as the men came searching higher, saw the rock, blasted it into large and small blocks, which fell here and there over the green plot, and so heavily that the beloved subterranean city was shattered. However, none of the Dwarfs were killed, as they had long foreseen this, and prepared for it, by digging an underground passage, through which they escaped out into the forest. Nobody knows where they are, if they have built another city, or even if they are alive or dead. The legend is, that on St. Thomas's eve, one of the Dwarfs always watches on the green plot, and grants a request to anyone who visits it, and throws off three stones on that night."

So the story ended, the old grandmother lying back exhausted from the exertion of talking more than usual; Hedwig still keeping close beside her, and Fritz silent and preoccupied, wondering if the Dwarfs were still alive, and if they ever visited their former haunts.

Suddenly Faust's bark was heard heralding the ranger's approach. He, poor man, arrived tired, cross and cold, to grope about in the darkness for something to eat, but unsuccessfully: because, as frequently happened now, the poor old grandmother quite forgot him; so he went to bed, hoping to forget his discomforts in sleep. He always slept soundly, and snored too, nothing ever disturbed him, except a shot in the forest. Fritz slept in the same room; Hedwig and her grandmother occupied another small one.

Fritz had heard the first part of this story before, but not the legend; the idea of a possible visit from the Dwarfs, set his little heart beating; he could not close his eyes all night, imagining how delightfully the dreary winter could be enlivened by them.

He whispered to Hedwig in the morning, "The day after to-morrow will be St. Thomas's; then we must go roll three stones from the moss plot."

She looked shocked, saying, "That is only a fairy tale of a hundred years ago, and I should be afraid to go out in the dark."

Fritz did not answer, but he thought what cowards girls are, and formed a resolution, of which we shall hear more presently.

II.

St. Thomas's Eve. Everything seemed favourable for Fritz, whose father returned earlier than usual to supper, and feeling very tired, was soon asleep and snoring. After a little, Fritz, who had not undressed, put on a fur cap, pulling it well down over his ears to protect them from the frost, and stole out quietly, patting Faust, who did not seem to understand being left behind.

At first, the extreme stillness of the forest made Fritz hesitate about going on. However, the moon shone brightly, he soon became courageous, and walked rapidly towards the quarry. The blocks of stone were so thickly strewn, only a stray ray of moonlight could penetrate here and there; and without a sound to be heard, or a murmur of wind through the branches of the pines, the valley was very sombre and still. With some difficulty, Fritz found his way to the plot, which was nearly covered with stones, seized and threw one down into the valley—then a second—when holding a third, the largest he could lift, he heard a squeaking voice beside him ask: "Who are you?" He saw a very tiny man, as small as a soldier

he had once seen in a box of toys at a fair, dressed in green like one of Robin Hood's archers, (whom he guessed to be a Dwarf), standing in the only ray of moonlight, and raising his cap respectfully he answered, "I am Fritz, the woodranger's son."

"What are you doing here?"

"Throwing down stones."

"Ah!" observed the Dwarf, in a sad tone, "you are very good to think of us, and take such trouble about us; but you cannot help us. However, I must try to reward you: have you any wish?"

Fritz became quite flurried. He thought of asking for a horse to ride; then for a cask of oil, that the cottage should never again be in darkness; then for a sack of apples and nuts; but none of these were worth a wish, and finally he blurted out: "A purseful of money."

The Dwarf seemed surprised, saying, "So young, and already avaricious! What do you want with money?"

"I would build a fine large house, like the prince's, instead of our old cottage; Hedwig should have a new dress; and I would buy a cask of oil, that we may never be without a lamp during the winter."

"Hey, hey; you young monkey," laughed the Dwarf. "You are too young to have the care of money; you should see something of the world before owning a house. Hedwig can have a new dress without your buying it; and as for oil, you can have an inexhaustible supply if you gather beech-nuts enough to make it."

"The winter is dreary," poor Fritz said, in a doleful tone of voice, half to himself. "I wish we had even a picture-book to amuse us in the long evenings."

"Now, my boy, go home, and be happy. We Dwarfs always feel grateful to our friends, and reward them. I shall come after Christmas with something to amuse you, and make your evenings pleasant." Then the little green man vanished, and Fritz ran as fast as ever his feet could go the whole way home, lifted the latch gently, and crept quietly to his snug bed, where he soon fell asleep and dreamed of the Dwarf.

III.

Christmas. Quite a bright day for the forest children. Hedwig's godmother, the princess, sent her plenty of cakes and a new dress, not forgetting Fritz, to whom she gave a warm jacket. The ranger brought apples and nuts, and stayed at home to roast a hare for dinner. Such fare was rare in the cottage. The grandmother was brisker than usual, busily preparing a Christmas pudding; but Fritz scarcely enjoyed all this, his thoughts wandering to the Dwarf's promised visit, wondering what the "something" would be, and when the "something" would come.

Christmas Night. Everyone fast asleep, except Fritz, who heard a low tap at the door. Quaking and trembling all over, he got up to open it. There stood his friend the Dwarf, with a small mirror in his hand.

"Bring me to your play-room," he commanded. Fritz silently led the way, the Dwarf following with swift, noiseless steps, to an unoccupied sleeping-room, which the glass fully illuminated. There was not much to see, only an old bedstead in a recess, a rickety table with two legs, and three shaky chairs. The largest piece of furniture in the room was a ponderous, queer, antique cupboard, black with age, fastened to the wall—a capital hiding-place for the children. There was a large round hole inside at the back of this.

The Dwarf seemed to know the cupboard well, into which he slipped. Some hammering went on, and out he popped, and said: "Any morning or evening you feel dull, my boy, come to the cupboard, and look into the round hole," and then disappeared.

Fritz went slowly to bed, feeling dazed, and not at all sure if he was dreaming, or if he had really seen the Dwarf.

He confided all to Hedwig next morning, who laughed incredulously, but finally promised to go with him in the evening to the cupboard. Both of them spent the day in a state of excited expectation, thinking it would never end. But it did, as even the longest Lapland night does, and everything else, too, in this world. Then they went to the play-room, where Fritz put his head into the hole in which the Dwarf had fixed the mirror. "Hedwig, come; there is room enough for you, too."

How beautiful! The children could scarcely refrain from screeching with joy. They saw a long, wide hall, brilliant with wax-lights in gilt candelabra; a gigantic Christmas-tree, sparkling with hundreds of variegated tapers, stood in the centre of the hall; around and on it there were quantities of large and small toys, bon-bons and baskets, fruits and flowers.

A bicycle, a printing press, a sword, a drum, a magic lantern, picture-books, a stable, a paint-box. Breathless in astonishment at a collection such as they had never before seen or imagined, the children whispered to one another, "For whom can all those be?" when the door opened at the far end of the hall, admitting a delicate, pale-faced, thin boy, followed by a number of richly-dressed ladies and gentlemen. Smiling, but not seeming surprised, he inspected the toys. Hedwig and Fritz were astonished that all those should be for one child, and kept gazing on in wonder, till they heard their grandmother call, "Children, where are you?" They ran hurriedly to her, and spent the evening after supper chatting to each other about the magic mirror.

"What a happy boy that is with all those toys!" they repeated

over and over again; and they even dreamed it. They were up at daybreak, impatient to see the hall again, which was quite as beautiful as when lighted. The boy lay on a sofa in a silk dressing-gown; he seemed utterly weary. Two of the books were on the floor. An oldish gentleman came in; the children could hear him speak, evidently from a distance.

"You are not tired already, prince, of all those presents, which would make others happy—children with only one toy, perhaps not even one?"

"Other children, yes; but I am lonely, and I am tired of all the toys."

"Your Royal Highness can invite visitors."

"I know I can; but what do I care for them, or they for me? They come and say, 'How are you, prince?' play with and talk to each other, get tired and go home, leaving me alone. I want to go about, as they do."

"Your Royal Highness can walk or drive."

"Walk with you, or drive with a footman behind. Queer pleasure! I do wish I were a Gipsy boy."

Before the astonished children could hear more, they had to go to their grandmother, who called them to breakfast.

IV.

Fritz and Hedwig could not understand why the prince was so morose and sulky, and Fritz remarked, "*We* should be quite happy in his place."

"Yes, but we have one another; you forget that," Hedwig answered.

"Well, at all events," persisted Fritz, "rich children who have playfellows are perfectly happy."

It was wonderful his tongue and Hedwig's were not tired; they talked so much all day, and were so interested in discussing all they had seen pictured in the mirror, that time passed rapidly until dusk, when they again visited the cupboard.

The hall had disappeared. Instead there was a forest—grand, with gigantic trees, like their own. In an open space a huge wood-fire was burning, at which venison was roasting; dark-complexioned men and women stood about in groups, and numbers of swarthy children danced and gambolled to gay music.

"That is fun!" said Fritz; but Hedwig shook her wise little head disapprovingly—those antics were not to her taste.

Presently a young gipsy appeared, carrying a basket of dried fruits, which he emptied on the ground. All the children crowded

round, eating greedily until they had enough, when they renewed their wild romps.

Fritz longed to join, and almost thought he could, everything seemed so lifelike in the mirror.

Reluctantly he left the cupboard, in answer to the ranger's call, and talked so enthusiastically about the gipsies all the evening that poor Hedwig became miserable with the dread of his going to join a gipsy encampment, which she knew was on the confines of the forest.

Early next morning he rushed to the magic mirror the moment he finished his prayers, not waiting for Hedwig, who was a very steady child, and whom no temptation could induce to hurry her prayers. However, she soon followed.

The same treeless space was mirrored, and gipsies, too, who were evidently uneasy, and watching anxiously: and no wonder, for suddenly the *tramp, tramp* of soldiers was heard, who, immediately appearing, surrounded the encampment, took all the gipsies prisoners, and charged them with theft.

The gipsy children actually howled with fright as they were marched off in custody.

Our two cottage children turned sadly away. "Fritz, there is your happy life! Do you still fancy it?"

"Well, no, Hedwig; they steal. I should not like to be a thief."

V.

The magic mirror was left unvisited this evening, as the ranger did not go out, and the children hardly slept at night, so impatiently did they watch for daybreak; but then they got so drowsy they overslept themselves, only awaking in time for breakfast. Greatly disappointed, they had to postpone visiting the cupboard until evening, where they went the moment dusk set in, wondering what was to be seen this time.

What they saw was a lovely but small room, far more beautifully furnished than the princess's boudoir, where both children were allowed to see her every year, on Hedwig's birthday.

The Mirror Room was almost filled with toys for boys and for girls; on one side a lovely babyhouse, furnished with pretty little sofas, chairs, and tables; numbers of tiny dolls, dressed as ladies and gentlemen—as servants too; a toy kitchen, with brightly polished utensils, plates and pipkins, pots, pans, and gridirons, far more numerous than in a real kitchen. There was also a cradle with a baby-doll; and near this an immense doll, beautifully dressed, nearly as big as Hedwig.

On the other side of the room there were several other toys: a fortress, with soldiers and cannons; a shop, with raisins, almonds,

Fritz helped to pull off his damp coat and put the gun aside, while Hedwig brought the dry coat and warm slippers. The children stared into the mirror, amazed at their occupations.

Hitherto their father had gone to and returned from his day's work unnoticed, no one caring whether or not he was comfortable; and now he was surprised at this attention. Quite pleased, he sat down, and when Hedwig placed the supper she had kept hot before him, he clapped her on the shoulder—what he had never done before—and began to speak of her dead mother, who had cared for her and loved him. Such a treat the children left with reluctance.

VIII.

Silently and thoughtfully they spent the remainder of the evening, and next morning began a new life.

Hedwig cleaned the window, washed, rubbed, and tidied the room, the grandmother dreamily asking, "Is this a holiday?"

Fritz brought in fir branches to decorate the house, and helped Hedwig to prepare breakfast, which tasted nicer than ever. Having cleared the table, Fritz fetched the Bible and read aloud, just as had been in the mirror.

His grandmother spun, listened, and her heart softened. It was years since she had been able to go to church, and now, for the first time, she heard her grandson read. Tears came into her eyes. These effects of his reading made Fritz feel very proud.

Hedwig sat at her wheel, listening. The morning passed pleasantly and quickly. When the grandmother rose to put potatoes to boil, Fritz started up. "Wait, grandmother, let me help you." He pumped water, blew the fire, washed the potatoes, his grandmother looking on, smiling; and when after dinner the children sang, first timidly, then more courageously, the poor old woman was delighted.

Late in the evening the ranger and Faust arrived, and everything occurred just as it had been pictured in the mirror. The ranger was greatly surprised at receiving this attention, told the children of his dead wife, the grandmother now and again adding her recollections.

At bedtime she fetched her old prayer-book, saying, "You must hear how Fritz reads." Sad to tell, for years the ranger had not prayed. He now listened with pride to his son, whose earnest, childish voice touched his heart; and, as Fritz closed the book, he clasped his hands and commenced, "Our Father."

That night the children slept happily. Every day's duties, lovingly fulfilled, did not bring the same pleasure as that first one; yet the angels of peace and of prayer had brought content to the cottage. Busy

occupations absorbed the children's time so fully, they could not visit the mirror for a week ; then they did, when they found written in its place, in gold letters :—

" Fritz and Hedwig, the mirror has done its work in teaching you the lesson you required—to be contented with your own lives, to make home bright and happy, and not to wish to be anyone else. God has placed you as He thinks best. You will not see the mirror or me any more.

" Your friend,
" THE DWARF."

Sadly they turned away, tears in their eyes, so touched did they feel at the good, kind dwarf's farewell, and firmly they resolved to profit by his advice.

Years passed, and in their course brought sorrows and pleasures—sorrows in the deaths of the good old grandmother and the ranger ; pleasure in Fritz's success as a carpenter ; a very clever, hard-working master carpenter he became ; and Hedwig was his gentle guide all through life.

The Dwarf's legend is mythical ; but children can draw the true moral from it, that to be good is to be happy.

Sisters should be loving, steady earthly guardian angels to their brothers ; brothers protectors to their sisters. When death comes, the spiritual guardian angels appointed by God to record the deeds of this world will meet and escort them, in joy and in triumph, past the powers of evil, to heaven, where God's greeting will be : " Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." M. M.

CARDINAL GERONTIUS AND HIS DISCIPLES.

AN INTERCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

THE late Dr. David Moriarty—if he can still be called " the late " after the death of his successor in the See of Kerry and Ardfert—this most eloquent of Irish bishops, while he was yet President of All Hallows College, conducted one year the spiritual retreat of the students of Maynooth. The only phrase that a certain youthful listener carried away from all the earnest exhortations was this : " Politeness is the fuel of charity." Politeness has been defined to be benevolence in small things ; and politeness, understood in a true and high sense, is a safeguard of charity and a help to the practice of many solid

virtues in daily life. Charles Lamb wrote to Coleridge: "Oh! my friend, let no man think himself released from the kind charities of relationship. These are the best foundation for every species of benevolence." This seems to me a very important doctrine, which some may be inclined to overlook in practice. Even in the frank intimacy of close kinship it is wise not to neglect some of the thoughtful forms and ceremonies of social intercourse. Many a misunderstanding has sprung up, much pain has been given, by a too great reticence, an excessive shyness about giving outward expression to the affection really felt for very familiar friends. The gentle and affectionate Gerald Griffin said with the fullest sincerity:—

"I have a heart: I'd live
And die for him whose worth I knew,
Yet could not seize his hand and give
My full heart forth, as talkers do."

Some who have the faculty of rhyming, and some who have not, have used verse occasionally as a medium for expressing pent-up feelings of this kind. The late Father Edward Caswall, of the Birmingham Oratory, did so in his ode "To the Hand of a living Catholic Author." Of course the hand which is thus addressed is that which wrote "Loss and Gain," the "*Apologia*," and "The Dream of Gerontius."

Hail, sacred Force!
Hail, energy sublime!
Fountain of present deeds,
And manifold effects in future time!

Through thee have sped
Forth on their blazing way
Conceptions fiery-wing'd,
That shall the destinies of ages away!

Through thee this Isle,
Long bound in Satan's chain,
To her original faith
Inclines, beyond all hope, an ear again;

And eyes askant,
With a half wistful gaze,
Passing in beauty by,
The Vision of the Church of ancient days!

Symbol august!
Here on my bended knee,
I venerate the truth
And multitudinous grace that speak in thee.

Thou, drawing back
The curtains of the night;
First on this guilty soul,
Shut up in heresy, didst open light.

Through thee on her
Eternal morning rose ;
Oh, how with all her powers
Can she enough repay the debt she owes ?

We copy the foregoing from the second edition (in 1873) of Father Caswall's "*Hymns and Poems, Original and Translated.*" It was the first edition which led to the "interchange of compliments" referred to in the title of this paper. On the 1st of January, 1858, Dr. Newman (as we called him then) wrote the following lines: "To Edward Caswall (a Gift for the New Year, in return for his volume of Poems.)"—

Once, o'er a clear, calm pool,
The fulness of an over-brimming spring,
I saw the hawthorn and the chestnut fling
Their willing arms, of vernal blossoms full
And light green leaves: the lilac, too, was there;
The prodigal laburnum, dropping gold ;
While the rich gorse along the turf crept near,
Close to the fountain's margin, and made bold
To peep into that pool, so calm and clear —
As if well pleased to see their image bright
Reflected back upon their innocent sight;
Each flower and blossom shy,
Lingering the livelong day in still delight,
Yet without touch of pride, to view,
Yea, with a tender, holy sympathy,
What was itself, yet was another too.
So on thy verse, my Brother and my Friend,
—The fresh upwelling of thy tranquil spirit,—
I see a many angel forms attend ;
And gracious souls elect ;
And thronging sacred shades, that shall inherit
One day the azure skies ;
And peaceful saints, in whitest garments decked ;
And happy infants of its second birth :—
These, and all other plants of paradise,
Thoughts from above, and visions that are sure,
And providences past, and memories dear,
In much content hang o'er that mirror pure,
And recognise each other's faces there,
And see a heaven on earth.

A writer in this Magazine—reviewing Mr. John Charles Earle's last volume of poems, of which one of the best was a dedication of the whole to "John Henry Newman"—attempted an enumeration of the books inscribed in like manner with the name of the great Oratorian. One would have expected Father Ryder's recent "*Poems, Original and Translated*" to be an addition to the catalogue. No doubt it *was* dedicated to His Eminence in spirit; nor was the poet

able to refrain from giving vent to his filial feelings in words also. Witness this exquisite triad of sonnets "To Father Newman on his elevation to the Cardinalate."—

I.

IN HONOREM.

All honours are deserved and give content
Within that city's golden quadrature,
Where true awards all-righteous hands secure,
And none may doubt or question the intent ;
Nor human wills as here are warped and bent
From the strict line of right by selfish lure,
Or clashing interest ; but doth aye endure
In each one's joy the unanimous consent.

Methinks the purple that hath crowned thy years
Is thus accepted by the general voice
As each man's good, because so just a thing.
High and aloof from selfish hopes and fears
Strangers and friends with one accord rejoice,
As they would antedate heaven's reckoning.

II.

IN MEMORIAM.

Yes, all rejoice ; and all express their joy ;
But this methought is but an idle boast,
Standing beside his grave whose joy should most
Abound upon this day ; whose life's employ
Had been to shield thy life from the annoy
Of daily burdens, never counting cost :
In his enjoyment half thy joy is lost,
And what thou hast, clogged with a dull alloy.

He does rejoice, but it is far away ;
He can no signal make that this is so ;
No floweret breaks upon his grave to-day,
This sad late springtide ; for the churchyards know
No law but Nature's, till the Almighty stay
The seasons in their solemn ebb and flow.

III.

IN VOTUM.

The verse wherein I would congratulate
More genial ending merits than a sigh ;
So once again my feeble fingers try
To twine some flowers whose cheerful hues might mate
The goodly vestments of thy new estate
With well-phrased wishes that should testify
To all I feel ; yet there the flowers lie :
My wishes so each other emulate,

God only could to peaceful issue bring
The conflict of their contrasts manifold ;
For I would wish new blessings with the old,
And all the old renewed, the flowers of spring
In autumn's peaceful lap, and not one face
Missed in thy circle from its wonted place.

It may seem almost indelicate to conjecture, from the second of these sonnets, that the friend whose absence was felt amidst the congratulations offered to the new Cardinal must have been the devoted disciple singled out from all in the pathetic close of the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*: "You especially, dear Ambrose St. John." But let me go a little further back :—

"I have closed this history of myself with St. Philip's name upon St. Philip's feast-day ; and, having done so, to whom can I more suitably offer it, as a memorial of affection and gratitude, than to St. Philip's sons, my dearest brothers of this House, the Priests of the Birmingham Oratory, Ambrose St. John, Henry Austin Mills, Henry Bittleston, Edward Caswall, William Paine Neville, and Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder ? who have been so faithful to me ; who have been so sensitive of my needs ; who have been so indulgent to my failings ; who have carried me through so many trials ; who have grudged no sacrifice, if I asked for it ; who have been so cheerful under discouragements of my causing ; who have done so many good works, and let me have the credit of them ;—with whom I have lived so long, with whom I hope to die.

"And to you especially, dear Ambrose St. John ; whom God gave me, when He took everyone else away ; who are the link between my old life and my new ; who have now for twenty-one years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender, who have let me lean so hard upon you ; who have watched me so narrowly ; who have never thought of yourself, if I was in question."

It is to this holy man to whom our fervent gratitude is due for all that he was to one who is so much to us—we have no doubt that it is to the death of Father Ambrose St. John that his illustrious friend refers in a letter of consolation which Mr. Heneage Dering has published in his life of his wife, Lady Georgiana Chatterton. "Your losing her here is thus the condition of your meeting her hereafter ; this is how I comfort myself in my own great bereavement. I lost last year my dearest friend unexpectedly. I never had so great a loss. He had been my life, under God, for thirty-two years. I don't expect the wound will ever heal. From my heart I bless God, and would not have it otherwise, for I am sure the bereavement is one of those Divine Providences necessary for my attaining that heavenly rest which has, through God's mercy, been already secured. So cheer up, and try to do God's will in all things according to the day, as I pray to be able to do myself."

I did not intend to piece together so many sacred and touching things when at the beginning I gave to this little mosaic so frivolous a name as "an interchange of compliments."

THE MONK'S PROPHECY.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XXI.

HALCYON DAYS.

MRS. GALE had gone to the county town; but, as she was expected to return in about an hour, the walking party said they would call again, and wandered about the grounds. The artist unstrapped his drawing materials, and continued a sketch he had begun the last day they had been there. Sydney looked over his shoulder, while Eustace took Ida away by the river, to show her a favourite haunt of his boyhood. After a time, Mrs. Gale returned, and sent out a servant in quest of them. They had luncheon with her, and heard the astonishing news that the Earl of Rathmoylan was coming to the castle. He was cruising about in his yacht, and intended running up the river for the purpose of seeing his ancestral home. Great preparations were being made for his arrival, and the housekeeper was in an intense state of excitement, though she did not expect him for a fortnight yet. The young people, after a time, turned their faces homeward, Eustace and Sydney discussing the advent of the earl in all its bearings and possible effects. As the former lay down to rest that night, his last conscious thoughts were: "A music teacher! What a pity! Not one to have a lark with, though. Ah!"—with an impatient turn—"a fellow can't be always watching himself."

The artist, having several sketches to complete, succeeded in turning his three companions' footsteps towards Rathmoylan several times during the following week. They did not much mind where they went, so they were together, and walking in the golden light. They were Arcadian days, love-lighted and beautiful. Life was an idyl, flowing onward in musical cadences; and they looked neither to the past nor future, but enjoyed the vivid sweetness of the present. Sydney usually remained near L'Estrange, gathering ferns, wild flowers and waving grasses; while Ida and Eustace roamed about, or sat at a little distance, having one of their interminable arguments. What made the happiness of three of the party unalloyed was that they had not wakened to the consciousness of any sentimental danger, as possibly resulting from such pleasant intercourse. They did not feel in the least romantic; there were no palpitations or heart-burnings, and

anything in the way of sentiment was discussed with extreme levity. Frank L'Estrange, on the contrary, had a tendency to introspection. He was quite well aware of his feelings, and so engrossed by them and the girl who had waked them, that, in the sublime selfishness of love, it never occurred to him that his sister's heart might be rather painfully impressed by the attractive young man who lay laughing at her feet.

The artist had made a fine sketch of Rathmoylan Castle, with the setting sun gilding its topmost turrets, and changing the hues of the river into crimson and gold. He determined to make a companion picture of the Druid's Altar, with the morning light upon it; and at early dawn set forth alone through the fragrant woodland, to begin his sketch.

He sat down in the necessary position, and worked busily for some hours, resolving to have it so far advanced that he could finish it at his leisure. He was whistling softly to himself the air of one of Ida's songs, "The Danube River," and was so absorbed in his work that he did not hear footsteps behind him, treading gently on the soft sward. He was startled when a voice exclaimed, "That's it—you have just caught it." The artist looked up. "Pardon me, sir; I have been watching you for some time. You have chosen a fine light for your picture, which is admirable." The speaker was a tall, elderly man, with piercing dark eyes, and black beard tinged with gray.

The artist bowed. "There are glorious bits of scenery about here," he replied; "it is a pity not to show them to the world."

"Yes, it is a pity. I presume, sir, you are an amateur;—perhaps a resident in the neighbourhood?"

"No," answered Frank; "I am a tourist, and an artist by profession."

"I might have guessed it by your evident ability. An amateur is a humbug. If you want to excel in anything, make it your profession; put your strength in one current, and you'll overcome every obstacle. I hope you are not well off;—necessity is the spur to talent."

"I have the necessity, at all events," said Frank, with an amused smile; "I wish I could be as certain of the talent."

"The talent is apparent, sir. I was wishing I had a painter to catch those soft lights as I came along. I must have the pleasure of knowing you."

"My name is L'Estrange," said the artist, a suspicion of the stranger's identity rising in his mind, which was confirmed by his next words.

"I like your work so well, Mr. L'Estrange, that I hope our first meeting won't be our last. I should wish to have a series of views taken of this old place. I did not tell you my name; I am Lord Rathmoylan."

The artist bowed, and apologised for his intrusion ; but the nobleman, with a gesture, put an end to his excuses, and expressed his pleasure at their fortunate meeting.

He then carefully examined all the drawings in the portfolio, and, when he had finished, asked him could he meet him next day, in the forenoon, that he might point out all those places he wished to have sketched.

The artist said he would be happy to do so, and, after a few moments' conversation on art, which he seemed to appreciate thoroughly, Lord Rathmoylan lifted his hat, and walked away through the forest.

Frank remained looking in the direction he had gone, scarcely realising his sudden appearance and disappearance. Who knows but luck was in store for him ? This castled proprietor would be a powerful patron, if he happened to please him. Feeling a wonderful impetus given to his efforts, he returned to his sketch and worked diligently, so that he might have it somewhat advanced to show to-morrow to Lord Rathmoylan. It was almost ten o'clock when an empty sensation reminded him that art and dreams are insufficient sustenance for mortal man. He gathered his materials, and proceeded homeward with elastic footsteps. When he reached the Hut, he found Sydney in the pleasure-ground, plucking flowers.

"Will you give me my breakfast, Sydney ?" he said, as he opened the little gate ; "I'm starved. I have been in the forest since five o'clock, and have done a great morning's work. Whom do you think I met ?" he continued, when he had followed her indoors. "No less a person than my Lord Rathmoylan."

"Oh ! Frank, why wasn't I with you ?" exclaimed Ida. "It would be like a scene in a novel. Morning in a wood—lovely girl—nobleman in disguise—first love, *et cetera*. What kind is he ? Had he his coronet on him ? Did he speak to you ?"

"He spoke so much to the purpose, that I am going to visit him to-morrow at ten, Ida. What do you think of that ?" He gave them an account of his interview, which caused general joy in the Hut.

Next morning, at the appointed hour, L'Estrange presented himself at Rathmoylan. He was ushered into the study, where the earl received him courteously. After a little time they went out and walked about the demesne, the earl pointing out the particular views he admired, and wished to have transferred to canvas.

He and the artist soon understood each other, and on returning again to the study Lord Rathmoylan said—"The commercial part of our business is all that remains now, Mr. L'Estrange ; and, as I am leaving to-morrow, I wish to arrange it. What will pay you for this commission ?".

"I really don't know, my lord," replied the artist, hesitatingly. "I have not got so large an order before, and—and——"

"Will two hundred pounds be sufficient?" said the earl.

"Quite, my lord."

The earl wrote a cheque for the amount, and handed it to the artist. "No thanks," he said; "I like your style. I hope it won't be our last transaction. You can let me know when the pictures are ready. I am continuing my cruise; but I intend returning to Ireland later on, when I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you. Good-morning, Mr. L'Estrange; good-morning." He shook hands with the artist, who, most sincerely wishing him a pleasant journey, took his leave.

Hardly believing in his sudden and most unexpected good fortune, Frank L'Estrange walked down the broad avenue, over which giant oaks flung their waving arms, straining the sunlight on the dark shadows beneath them; the river murmured farther on; the crows cawed on the tree-tops, the whirr of a pheasant was heard here and there, timid deer browsed in the open glades, and the rabbit's white scout was visible, as they scampered across the avenue farther down. The artist's perceptions of the beautiful were always vivid; but the face of nature never wore so magical a smile, so mystic an expression in his eyes as now, when he walked on with his two hundred pounds in his pocket.

Two hundred pounds!—it was not much for many people, but a great sum for him. It meant everything: home, and love, and prosperity, Sydney his wife, Ida relieved from teaching. If Lord Rathmoylan took him up, his fortune was secured;—and he would deserve to be taken up—he would paint. Why, he felt now as if he had the power and insight of a Michael Angelo;—he could paint the very sun.

"Here he is, Ida," called out Sydney, when he appeared at the bridge. "I'll have the news first." She opened the little gate, and ran to meet him. "What news?" she said. "I was waiting for you."

"Waiting for me, were you, my lily maid?" he answered, clasping both her hands so closely that she looked startled. "I shouldn't like to keep you waiting."

"What news, Frank?" asked Ida, coming up breathless. "Was he a King Midas? Are you to do a picture for him?"

"Behold!" said Frank, pulling the cheque out of his pocket-book. "Could there be a pleasanter proof?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Ida. "Two hundred pounds!" The tears sprang to her eyes, and her lips trembled. "Oh! thank God, Frank; thank God. Come in till we tell mammy."

The little lady lifted her hands when she heard the tidings, and the party were actually sobered by the depth of their joy.

Next day the artist went to the wood, again alone, as Father Moran had taken the two girls and Eustace out to the islands. He took sandwiches Miss White had prepared for him, and did not return till nearly seven o'clock. When he came to the bridge he saw the young people just beneath in a little boat, which Eustace was lazily propelling.

"Oh! there's Frank," exclaimed Ida.

"I say, L'Estrange, come down and lend a hand, will you?" called out Eustace. "I'm worn out. 'Tis all a snare to say girls are ethereal beings. He who told such a cram never had to row two of them in a boat."

"No, I won't go in," said Frank, leaning over the bridge. "I sat enough all day."

"You couldn't induce Sydney to get out, could you?" asked Eustace, languidly. "The view up there would elevate her mind, and 'twould lighten the weight."

"Yes, Sydney, come out and leave him there," answered the artist; "and someone wants you."

"You can whistle for us when tea is ready, fair woman of the house," said Eustace, rowing to the shore. "You wouldn't mind taking the oars for a while, Miss L'Estrange, would you, and let me enjoy myself, just as an experiment, you know?"

"No," answered Ida; "I don't tolerate idleness in idlers. "I am indulgent only to those of my own mode of life."

"Who wants me?" asked Sydney, as the artist came to meet her. "I do," he answered; "I want to talk to you, Sydney." They stood leaning against the parapet of the bridge. The sun was sinking just below the horizon, filling the western heaven with unspeakable glory; a half-moon of golden spears shot upward into the crimson sky, the masses of soft clouds were flushed with a thousand hues, the trees were burnished with the gilding rays, the little boat floated on in a sea of light, and the wide world lay as beautiful as in that divine hour when the all-holy Creator drew it forth from the great deeps of chaos, and saw that it was good.

"Sydney," said the artist, taking the girl's hand, "we have only another week of this sweet time."

"Shall I ever be so happy again?" she answered. "What shall I do when I go away?"

"Don't go, then," he said, drawing her nearer to him; "stay with me."

"With you!" she repeated, looking up.

"With me, my darling, to give me love for love, to be my cherished wife."

She put out her hands with her old gesture.

"Are you putting me away from you, Sydney?" he said. She made no answer, but stood trembling and blushing before him.

"Listen to me, Sydney," he went on. "I don't want you to do anything but what you think will make you happiest. If you go to your friends, it is likely you will be well taken care of, and 'tis more than possible you will get a richer husband. I am but a poor fellow, but I have a prospect of getting on. If you care for me, stay with me. Whisper it to me, my white dove, what will you do?"

"I will stay with you, if you keep me," she answered.

The artist forgot he had eaten no dinner, Sydney forgot all about tea, and it was only Miss White's appearance at the gate of the Hut that brought them back from that enchanted land, where hours are kept irregularly and earthly appetites remain dormant.

That night they were all made acquainted with the little passage that had taken place between Frank and Sydney. The latter was nervous and unhappy, until Ida clasped her in her arms. "Oh! Ida," she said, clinging to her, "I was afraid you wouldn't like it;—and what will Mrs. Huxton say?" Miss White rejoiced from the very depths of her tender little heart. She loved the orphan girl, both for her own sake and because of that tendency which inclines us towards those whom we have served. She shrank from the idea of her passing away from her altogether. With the wisdom gathered by gleaners in unproductive fields—the wisdom of hard and patient experience—she looked with wistful and doubting eyes towards a future dependent on the bounty of friends that were not even bound by the laws of kinship; but now she would have the protection of a husband, whose like she might seek in vain from Dan to Berseeba. Were not faith, love, and irreproachable conduct better than measures of gold? She knew Frank L'Estrange since he was a little boy. They were worthy of each other, and suited to each other; and it was truer, diviner wisdom for them to cleave one to another, struggling bravely through life's tortuous ways, than to lead a half-hearted existence with someone else, who might do away with all necessity for such a struggle.

Eustace was astonished when he was made aware of the state of affairs. "By Jove," he exclaimed, "Sydney engaged to be married! Who'd think of such a thing? The little monkey I carried on my back the other day! Why, I must be growing as old as the everlasting hills. What will Winnie say to such an appropriation of her charge? And I feel like Othello—my occupation's gone."

He had a conversation with Sydney, whose confusion he mimicked in a very heartless manner; and quickly discovered that to her there was only one man in the world, and he was Frank L'Estrange. However, he congratulated her warmly, and told her, as she had not sufficient intelligence to perceive how much more worthy he was of adoration, he did not think she could have made a better choice. Sydney's happiness was not even shadowed by Mrs. Huxton's dis-

pleasure. She wrote very kindly, and yet a little dignified withal, as if she wished her to have a proper sense of the honour of being allied to a L'Estrange. Father Moran thought it all a very sensible proceeding, if they had common prudence, and did not rush into matrimony in too great a hurry. "A good, steady fellow," he said to Eustace; "minds his business, and has brains. Maybe she might never do better. She has good looks, to be sure—but, faith, now-a-days, my boy, ye like money along with them; and who knows but 'tis some irreligious blackguard she'd pick up with in foreign parts? I'd be very glad to see the little girl married to a man that would be good to her. Poor child! no wonder her heart clings to those friends of hers: they stood well to her, and they are good people, thoroughly good people."

Everything was arranged—dependent, of course, on circumstances. The lovers were to wait for a year, and, if all went well, to come down to the Hut again, and be married quietly by Father Moran.

CHAPTER XXII.

A LOVE THAT DOES NOT RUN SMOOTH.

A CHANGE had come over Eustace M'Mahon's dream, which had a very disturbing effect on the even tenor of that young gentleman's existence. Let him reason as he would about the illusive and transient nature of human emotion, and the tendency of young men and women to exaggerate their feelings, a word, a tone of Ida's caused a revolution in his thoughts, and brought home the knowledge that the music teacher had, without any effort on her part, completely possessed herself of his heart.

It was a knowledge against which he struggled—a knowledge which awoke none of those delicious sensations which such self-revelations are supposed to produce. He loved her in spite of himself; he thoroughly appreciated the strength and tenderness of her nature, her nobility of thought, her fine intelligence, which rare combination of qualities, giving expression to her fair face and form, made her, to him, the most perfect woman he had met. But—a music-mistress; going from house to house, earning her bread!—it was intolerable. What would the world and his ambitious sister say if he introduced her as his wife? What would even his gentle sister Winnie think of such a marriage? The young man grew restless, and was by turns in Paradise or Tophet—in wild spirits or in the depths of gloom. Every day he said he would leave, and every day he changed his mind: the mischief was done now—things could not be worse. He alternately wished he had never met her, and thanked God that he had; she had "stirred his finer fancies," she had waked the desire

for self-improvement, and made him a better man. Ah, if he only could make her his wife! He was sure she was not indifferent to him; but it was impossible. With love, and self-pity, and pride struggling in his breast, Eustace bent his steps, as usual, towards the Hut a day or two after Sydney's engagement. He found Ida sitting on the bank near the waterfall.

"I am here," she said, "like sister Anne, and I see nobody coming. The turtle-doves are gone down the glen, doing the pastoral."

"I wonder what kind of turtle-dove would you make?" he replied, flinging himself beside her.

"There is too much of the eagle in me," she said. "I'd be likely to peck the eyes out of my companion."

"Ah! love is a humbug," he replied, impatiently. "Isn't that your belief?"

"A good deal of humbug passes for love," she said. They were silent for some time.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked at length. "What are your ideas on the great question? Don't mock this time, for the sake of variety."

"I'd like to empty my heart of creatures," she said, gazing absently down the glen, "and give it all to God if I could; but I believe in the beauty and unselfishness of earthly love, and its divine power to sweeten the bitterness of life. It is the prophet's rod changing the waters of Marah."

She was idly plucking the grass as she spoke. Eustace caught her hand and put it to his lips.

"How dare you!" she cried, passionately, pulling it away, as if he stung her. She stood up, her face quite pale.

"Forgive me," he said; "I forgot myself."

"I suppose I was becoming sentimental, Mr. M'Mahon, and you followed my lead." She walked away, and left him standing there, thinking that the most comfortable place he could find on this lower world was the bottom of the river.

The young man's temper was tried considerably during the next few days. He could not get Ida to himself for one moment's conversation; she avoided him with such tranquil self-possession that it was perceptible to no one but him. She was gayer than ever, making them all laugh with her playful sallies. Eustace fancied she was unnaturally gay, and he took comfort from the possibility of her being as unhappy as he was.

Father Moran came in one evening, and announced that he had had a letter from Mrs. Hassett, inquiring about Eustace, and begging of him to send him up at once. "Something nice in store for you, my boy," said the priest, laughing. "Fine heiress staying in the house, escort wanted for her. Mrs. Hassett has her wits about her.

Well, I wish you luck, boy. Money is never any impediment to wedlock; but don't make it the motive. Marry with it if you like, but don't marry for it."

The holidays were at an end. Ida had to return to her pupils, and the last day of their stay at the Hut arrived. Eustace came from Castleishen soon after breakfast. Sydney told him he should stay all day, and have an early dinner with them, which he was only too glad to do. It was very unsatisfactory, though; Ida was packing up, and, as moment after moment passed by, he became convinced more and more of the wisdom of Solomon, and the vexatious nature of all sub-lunary conditions of life.

When dinner was over, Frank proposed they should have a last row on the river.

"I will have a hot cake for tea," said Miss White. "Do not remain out later than seven; Father Moran will be here then."

They went away; and in a short time the little boat shot out into the stream that led on to the Shannon. Eustace rowed silently; the others joined their voices in the sweet old Canadian boat-song, sending the musical sounds across the lapping waters.

In about an hour they returned, and reached the landing-place again. Eustace stepped out, and gave his hand to Ida.

"Come, Sydney, you and I shall have a row for ourselves," said Frank, pushing out suddenly. "Let them see if the cake be ready."

Ida and Eustace stood looking after them for a few minutes.

"You cannot avoid me now," he said, bitterly.

"I do not want to avoid you," she replied. "Listen to Sidney's singing; how sweet it sounds."

"I wish I had not listened to yours so often," he said; "but it is the old story of the syren."

"And shipwrecked mariners," she answered. "Hold on to your mast, and you will escape. I wickedly rejoice in the power of my voice: it brings me in a good many pounds a year—a thing not to be despised by one in my position."

"You put your position often enough before my eyes," he said, gloomily.

"I do not want to put anything belonging to me before your eyes," she replied, quickly. "My position does not concern you."

"I wish it did not—but it does; for I love you," he said.

The girl's face grew pale; she steadied her lips, and answered, lightly "Tis a great confession from one who is mighty in the gates and can sit with senators of the land. Do you know to whom you make it?"

"Yes; I know it well; but I cannot help loving you. I am ready to make any sacrifice to gain your love, to —"

"What sacrifice would you have to make?" asked Ida.

"My—my——" Eustace paused, for at the moment he could not put one into tangible shape; he was well off, and independent of everyone.

"Your reputation for good taste and social wisdom," Ida suggested. "It is never wise for one so conscious of his sacrifice to make such a holocaust, Mr. M'Mahon; he would be likely to repent of it;—and no man shall sacrifice himself for me."

"I do not know what you mean by sacrifice," said Eustace. "I am unfortunate in choosing my words. If you will listen to me——"

"I prefer speaking to listening," she answered.

"I will make you listen to me," exclaimed Eustace? "Is this the way you treat me, after all the happy days. You knew I cared for you; you—you——"

"Mr. M'Mahon"—she stopped her rapid progress for a moment, and stood opposite to him—"let us understand each other. You have a kind of pride; so have I. If you love me, as you say, it is in spite of yourself. You feel as if you were a modern King Cophetua; and—I very much dislike the rôle of beggar-maid. Do you understand?"

"Confound Cophetua!" said Eustace; "you'll drive me wild. Ida, I thought you cared for me; I thought——"

"You thought you had only to throw the handkerchief, I have no doubt," replied Ida. "Men, as a rule, take their success for granted. Go back to Mrs. Hassett, Mr. M'Mahon, and in a few months you will be thankful for your escape."

"You will drive me to despair," he said.

"A man in despair about me!" Ida laughed. "That would be something to boast of in my latter days; but I am sceptical about masculine despair. I knew a man who made the same declaration to a girl: he even wept. I saw him buying beefsteaks for his dinner a few hours after."

"You are heartless," cried Eustace, passionately. "I was a fool ever to think of you."

"I quite agree with you," she replied. She was walking rapidly all the time, and now sprang out on the road, near the bridge. "I hope the cake is turned."

"You will listen to me yet," exclaimed Eustace.

"Always when you choose agreeable topics," was the answer. She left him standing at the little gate, miserable, humbled, and more in love than ever.

Sydney, Frank, and Father Moran came up to the Hut almost together, where they found Eustace trying to soothe his feelings with a cigar. The cake was baked to perfection, and Miss White sat at the tea-table.

The Monk's Prophecy.

"Come, Eustace, my boy, cheer up; there's money bid for you," said Father Moran, laying down his cup. "This heiress of Carrie's seems to be weighing on your mind."

"I wonder is she pretty," said Sydney.

"Have sense, child," answered Father Moran. "Beauty is very well in its way, but a girl may be good, and not at all handsome. I ought to give him the advice Father Cusack used to give to his young men: 'Don't be turning up your nose at a good match, boys, because the girl is not a beauty, except, you know, that she is *too* ugly.'"

"Ah, money is the thing, Father," said Ida, laughingly. "How reverently a man will bend the knee to her who has a thousand a year."

"Women are far more mercenary than men," exclaimed Eustace. "Men will marry whom they like, if they can."

"I think I must side against you, Miss Ida," said Father Moran. "In such ways men are the more generous of the two. A woman is far more inclined to remember she brought her husband a fortune, than a man is to advert to the fact that she brought him none. Prudence is the great thing to look to in marriages—prudence and common sense."

"You don't like a man to marry a nigger, and beat her afterwards for being black," said Ida.

Next morning, Father Moran and Eustace drove with them to the cliff. The little boat was rocking on the wavelets. The steamer was to be heard panting in the distance: its smoke was curling above the next turn in the river. Adieux were said. "I shall see you in Dublin," said Eustace, as he helped Ida into the boat. "I have no time for visitors," was her answer. A moment more they were standing on the steamer, waving their handkerchiefs to the friends on shore.

Their return to the Almshouse caused immense excitement, the inmates intercourse with travelled personages being limited in their latter days, Mrs. Huxton kept her neighbours well informed as to the young people's movements in the country; but as she was remarkable for a florid method of expression when recounting circumstances connected with the family fortunes, her disclosures were listened to with questioning faith.

"I don't believe a word about Frank's meeting a lord," said Mrs. M'Closky. "One would think he started him out of a furze-bush. Mrs. Huxton is cracked about quality. I only hope it is true about the money: the poor boy would want it. But time will tell."

Mrs. Huxton received the party with open arms; the uneasiness lingering in Sydney's heart melted away in her cordial embrace. Mrs. Barry and Jim were in the kitchen to welcome them; and for an hour they were all busy unpacking a large hamper of country produce, which was equally divided among the inmates of the Almshouse.

O'CONNELL:

HIS DIARY FROM 1792 TO 1802, AND LETTERS.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.

PART VII.

MORE OF HIS LETTERS.

AFTER the famous Clare Election, O'Connell, before taking his seat in Parliament, used unsparingly his parliamentary privilege of franking letters. Here is one of his first as a Member of Parliament.

"Ennis, 5th July, 1828.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"The cover of this will announce to you a cheering fact. It is that there is in Parliament a man, one of whose greatest consolations in life is that he can truly call himself

"Your attached and sincere friend,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"[*Franked.*]

"No. 1. *Ennis, 5th July, 1828.*

"CORNELIUS MAC LOGHLEN, Esq.,

"*Merchant, Dublin.*

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

The following passage refers to the same epoch. Mark O'Connell's prudence in forbidding a Catholic illumination.

"It is rumoured that the Catholics of Dublin intend a grand illumination. Exert yourself to prevent any demonstration of that kind or anything that could possibly degenerate into a riot. The Bill is to get the Royal Assent at four o'clock on Monday. You will go to bed that night a free man; the term Protestant ascendancy is now only a name. Blessed be the great God! you cannot think how my heart swells at the thought. Let me repeat the caution not to illuminate; it would only give an excuse to a bygone faction to stain Emancipation with blood. I am sure the report of an intended illumination is unfounded; it would be so unwise to provoke an attack by the desperate and defeated Orange faction."

Without interposing even the thinnest layer of commentary we may give in order the following letters from the faithful wife at home to the new M.P., after one from the Member himself.

"BATT'S HOTEL, DOVER-STREET,

"10th February, 1829.

"MY DARLING LOVE,

"Here I am after a long and in some instances a troublesome journey. We had some selfish persons of our party who were very particular in taking care of themselves. This, of course, was not pleasant, but that is all over; and here we are, quite well and merry. I am happy to tell you that prospects seem more favourable than we expected. I saw Sir Henry Parnell, who kindly called on me the moment we

O'Connell.

...ved. His name is not to get into the newspapers, but he tells me that there is to be no Veto; nor any attack or interference with the discipline of the Catholic Church. This, darling, is important *if true*, as the Americans say. I have my hopes that it is so.

"With respect to taking my seat, I have not as yet determined upon the time of taking it; that must be determined to-morrow or the day after by my professional friends, and the advice of the persons who in Parliament shall be found honest enough to support me. I shall, however, write to you every day, and give *you*, sweetest, full details. You will not state the names of the persons who may give me information, because the newspapers are so ready to catch up any and everything, that it is not safe to mention names to anybody. I know, sweetest, your caution, and I have only to tell you the reason of anything and it is not necessary for me afterwards to give you any advice.

"Darling, whatever becomes of my claims, or of those of my country, you are my consolation and my solace. Your state of health is my great and foremost source of anxiety. Take care of yourself for me, my love—my early love—my *only love*. Embrace for me our darling children—my Kate, whom I shall call the tenderness of my heart—my own loved Betsy, my darling John, and my boy, our pride, my Dan. It is honey to my heart to think of each of them individually.

"Ever, sweetest,

"Your fondest and most faithful,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

"9th March, 1829.

"MY OWN DARLING LOVE,

"We have been discussing a Petition all day. I have only time to tell you that I got three letters from you this day, so that I scolded you *for nothing* yesterday. I don't know in what post-office the blame may attach—no matter. I am quite well, and very merry. Maurice is equally so. I have not, and will not, now abandon the Forty-Shilling Freeholders.

"A thousand and a thousand loves to our children.

"Believe me always, sweetest love,

"Yours most tenderly,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

"BURY-STREET,

"18th April, 1829.

"MY OWN DARLING MARY,

"In the first place, are you not glad that the Lent is over? I am quite sure that I am, although I have not suffered at all from it; on the contrary, I am grown quite corpulent. In the next place, darling, I have still no news, but my next letter will, I hope, contain some of importance. My Parliamentary fate must be decided by that day one way or the other; I think favourably, but at all events I will know distinctly before I write to you on Monday.

"Tell my sweet Kate that I got her darling letter with yours, and that I thank her for it with all the fondness of the fondest father's heart for the *sweetest* and dearest child that ever a father was blessed with. She little knows how I doat on her. I am glad you have got my poor Danny back at the whist-table; believe me, love, it is much to be apprehended that the late hours he keeps affect his constitution and make him more liable to disease than he would naturally be. Speak to him on this subject, and get him to *go to bed earlier*.

"What a state of tranquillity we are arrived at after so long and so violent a contest. I wish, darling, I was at home with my family; it is only with my family that

I know anything of the happiness of human life—my own darling Mary and her children, and sweet, sweet little *Mary*—what a darling she is: give them all my kindest love. Is Maurice doing anything? I wrote to John as you wished. I hope God may be pleased to give him the grace to attend to what I have written to him.

“Good-bye, sweetest—may God bless you.

“Ever yours most fondly,

“DANIEL O'CONNELL.”

“MERRION-SQUARE,

“Wednesday morning, 10 o'clock.

(Post-mark, 17th March, 1830.)

“MY DEAREST LOVE,

“I fancy that I am looking at you just going out to Mass, with the largest shamrock that could be had in London, looking as independent as if you were already Prime Minister of England. I wish I could think our dear Maurice was well enough to accompany you to fulfil the solemn duty which you never forget. Darling, you have brought a blessing upon yourself and your family, and your example has done more for the Catholic Church than ever was done by a layman at any period. May the great God preserve you to me and spare our children to us.

“I write to you before I leave my room, to have my letter ready to close and take with me on my way to Mass. I hope before I go out to hear from you. You may easily judge, darling, how anxiously impatient I must be to get your letter of Monday last. Yesterday was one of the most anxious and nervous days I ever passed. I am, however, thank God, in the best health, and our children very well. The girls, Morgan, Fitzsimon, and Ellen go to the Patrick's Ball this evening. The weather is most cruelly severe. It is well I have the good sense not to go to the Castle. Going out by day and going out by night are very different to those who are apt to take cold as I am. I don't like, heart, you should venture over in any of the Holyhead packets; they are, I hear, very unsafe. Why not come by Liverpool?

“Your darling little Mary is quite well; so is O'Connell; but I don't think he will ever be as interesting a child as Mary—probably I may be too partial to her.

“I must close and seal my letter, as it is time to be off for Mass. No English Post as yet. With fond love from your children,

“Believe me ever yours,

“MARY O'CONNELL.

“P.S.—Give my kindest love to our dear Maurice. Good-bye, sweetest, dearest love.

“To DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., M.P.,

“5 Maddox-street,

“Regent-street, London.”

“BREWSTERFIELD,

“July the 24th.

(Post-mark, 27th July, 1830.)

“MY DARLING LOVE,

“This is the eight-and-twentieth anniversary of our wedding day—the day of the week, too—which to me was the commencement of a happiness that through your fault was, and never will be decreased. I have been the happiest of women since I first knew you; and I feel that if you don't love me more, you do not now, in my old age, love me less. And, oh, darling, how dear, how very dear are you to my fond and grateful heart! May God bless and protect you, and send us a happy meeting. I am, thank God, much better; but they will not let me leave here until Monday next.

“Your girls and Morgan are quite well. I have not heard from any of my other

boys since I came here. I heard from Maurice. I hope to hear from you this post I write in great haste, as the Post-boy is waiting. With fond love from your children, believe me, darling ever yours truly,

"MARY O'CONNELL.

"DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P.,
"Waterford."

It has always been well known that the highest prizes at the disposal of the Government might have been O'Connell's if he had consented to give up the popular cause. Here is the way in which his domestic counsellors sustained him in rejecting one of these temptations —

"MERRION-SQUARE,
"Wednesday.

(Post-mark, 3rd December, 1830.)

"MY DEAREST LOVE,

"Thank God you have acted like yourself, and your wife and children have more reason to be prouder of you now than they ever were. Had you acted differently from what you have done it would have broken my heart. You cannot abandon the people who have always stood by you, and for whom you have sacrificed so much. You will, darling, be rewarded for all, and you will have the prayers and the blessings of your country to cheer and console you for what you have given up. Had you been betrayed into an acceptance of the terms offered by Government, you would die of a broken heart before six months expired. You now stand firmly on the affections and on the love of your countrymen, and when that country is aware of the *splendid sacrifices* you have made for them, depend upon it they will strain every nerve to reward you. I shall hold up my head higher than ever I did. I shan't be afraid to look at the people, as I certainly should if you were a titled pensioner of the Government. For your children I shan't say a word, as they give you their sentiments with their respective signatures attached. I never saw anything like the pleasure that danced in their eyes when assured of your refusal. May God bless you, my own love! Words are inadequate to tell you how I love and respect you for this late act, so like and so worthy of yourself; my heart overflows with gratitude and pride for being the wife of such a man, and the mother of such grateful children.

"The report through town yesterday and this day is that you are to be the new Master of the Rolls. You may rely on our discretion, though we long to have the great news public. What a welcome you will get from the people of Ireland! May God bless and protect you. You will carry the Repeal of the Union without bloodshed, as you did the Emancipation. I put my trust in that God who sees and knows the purity of your heart. I can't write more here, there are so many in and out. With love from your children, believe me always with truth your fondest and most grateful

"MARY O'CONNELL.

"To DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P.,
"14 Manchester Buildings,
"Westminster, London."

"MERRION-SQUARE,
"Sunday.

(Post-mark, 8th December, 1830.)

"MY DEAREST LOVE,

"It is now half-past eleven o'clock, and I sit down to answer your letter of Friday, which I found in my napkin when I came to breakfast this morning. Mau-

rice placed it there to give me an agreeable surprise. All our children quiz me not a little upon the regularity of your letters: I suppose they are surprised you should think so much of a little old woman as to write to her every post. It is a doubt to me, however, if even Shiel, who has got so much by his lovely wife, is as much attached to her as my darling old man is to his fond and grateful old woman. I judged your children's letters would give you great comfort; accordingly, when they wished me to give you their sentiments, I suggested to them the plan, which they with great cheerfulness adopted. Maurice, without waiting to discuss the subject, went at once to his study and wrote the letter which you so much, and I think so justly, appreciate. Rely on it, love, your secret is safe with us; not to your sister did I breathe it. I hope it will be public; if it should not how can the people be aware of the sacrifice you have so nobly made for them? I trust I may look forward to the certainty of seeing you at Christmas, they will be all so anxious to spend the Christmas with their family that both Houses will probably close before that period. Are we to have Lord Anglesey? I hope not, if he comes to continue his opposition to the Repeal of the Union. Dwyer will, I suppose, give you an account of the reception given by the Lord Mayor to the Deputation yesterday; his speech was most impertinent, and he deserves to be well humbled. How glad I am I did not visit the Lady Mayoresse. I waited to know how he would act after his return from London. His head has been turned by the compliments there paid to him, and he forgets that he was once one of the people, and glad to have their support.

"Nothing new in Dublin. We are all quite well. As Tuesday will be a blank, I have promised to go to Clongowes on that day.

"With love from all your children, believe me, my dearest Dan,

"Your's most truly,

"MARY O'CONNELL.

"To DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P.,

"14 Manchester Buildings,

"Westminster, London."

In these letters Mrs. O'Connell says the rumour was that O'Connell was to be Master of the Rolls. As she fears the "splendid sacrifice" will not be appreciated if secrecy is observed, the offer must have been higher. Had it been proposed to confer on O'Connell a distinction which was, in reality, to be reserved for Lord O'Hagan, and which at that time would have seemed a more extraordinary honour? To what extent would the subsequent course of Ireland's political history have been modified if O'Connell had become her first Catholic Lord Chancellor?

THE NIGHTINGALES.

JUNE roses ripen through the land,
 All red and white and paly gold ;
 Green shadows veil them where they stand,
 Their breathing scents the sunlit wold.
 The roses glow, but what avails ?—
 I do not hear the nightingales.

The woods lie under some sweet spell,
 Their mossy lanes are dim with light,
 Ensilvered is the marble well,
 Deep summer walketh through the night :
 Walketh awake ; yet something ails
 My soul ; I want the nightingales.

Soft summer night, fair summer day,
 Of leaping light, of dreamful shade,
 Who that hath lived through you shall say
 Which for the fuller bliss was made ?
 Yet aches my heart ; my spirit fails—
 O May, give back the nightingales !

R. M.

DE VERE'S LEGENDS OF IRELAND'S HEROIC AGE.*

SOME three or four centuries before the Christian era—for Irish history, especially of the Heroic Age, refuses to be trammelled by exact chronology—Ugainé Mór, a descendant of Heremon, ruled the destinies of our island. He was a great prince, as his name implies ; and so much revered by his subjects that they swore by the sun, moon, and stars the sovereignty of Ireland should remain with his children for ever. Strange as it may appear, the promise was kept for close upon three hundred years, until Eochy Feliah slew Fathna the Wise, and restored the Pentarchy. Fathna was mourned, at least for a time, by a young and beautiful wife, best known to us through her and Fathna's child, the famous Conor MacNessa. Her grief, however,

* "The Foray of Queen Meave, and other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age." By Aubrey de Vere. (London : Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882).

was not fated to be lasting; for in due time she was wooed and won by Fergus MacRoy, the King of Ulster; while she seems to have brought up her son in a spirit of almost more than Christian charity, since he asked and obtained as a bride Maev or Meave, the daughter of his father's murderer. It had been stipulated between Nessa and Fergus that the latter should

"On the judgment seat permit
Conor by his side to sit,
That by use the youth may draw
Needful knowledge of the Law"—

(Lays of the Western Gael)

and Conor before long supplanted his stepfather in the hearts of the Ultonians; so that Fergus saw himself forced to resign the crown, and leave his youthful rival to govern alone. But domestic troubles appear to have soon clouded the happiness which undivided power should have brought to Conor Mac Nessa; for we find his lately wedded bride first returning to her father, the Ard-Righ of the island, and then bestowed by him upon Tinne, King of Connaught, one of the provincial sovereigns he had appointed when dismembering Fathna's monarchy. On the plain of Aie, in the present county of Roscommon, Meave and her new husband raised a mighty fort or rath, which was called Cruachan, after the queen's mother. Here Meave fixed her residence, and after Tinne's death ruled alone over the Connacians for a period of about ten years, until she married Ailill, a petty prince of Leinster; and here we may leave her for the present, to take up again, this time under Mr. de Vere's guidance, the story of her discarded husband, Conor Mac Nessa.

We already owe much to Mr. Aubrey de Vere for his poetic illustrations of Irish History. "Inisfail" dealt with "those six centuries between the Norman Invasion and the repeal of the Penal Laws, in the latter half of the eighteenth century;" "the Legends of St. Patrick," deal with Ireland's saintly time; and now, "The Foray of Queen Meave, and other Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age," takes us back to the period which preceded even the introduction of Christianity. Of the three poems which make up this volume the first in order of place, though not of time, is entitled "The Sons of Usnach," and opens with a banquet scene "in Felim's house"—

"Chief minstrel be to Conor, Uladh's* lord,
Who graced that day, as oft, his favourite's board."

While the banquet is progressing a child is born to Felim; and, in due course, the cradle, "bowered in silk, and blossom strewn," is carried into the hall. Deirdré—for this is the name bestowed upon the

* Ulster.

minstrel's child—is thus depicted by Mr. de Vere, in what appears to us the two best stanzas of "The Sons of Usnach."

"Therein a little maiden wonder lay
 Unlike all babes besides in mien and hue,
 Bright as a lily bud at break of day
 That flashes through the night's unlifted dew :
 Beaming her eyes, like planets glad and fair ;
 And o'er her forehead curved a fringe of hair.

"The tender fairy hand, whose substance fine
 Glimmered as of compacted moonbeams made,
 With such a stealthy smoothness did it shine,
 Above the coverlet unquiet strayed ;
 And some one said, 'It knows the things to be,
 And seeks its wand of destined empery !'"—(p. 2).

It is unfortunate that the exigencies of historical truth should have appeared to call for the last line of the first stanza ; as a newly-born babe, with forehead fringed with hair, presents such an unusual image to the mind as to diminish greatly the pleasure which should arise from Mr. de Vere's beautiful word-painting.

We must pass very briefly over the earlier portions of the poem : over the fatal prophecy which Cathbad, the blind old druid, pronounced upon the infant ; over her childhood, spent, by Conor's order, in an island home, where her only visitors were the king himself, who destined her to be his bride, and her druid teacher ; and over the tales, sometimes a little tiresome, by which teacher and nurse endeavoured to beguile away the tedious hours. At last she hears from Levarcam, the nurse, of the three brothers, sons of Usnach, Naisi, Ardan and Aínlé, and

"'Naisi,' she said, 'will love me ! who cares when ?'"—(p. 17).

Then Naisi and Deirdré meet, and Naisi carries off the island flower, which was to have bloomed for Conor only. They withdraw to Scotland, flying from Conor's anger, accompanied by Ardan and Aínlé, and maidens and warriors of Clan Usnach. But their absence is soon sorely felt in Ulster, where the sons of Usnach were amongst the bravest of the Red Branch Knights ; and Conor takes advantage of a wide-spread feeling in their favour to bring about their destruction. He knew that as they sailed away,

"'Exiles,' they swore, 'we go : but ne'er come back
 Till sureties strong are ours, and guarantee
 By Conor sent, firm pledge of endless troth ;'"—(p. 35).

and that Conal Carnach, Cuchullain, or Fergus Mac Roy should be the messenger. The two former are appealed to by the king, in turn, but they suspect the treachery, and refuse to become parties to it. Fergus

is deceived, and sets out in search of the exiles. He lands on the shores of Loch Etive, and his hunting cry is soon heard by Naisi and Deirdré.

"Deirdré and he were playing chess together ;
Their bent heads well nigh met above the beard ;
While sunny gleams of that unclouded weather
Glancing through boughs the chequered ivory scored.
Her brow was bright with thought, her hand, raised high,
Above its destined prize hung hoveringly."—(p. 39).

From this point the poem is really interesting ; and if we except Deirdré's lament on losing sight of Scotland, the action hastens swiftly on to the catastrophe, and the trammels of rhyme lead to scarcely a weak verse.

Deirdré first recognises Fergus' cry and strives to avert the fulfilment of Cathbad's prophecy ; for when Naisi catches in it an echo from Erin,

"Play on !
She laughed ; but from her cheek the rose was gone.
Once more abroad the cry of Fergus pealed ;
Then Deirdré
"Play on !" and on her heart she pressed her hand.
But when a third time rang that shout
Then Deirdré said, "I knew that earliest cry !"
This day the Destiny foretold beginneth :
Woe to the Three !"—(p. 40).

We cannot copy the whole poem here, and we are unwilling to give a false idea of it by mutilated passages. It will amply repay a careful perusal ; and will afford convincing proof of the high poetic culture to which our ancestors had attained. For Mr. de Vere is singularly faithful to the spirit of the old Irish original, and in almost the only instance where he departs from it, the result is a very marked improvement. Deirdré, in the Irish legend, has a prophetic dread of the evils in store for the sons of Usnach ; but her foreknowledge has a weakening effect upon her character, and sometimes she appears to think the spell of destiny may still be broken. At one moment she is full of fears, sad and trembling ; at another she encourages Naisi to do battle bravely, as safety is still within their grasp. Mr. de Vere's heroine is of far nobler, though perhaps less human mould. At the moment that Naisi accepted the invitation to return,

"Then Deirdré inly said, 'We go to die :'
Death pale she stood, yet spake no further word ;"

and her certainty of the fate in store for them never after wavers. She

endeavours, indeed, to delay the fatal moment; but with **such slight** insistence as to show that no false hope moves her; and when her warning advice is put aside a second time,

"Thenceforth was Deirdré changed. . . .

Indifferent, yea, as one with either fate
Alike content

she goes forward to her doom. The old Greek conception of destiny was never more finely realised than in Mr. de Vere's creation. She is the Cassandra of the clan of Usnach, but without the raving and the rant of the prophetess of Troy.

We shall not tell how Fergus was prevented from accompanying the returned exiles to King Conor's court; how an excuse was sought and found for attacking them in the palace of the Red-Branch Knights; how great deeds of slaughter were done by Buini and Illan, Fergus' sons; and how, at last, of all the clan of Usnach Deirdré alone is left to sing the funeral dirge. But we cannot refrain from quoting some few lines, though one or two among them appear not worthy of *their* fellows, in which Naisi and Deirdré embrace before the final struggle.

". . . In neither face that hour was fear:
She saw in his a sadness infinite:
He saw in hers content and princely cheer.
At last she spake; . . .

"O Love, not thus upon that causeway old
We stood that day, chaunting our nuptials high
Yet nothing is that was not then foretold—
Hast thou not happy been? more happy I,
That hour thy love; for three glad years thy bride;
That ran, and slept and wakened at thy side!

"The good must still the auspice be of good;
They never loved who dream that Love can die!
In lordlier strength, in happier sanctitude,
Be sure he waits us in some realm more high.
All thanks, thou Power Unknown! she spake and kissed
With all her young bright face her husband's breast.—(p. 61).

The heroes die; Deirdré chants their lament—it is heavy and passionless—and then falls lifeless into their open grave. Fergus, freed at length from the snares which Conor had twined round him, arrives at Eman only to find those to whom his troth was plighted treacherously slain; and with his vengeance on king and people Mr. de Vere concludes the poem.

We know, however, that Fergus, accompanied by Cormac Conlinglas, Conor's son, and by three thousand warriors of Uladh, withdrew from the kingdom polluted by such treachery, and retired to the court of Queen Meave. This brings us to Mr. de Vere's third poem, from which the title of the whole book is taken. Queen Meave,

as we have said, had finally espoused a Leinster prince named Ailill, and from "a pillow conversation," as the Irish annals style it, between the royal consorts, dates the origin of the "*Tain Bó Chuailgne*." We need not enter into the grounds of quarrel between Connaught and Ulster, though it was certainly less founded then than it has been often since; we shall take up the story where Mr. de Vere pictures Queen Meave, surrounded by her allies from south, east, and west, and aided by the Ulster exiles,* under Fergus Roy, setting out upon her northward march. We could wish to quote largely from the "*Foray of Queen Meave*;" the interest is heightened as the narrative proceeds; no weak dissensions distract and annoy the reader, and the blank verse, of which Mr. de Vere is such a master, and which, we regret, he did not employ in the "*Sons of Usnach*," is admirably suited to the epic grandeur of the subject.

Meave fixed her camp in the plains of Aie; and endeavoured, first of all, to make peace between the various clans whom a common hatred was uniting against Ulster. Prophet and seer were sent abroad,

"Who ceased not, day or night, for fifteen days
From warnings to the people, 'Be ye one;'
Yet one the people were not."

But Ulster was united as one man; and the queen's hope of victory rests, at last, only upon magic aid, for Faythleen, the witch of Moytura, promises her help, and

". . . Then from ocean's breast there rose
A mist, no larger than a dead man's shroud,
That, slowly widening, spread o'er Uladh's realm
Mantle of darkness, and an erring mind,
And powerlessness and shame."—(p. 129).

Meanwhile the invading hosts, after crossing the Shannon at Ath-coltna, moved onward through Longford, Leitrim, and Westmeath, until they reached the boundaries of Ulster. Here they are first met by the hero of the tale, Cuchullain.† Cuchullain was prince of a small kingdom around Dún Dalgan (Dundalk), and had been reared at the court of Ulster; for his mother, Dectire, was sister of Conor MacNessa. He was early knighted by Conor; and now that his uncle's kingdom was in danger, he determined to defend it as best he might. He first bids his father

"Haste to Emania! Bid the Red Branch knights
Attend me in Murthemné. I till then
Hang on the invader's flank, a fiery scourge;"

* It is singular that Mr. de Vere makes Fergus slay "Maini, King Conor's last surviving son," at p. 69, and now at p. 125 sets by Fergus' side, "Cormac Conlinglas, King Connor's bravest son."

† For an account of Cuchullain's childhood, see M. C. Ferguson's "*Irish before the Conquest*," pp. 48 and sqq.; for a brief study of his character, see Mr. de Vere's preface to the present volume, p. ix.

and then he sets himself to the task of cutting off with arrow and wialing the chiefs of the Connacian army. First he ciphers his name on a osier wreath in Ogham characters, and lays it on a warrior's grave in the path of the advancing enemy ;

“ ‘ For thus, he said ; ‘ on no man unawares
Fall I, but warned.’ ”

Fergus alone can interpret the mysterious signs ; and at the evening banquet Cuchullain's story is told by Conlinglas, King Conor's son. Queen Meave, forewarned by Faythleen of the part Cuchullain is to bear in the defence of Uladh, is angered at his praises :

“ Stern of brow
The queen arose : ‘ Enough of fables, lords !
Drink to the victory ! Ere yon moon is dead
We knock at gates of Eman.’ High she held
The crimson goblet. Instant, felt ere heard,
Vibration strange troubled the midnight air ;
A long-drawn hiss o'erran it : then a cry,
Death-cry of warrior wounded to the death.
They rose : they gazed around : upon a rock
Cuchullain stood. The warrior said in heart,
‘ I will not slay her ; yet her pride shall die !’
Again that hiss : instant the golden crown
Fell from her head ! In anger round she glared :
Once more that hiss long-drawn, and in her hand
The goblet shivered stood ! She cast it down ;
She cried : ‘ Since first I sat, a queen new-crowned,
Never such ignominy, or spleen of scorn
Hath mocked my greatness !’ ”—(p. 135).

Again Cuchullain sets up his warning inscription, and again Fergus alone deciphers it aright :

“ Fergus knew the man,
Fergus alone ; nor yet divulged his name,
Oft muttering, ‘ These be men who fight for Bulls—
I war to shake a Perjurer from his throne,
And count no brave man foe.’ ”—(p. 138).

“ Orloff, Meave's son,” leads on the van :—

“ That morning he had wed
A maid, the loveliest in his mother's court,
And yearned to prove his valour in her eyes.
Sudden he came to where Cuchullain stood
Pasturing his steeds with grass and flower forth held
In wooing, dallying hand. Cuchullain said :
‘ The queen's son this ! I will not harm the youth,’
And waved him to depart. That stripling turned,
Yet turning, hurled his javelin. As it flew
The swift one caught it ; poised it ; hurled it home :
It pierced that youth from back to breast ; he fell
Dead on the chariot's floor. The steeds rushed on

Windswift, and reached the camp. There sat the queen,
Throned in her car, listening the host's applause :
In swoon she fell, and lay as lie the dead."—(p. 137).

Thus ever day by day, and night by night,
Through strength of him that 'mid the royal host
Passed, and re-passed like thought, the bravest fell ;
For ne'er against the inglorious or the small
That warrior raised his hand."—(p. 143).

Meanwhile Fergus has whispered to Queen Meave,

" The Hound of Uladh is your visitant
Both day and night,"

and himself is deputed by Ailill and the " Kings confederate " to buy off Cuchullain from the defence of Ulster. He forewarns the chiefs of the result of their embassy—" Sue and be refused ! that great one loves his country ;" but still he goes at their behest, and

" Banquet o'er,
Fergus his errand showed, and named the gifts
By Ailill sent, and Meave. Cuchullain rose
And curtly answered : ' Never will I break
My vow ; nor wrong the land ; nor sell my king : '
Fergus too royal was to hear surprised,
Or grieved, his friend's resolve, nor touched again
Upon that pact unworthy."— (p. 145).

He returns to the invader's camp, and after slaying a chief, who counsels Cuchullain's death by treachery, proposes that at a ford across the Neeth, which formed Uladh's southern boundary, a single combat should be daily waged against the northern hero.

" Speak to Cuchullain : ' By that ford stand thou,
Guarding thy land. Against thee, day by day,
Be ours to send one champion—one alone—
While lasts that strife, forbear the host beside.'
Then roared the kings a long and loud applause.

Likewise Cuchullain, when his friend returned,
Made answer ; ' Well you guessed ! a month or more
My strength will hold : meantime our Uladh arms.'"—(p. 147).

A series of single combats then begins, in all of which Cuchullain is victorious—

" Every eve
Again went up from that confederate host
The shout of rage. Daily their bravest died,
Thirty in thirty days."—(p. 148).

And three times thirty days the contest lasted, while Cuchullain hoped in vain for the arrival of the northern army. But the magic

art of Faythleen had cast a spell over Ulster, and on the nineteenth day the hero's father returns to tell him :

"Uladh is mad ; the Red Branch House is mad :
We too are mad ; and all the world are mad,
Mad as thy mother ! Through the realm I sped :
A mist hung o'er it heavy, and on her sons
Imbecile spirit, and a heartless mind,
And base soul sickness."—(p. 155).

Cuchullain's cry of anguish at his father's story moves the gods to pity ; and Mor Reega, the battle-goddess of our ancestors,

"Ere that cry
Had left its last vibration on the air . . .
Was drifting over Uladh . . .
. . . The spell was snapped :
Humanity returned to man !"—(p. 158).

Meantime, while Ulster arms, the combat rages at the ford ; and Meave at length gives way to the entreaties of her chiefs, and, first by presents, then by the offer of her daughter's hand, urges Ferdia to win the passage of the ford. Ferdia was one of Cuchullain's earliest friends, trained with him by Scatha in all the arts of war, his equal in every feat of arms, if we except the dread Gae-Bulg. And yet he yields to Meave's entreaties—to her promises of lands, and treasure, and a bride, as Denis Florence Mac Carthy tells us in "*Ferdiah*" (p. 42.) ; to the power of love alone, as Mr. de Vere assures us. At the appointed hour he advances to the ford ; and after a verbal contest, which, in Mr. de Vere's hands, is as superior to the Irish *original* in nobility of thought, as it is inferior to it in duration, he chooses the javelin for the weapon of the first day's combat. We cannot quote the fine verses in which our author paints the fortunes of the day ; but we shall quote those which tell how it ended.

"Evening fell
And stayed perforce that combat. Slowly drew
The warriors near ; and as they noted, each,
The other bleeding, in its strength returned
The friendship unextinct : round either's neck
That other wound his arms and kissed him thrice :
That night their coursers in the self-same field
Grazed, side by side : that night their charioteers
With rushes gathered from the self-same stream
Made smooth their masters' beds, then sat themselves
By the same fire. Of every healing herb
That lulled his wounds Cuchullain sent the half
To staunch *Ferdiah's* ; while to him in turn
Ferdiah sent whate'er of meats and drinks
Held strengthening power or cordial, to allay
Distempered nerve or nimble spirit infuse,
In equal portions shared."—(p. 173).

There is no more touching episode in the great Greek epic than this of the Ulster hero defending his country against the friend of his childhood. Indeed, there is no warrior in either Homeric army who can fitly be compared with Cuchullain, if Hector be excepted; and Hector is neither placed in circumstances like those of the northern chief; nor, even were he so placed, should we expect him, from Homer's description of his character, to act as Cuchullain acted. The blind fury of the combat blots out all tender feelings, at least as regards the foe, in the noblest personages of the southern legend: Hector himself is as incapable of falling on his adversary's neck after an equally contested fight, as he is of sparing his adversary's son, should the chance of battle bring him within reach of his lance or spear. And Mr. de Vere does little more than put into strong harmonious verse the spirit of the Irish original in all this "Combat at the Ford;" he shows us the warriors parting in friendship still after the contest of another day, and then paints the change that came upon them as the third one glided by:

"Sharper that day their speech;
For in the intenser present, years gone by
Hung but like pallid, thin, horizon clouds
O'er memory's loneliest limit. Evening sank
Upon the dripping groves and shuddering flood
With rainy wailings. Not as heretofore
Their parting. Haughtily their mail they tossed
Each to his followers. In the self-same field
That night their coursers grazed not; neither sat
Their charioteers beside the self-same fire:
Nor sent they, each to other, healing herbs."—(p. 175).

They meet again, this time to end the fight:

"The vernal day
Panted with summer ardours, while aloft
Noontide, a fire-tressed Fury, waved her torch,
Kindling the lit grove and its youngling green
From the azure-blazing zenith. As the heat
So waxed the warriors' frenzy. Hours went by:
That day they sought not rest on rock or mound,
Held no discourse."—(p. 177).

How the struggle ended, how Ferdiah fell, slain by the Gae-Bulg, which alone he feared, we shall let our readers learn from our author's pages: we shall only quote some of the concluding lines of this beautiful fragment:—

"All was o'er. To earth the warrior sank:
Dying, he spake: 'Not thine this deed, O friend—
'Twas Meave that winged that bolt into my heart!'
Then ran Cuchullain to that great one dead,
And raised him in his arms, and laid him down
Beside the Ford, but on its northern bank,

Not in that realm by Ailill swayed and Meave :
 Long time he looked the dead man in the face ;
 Then by him fell in swoon. 'Cuchullain, rise !
 The men of Erin be upon thee ! Rise !
 Thus Leagh. He answered, waking : 'Let them come !
 To me what profit if I live or die ?
 The man I loved is dead !'—(p. 180).

We venture to assert that nothing in classical literature will be found to surpass—we doubt if anything in classical literature can be found to equal—this scene from the Irish epic.

Our pleasant task is nearly done, for though Mr. de Vere, in two additional fragments, deals with the "Invasion of Uladh," and of "Queen Meave's Retreat," we can epitomise them very briefly. After Ferdiah's death Cuchullain, suffering from his wounds, suffering still more from sorrow for his friend, can guard the ford no longer. Queen Meave crosses into Ulster, and, having captured the Donn Cualgne, prime object of the expedition, marches triumphantly through the defenceless kingdom, and, after camping in sight of Eman, turns back southward to her realm of Connaught.

"The Shenan near,
 Beside Ath-Luain streaming in its might,"

where she had halted "to make division of her spoil," the northern army overtook her. In the hour of peril Fergus is appointed to command ; he forms the battle, and, by his skill and valour, turns the fortunes of the day against his countrymen, winning his long-thirsted-for revenge at last, when he meets Conor Conchobar and smites him to the earth, "a bleeding mass. Fergus has taken vengeance for the sons of Usnach, and the pledge so treacherously broken ; and so when Cuchullain reaches the panic-stricken northern camp, Fergus and his exiles take no part in the struggle which begins afresh. The result is now adverse to Queen Meave, who, in the universal flight, is only saved from death by Cuchullain's generosity. Let our last quotation be the lines in which Mr. de Vere tells of the bearing of the victors towards those of their countrymen who had been the cause of their defeat upon the day before. They will explain our meaning when we say that Mr. de Vere has few rivals, when he chooses, in the art of pregnant writing :

"Fergus alone
 The Exile-King, and they the Exile-Band,
 Fled not that day. Though few and bleeding fast,
 Fearless upon a cloudy crag they stood ;

. . . The host pursuing
 Looked up, yet swerved not from their course. Once more
 Returning from their vengeance they looked up ;
 Then passed in silence by."—(p. 227).

We have done; for of "The Children of Lir," a poem of some forty pages, we do not purpose to speak. Our admiration for "The Foray of Queen Meave" has led us into such a multitude of quotations, that we have no space to deal with the third portion of Mr. de Vere's volume. Besides, the interest evoked by the whole of "The Foray," and by the latter part of "The Sons of Usnach" render it difficult to appreciate fairly the "Children of Lir," where the subject is so undramatically developed as to make a lengthened poetical treatment of it, something of a literary wonder. And we would not be understood to lay the charge of wearisomeness at Mr. de Vere's door. No one who has read Professor O'Curry's translation of the "Fate of the Children of Lir" * can fail to see that it has gained very largely in Mr. de Vere's hands. But it is essentially unepic—if we may use the word—better suited, if it were not so unwieldy, to be a digression than an independent poem, and so prosaic in its details that even Mr. de Vere's ability, and command of language cannot change it into poetry.

An English reviewer has regretted that Mr. de Vere should have chosen subjects so "remote from modern thought," personalities "too vague for a realistic generation, whose names the English reader stumbles at, and whose qualities and deeds are informed by a genius which differs utterly from our own." We cannot share in the regret; we thank Mr. de Vere, not less for his choice of subjects than for his treatment of them; we would not change the "Sons of Usnach" and the "Foray of Queen Meave" for anything more modern. We are happy to think that a widening circle of appreciative readers will be the effect and the reward of labours such as those of Mr. de Vere; and we believe that when the marks of past oppression have been blotted out, when education spreads among our people and they have regained their rights, they will take quite as high an intellectual interest in the exploits of Queen Meave and Conor Mac Nessa, as could any Anglo-Norman in the mythical feats of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table.

NEW BOOKS.

We are reluctantly compelled to confine ourselves for the present to a mere announcement of several new books, which we hope to notice next month more fully. The foremost of these is the magnificent quarto edition of the celebrated "Spirit of the Nation," which the original publishers, Messrs. James Duffy & Sons, have just brought

* "Atlantis," Nos. vii. and viii., p. 115.

out afresh under the very fitting and competent editorship of the Rev. C. P. Meehan, who has added several poem's of Mangan's, not easily procurable, and not included in the Mitchel collection. There are also many additions in the music of this edition.

Another very important publication, a contrast to the preceding in size and price, is a new penny Catechism, published for the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland by M. H. Gill & Son.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have published, in their usual excellent style, two volumes of Meditations for every day of the year, adapted from the French of Abbé de Brandt by a Daughter of the Cross, under the title of "Growth in the Knowledge of our Lord." The meditations are very beautiful, very full and systematic, consisting of preludes, points, colloquy, resolutions, and a *tessera* or thought for the day.

Mr. Washbourne sends us a pamphlet, "The Vatican and the Quirinal," translated from the Italian by Mr. Alexander Wood, who prefixes a curious preface of about the same length as the work translated.

The great "American Catholic Quarterly," published at Philadelphia, continues to visit us punctually, and to maintain well its high and arduous position. We have also to acknowledge the receipt of the "Celtic Magazine," "Donahoe's Magazine," "The Youth's Cabinet" (P. O'Shea, New York), the "Ave Maria," all full of excellent and edifying matter, each of its own kind. From the same country comes the remarkably useful, interesting, and altogether excellent "Catholic Family Annual," published by the New York Catholic Publication Society. There is a large number of portraits, chiefly of contemporary ecclesiastics, which have the look of truthful likenesses.

To come back to our good city of Dublin, we thank Messrs. Gill for two most dainty little tomes, containing the first and second series of "Golden Grains," exquisitely printed; and Messrs. Duffy, for three more of the reprints of the little threepenny tracts we noticed before—"The Holy Eucharist," "The Virtues of the Blessed Virgin," and Father Pinamonti's "Hell opened to Christians, to caution them against entering it." May they be scattered broadcast!

Mr. John Mara, Crow-street, Dublin, has issued "The Irish Educational Guide and Scholastic Directory," for 1882-83. It gives the Intermediate Education Act, and other documents bearing on educational matters, but its chief value is as a special advertiser of schools and colleges.

Two or three other books sent to us for review, we pass over with a silence by no means respectful. "*Non parliam di loro, ma guarda e passa.*" Why does a conscientious publisher waste fine type and paper on such stuff as a certain story lying here before us, which, in mercy, we forbear to name?

STUDY AND FAITH.

AN ADDRESS,*

BY THE REV. THOMAS A. FINLAY, S.J.

AT this, the first meeting of our Association, the foremost question it concerns us to put ourselves would seem to be this: For what purpose have we come together here?—what special work do we propose to carry on? With what intent have you been asked to give up your occupations of profit or pleasure to come hither to hear religious themes discussed, and to join in exercises of religious worship? Are there not times already appointed for religious instruction, and opportunities sufficient provided for the practice of religious duties? Do we propose now to add to the available number of pious discourses, or to increase by yet another the occasions of devotional exercise?

This, by all means, we propose to do, and doing thus much, we should, according to the Christian estimate of things, be doing a great deal. But we also propose to go further than this. We aim at doing a work for which, outside of an Association of this kind, it is difficult to find room; which must, however, be done in one way or another, if we would meet a very serious want, and safeguard very important interests.

It will be within the experience of most of those whom I now address that the students who frequent the scientific and higher professional schools of this city must encounter many dangers to religious faith, and many hindrances to religious practices. It is hardly possible to join in the everyday life of the students who follow the Arts' Courses of the Universities or attend the schools of Medicine and Law, without feeling that here it requires a strong effort to keep fresh the spirit of Faith, and a stronger effort still to be faithful to the practical duties religion imposes.

Many causes combine to bring about this result. In the first place, the pursuit of what we are accustomed to call "profane learning" may tend, of itself, to obscure our appreciation of religious truth, and to blunt our sensibility to religious motives. The study of literature, art, or science, pursued with absorbing attention, has this direct effect. Religious truth is, for the most part, concerned with facts which lie outside the domain of natural law. They are not reached by aid of any of the faculties which educational processes develop. The quickened faculty of observation which seizes the various aspects of natural phenomena, the trained power of reasoning which traces phenomena to their immediate causes, and thence farther back to universal law, the cultivated sense of what is beautiful in nature or in art, the refined appreciation of the great

* To the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Ignatius' College, Dublin.

literary monuments of successive civilisations, all these gifts may form the man of science, or the man of taste, or the scholar, but they are unavailing for the discovery of supernatural truth, and reach but a short way in the investigation of it. Of its nature, it does not arise out of any of the subjects with which science, art, or scholarship deals. It belongs to an order with which they are only remotely concerned—an order, in which, by a Providence we may hereafter have opportunity to examine, the trained intellect has small advantage over the dormant faculties of the ignorant, or the immature faculties of the child.

In plain terms, knowledge of physical nature, skill in art, proficiency in literature, do not, any of them, or all of them, help us to a readier apprehension of supernatural truth, or make easier our assent to it. And this precisely because the truth in question is supernatural, and these attainments are acquired by the study of merely natural truths, and are aids to progress only in the direction which has been followed to acquire them. The profoundest acquaintance with the laws of optics will not bring us any whit nearer Faith in the statement that it was the voice of a personal God which first said: "*Let there be light.*" Nor will any knowledge, however intimate, of the structure of the human frame or the functions of the human organism make at all easier our assent to the doctrine that it was the same Great Being who breathed into man the breath of life when first he became a living soul. It is true that, if we are of reverent mind, and otherwise disposed to Faith, we shall find in our study of optics or physiology occasions which will solicit our homage to the Creator's wisdom. But that such homage is rendered is due to our gift of Faith, and not to our knowledge of optics or physiology. Scientific study will furnish us plentifully with opportunities of manifesting our Faith, it will do little towards helping us to acquire it.

We may go a step further, and say that the pursuit of human learning, carried on to the neglect of the gifts on which Faith is founded is so far from leading us to supernatural knowledge that it tends rather to separate us from it. The mind, like the body, forms itself to the influences under which it lives, accommodates itself gradually to its accustomed surroundings, forms habits in harmony with its usual pursuits, and acquires by use a fixed tone and temper which render difficult its action under new conditions. It has been said of us that we are creatures of habit, and the statement is, perhaps, more widely true when understood of the functions of the mind than when applied to those of the body. If our intellectual life is wholly passed in the region of natural knowledge, we shall find our faculties at fault when we are brought face to face with the supernatural. The lungs which breathe habitually the dense air of low lying plains, do not easily adapt themselves to the rarified atmosphere of elevated mountain regions. In the same way, the mind which lives and moves wholly in

the sphere of natural law, and is conversant only with rational methods of inquiry, is ill-prepared for the understanding of truths of the higher supernatural order.

Scientific men engrossed in one department of research not unfrequently speak slightly of the labours of those who are at work in a different field, and pursue different methods. It is not unusual to hear metaphysicians of a certain school rail at the theories which have grown out of modern discoveries in chemistry, and it is still less unusual to hear the chemist turn to ridicule the meditations of the metaphysician. The one has no appreciation for the truth as it commends itself to the other; he is not prepared for it when it is presented to him in a form with which he is not conversant; he is accustomed to see it manifest itself in a well-known order of phenomena, and to register it in certain fixed formulas; if it will show itself in another guise, or will not fit in with his scheme of formulas, he cannot master it at all. He measures it in its new shape by his familiar standards; if he cannot gauge it thus, he declines to receive it. This want of intellectual sympathy with new forms of truth is specially observable when men who are students of nature or art, and nothing besides, are challenged by the doctrines of revelation. They examine these strange teachings by the light in which they are accustomed to study their scientific or artistic theories, they judge them by the canons which they are practised in applying; and so it comes to pass that their process of criticism ends in the rejection of revealed truth.

The critic is a man of unimpassioned nature. If so, he simply puts aside the doctrines that have solicited his assent. He has disposed, once for all, of their claims; they are nothing more to him. He has other subjects of inquiry to which he may usefully devote himself, and to these he turns. He has, however, no objection that other men should occupy themselves with religious theories, and put faith in them. Nay, he will allow that it is, on the whole, desirable that the masses should hold to religious beliefs, should be taught to find in them something more than enlightened criticism can honestly admit them to contain. For religion, when thus taught, exerts a controlling influence on the masses, with which, for the moment, the world could ill dispense. In time, perhaps, education will be more widely diffused, and a knowledge of physical law and of economic science will spread downwards to the lower grades of society. When that time has come, all men will follow reason as their guide, will be obedient to law, and zealous for social order. But that day is not yet, and meantime religion does fairly well that office which universal enlightenment will do later, and so it had better be provisionally maintained till physical science is duly taught, and the bulk of the population has acquired a sound knowledge of economic theories.

This type of unbelief is perhaps not of frequent occurrence amongst

us. But there is another which forces itself more prominently into notice and with which we are better acquainted. The critic who has decided against the claims of revelation is of ardent and enthusiastic temperament. He is capable of violent hatred, and his hate is roused by the doctrines which he has weighed and found wanting. He will make no compromise with error. What is false must not be tolerated on any terms or for any purpose whatever; no end, however good, can justify the existence of a system by which human minds are deluded. He declares war against the doctrines he has found to be baseless, and pursues them with an ardour which does not always discriminate between the doctrines impeached and the men who believe in them. The unbeliever of this type is usually a master of sarcasm, he is skilful in casting ridicule on the objects of his hatred, and he uses this method with a freedom not always consistent with good taste. He singles out the weaknesses, the follies, or the superstitions for which religious practices give weak minds occasion, and holds these up as the natural outcome and necessary effect of religious teaching. A less violent adversary would stay to reflect that human ignorance and human passion have ever perverted, and will continue to pervert the things that are most sacred, and that the perversion is more grotesque in proportion as the thing perverted is holier. But he is too eager to be stayed by such a thought as this. The personal faults or ugly individual characteristics of a few believers are seized upon and paraded before the world to raise a laugh at the cost of the creed which has been sinned against by the extravagances at which scorn is directed. There are weak men, foolish men, ambitious men, deceitful men, dissolute men, among the followers of every system, and the disciples of every master. Why should religion alone be held responsible for the follies, the ambition, the deceit, the worthlessness and the depravity which seek shelter or immunity under its name? A man announces himself a lawyer or a physician, and he is legally authorised to practise these professions. This guarantee, notwithstanding, we discover him to be a blunderer or knave. Do we, thereupon, renounce confidence in law and medicine, and hold them to be inventions of fools or hypocrites, which honest men are bound to combat? The most censorious critic will hardly push condemnation so far; yet condemnation urged to this limit is not unusual where religion is concerned, and in this case it not unfrequently passes for equitable judgment. The absurdities, the meanness, the vices of unworthy men, who pretend to a religious character or represent religious authority, are visited upon the principles which their faults are outraging. The law which reprobates sin is made the subject of ridicule because the servant of the law happens to be a sinner. The evil is of native growth within him, he would be what he is under any system which left the human will free to do wrong; his unworthiness, nevertheless, is held to justify

an invective against doctrines that are holy, because being what he is, he has chosen to profess allegiance to them.

I bring before you these methods of censure and schools of criticism as representing the ultimate stages of a process by which the engrossing study of literature or science has been known to issue in infidelity. I speak as yet only of danger arising from the very nature of the studies in which most of those here present are engaged. This danger becomes more pressing when these studies must be pursued under the guidance of men who have passed through the process I have been describing, and have come forth from it without Faith themselves, and with a ready will to destroy it in others. Now it is undeniable that many of our most distinguished modern masters in science and art, many of those men whose works we must consult under pain of remaining ignorant of much which it imports us to know, have achieved their pre-eminence in special knowledge at the cost of their religious Faith. Their works reflect balefully the sad condition of mind to which they have attained, and even their treatment of scientific questions, without directly inculcating infidelity, can insinuate the temper of unbelief.

As a rule, however, men of this class are not content to teach unbelief by implication. Their infidelity is of the aggressive type which we have just now been considering. They seem possessed of a frenzy of hate for the beliefs they have abandoned, and assail them with invective or ridicule in the name of the science they claim to represent. Readers of the Anthropological Society's Publications were startled some years ago, by the language in which a well-known naturalist connected the first preachers of Christianity with the presumed apish progenitors of man. "It is not so very improbable," wrote this man of science, "that the new religion, before which the flourishing Roman civilisation relapsed into a state of barbarism, should have been introduced by people in whose skulls the anatomist finds simious characters so well developed, and in which the phrenologist finds the organ of veneration so much enlarged. I shall, in the meanwhile, call these simious narrow skulls of Switzerland 'Apostle skulls,' as I imagine that in life they must have resembled the type of Peter the Apostle, as represented in Byzantine—Nazarene art."

This is, perhaps, an extreme instance of that kind of criticism on which I am commenting. In the native literature of these countries we do not often come upon a passage which presents such a combination of ignorance of history, scientific superstition, and coarseness of taste as that which I have quoted. But we meet with very much which tends to the same purpose, though the language may be more refined, and the humour less uncouth. Professor Tyndall can exercise his wit on themes kindred to that on which Professor Vogt has chosen to exercise his vulgarity, and on the whole, perhaps, the wit of the one is more dangerous than the vulgarity of the other.

If I have dwelt at some length upon this infidelity of the aggressive school, it is because it seems to me that we have special cause to know and to fear it. We have already examples enough before us to allow us to determine the specific character infidelity will assume in Ireland. It is the fashion to congratulate ourselves on an inalienable possession of the gift of Faith, to assume that we are not accessible to the influences under which other nations have fallen away. But the truth is that as far as regards the men who have grown up under the influence now abroad, this self-gratulation is not justified. Many amongst us will have had opportunity of studying infidelity as it appears in the Irishman, and will have observed that it is most frequently of that type which I have called the aggressive. He is not content with abandoning his Faith, he turns upon it to destroy it. It may be that he is never quite sure of the reality of his apostasy, and that he feels called upon to be zealous that he may seem to himself sincere. Or it may be that the tendency to be demonstrative, which seems to belong to our nation, impels him to exhibit before his neighbours what will startle even if it distresses them. It would, perhaps, be unjust to compare him with the Frenchman, vain of the grotesqueness and extravagance of his unbelief, and elated by the horror his vapourings excite among those who have not the good sense to despise them. But it would hardly be unfair to compare him to the Frenchman in the violence of his hostility to the religion he has discarded. Like the Frenchman, too, he is of quick and ready wit; he has specious arguments in abundance, and he is always able to throw ridicule on the cause he is assailing. The shortcomings or the indiscretions of the ministers supply congenial material for his invective or his raillery, and these he denounces heartily, involving the Faith in his depreciation of its exponents. Hating his cast-off creed, because he cannot cease to fear it, and shutting out remorse by the studied fervour of his hatred; at enmity with what most of those about him love best, and professing to despise what they prize most, he would not seem to be a being formed to gain ascendancy over his fellows. Nevertheless there are found minds over which he can establish his influence, weaker natures who admire daring in any shape, be it only the braggart courage which defies God while God does not appear.

As yet he is not a familiar character in Irish society; but he is making his presence felt, and he is not far to seek for those who choose to find him. It is not unlikely that in time he will come to be much better known amongst us. When education becomes more general, and is of a higher kind, when knowledge spreads, and the pride which knowledge engenders inclines men more and more to question established principles and to resist established forms of moral government; doctrines such as he is prepared to preach will find readier acceptance, and we may take it that in that day he will not neglect his opportu-

nities. Already, however, he has an importance great enough to be dangerous. He is amongst us, to represent the peculiar form of unbelief into which the Irish mind is most liable to run in its wandering, and to propagate that form of infidel thought which falls in best with our peculiarities of national character, and is, thus, most likely to be effectively mischievous.

Hitherto I have spoken only of those dangers to Faith which are incidental to intellectual pursuits—of that infidelity in which is the perversion which begins with the intellect. There is yet another method of perversion more fruitful than the first, not peculiar to this country or to this age, making victims in all times and places. I allude to the apostasy which begins in a violation of religious and moral law, and ends in the denial of religious truth and moral obligation. Infidelity in this case is in part a consequence of mental degradation; in part it is adopted to excuse it. When a man's lower passions gain the mastery over him, he soon loses all sense for higher truth. Vice engages the intellect as well as the heart; as a man progresses in evil, his power to appreciate things above the reach of his passions, must gradually decline. He lives in a clouded atmosphere wholly remote from religious truth, and, in time, he comes to believe that what he cannot see does not exist. Besides, he must find some justification for his excesses, something which will serve as a reply to the remonstrances of friends, and meet the reproaches of his conscience. To deny the claims of religious truth, and the force of religious law is convenient for both purposes. It permits him the pretence of being logical in his depravity. If there is no truth in religious theories, the strictures of his advisers are unwarranted, and if there is no binding force in religious law, remorse of conscience is an impertinence. If religion is proved to be groundless, he can be at ease in his sin; and as he has resolved to be at ease in his sin, he sets himself to prove that religion is groundless.

A limited acquaintance with student life in this city will be enough to give you practical knowledge of infidelity of this kind. Here you may watch it through all the stages of its progress, and study it in its consummation. You may see the young man come to one or other of our lecture-halls, from a home where he has been taught to reverence Faith and to love virtue. He bears upon him the impress of the purity and manly uprightness which hallow the Irish household, where he has been a centre for the affection of many hearts. He comes, bright with the innocence of youth and filled with its hopes, eager for success, which he would win as much for the sake of those whose love has followed him into his new career as for his own. For a time all goes well; he is not sensible of the infection which poisons the atmosphere around him, and virtue, home, and friends are things sacred to him still. But, at last, the day comes when his eyes are opened to see good and evil. He resists at first, and struggles against the seduc-

tions to sin ; but recurring temptation, the solicitations of profligate associates, the violence of his own passions overpower him at length, and he yields. He is now in the power of his sins, and the beauty of his life fades quickly. His friends notice the change, and for a while try to persuade themselves that it is the result of new occupations, a necessary result of his more serious pursuits. But his appetite for indulgence is growing, his sins are multiplying fast upon him, and at last he grows bold enough to put away pretences. Friends, acquaintances of the better kind, social forms and observances, everything that could connect him with the days of his innocence, are flung aside, and he becomes boldly and defiantly dissolute.

After this you will see him drift speedily towards the castaways of society, and among them struggle to maintain himself for a time. Then he disappears altogether. A scene in a workhouse or hospital ward, for wiser men to moralise over ; or a deathbed in some quiet country home, where a mother sobs her prayer that God would give back to her child as much of his old gift of Faith as will enable him to ask for mercy before he dies, and then all is over ; and only broken hearts, a dishonoured home, and the tale of a ruined life survive as monuments of his career.

Our Association is designed to meet in some way, the evils that issue in results like this. We propose to discuss at our meetings the themes on which the cultivated intellects of our time most readily adopt views that lead to loss of Faith. And we propose, too, to take suitable occasion to encourage in those who frequent our meetings the practice of those duties which their religion lays upon them.

AD TE DE LUCE VIGILO.

BY SISTER MARY AGNES.

A GAIN I rise, another day to meet,
Of which Thou seest, Lord, the bitter pain ;
But ere I lift its burden, at thy feet
I kneel, thy blessing on its toil to gain.

Give me, dear God, the courage and the grace
To keep my footing on life's giddy way ;
I dare not look the future in the face,
I only pray for strength to meet to-day.

Behind me lie the sorrows of a life,
Before me dangers rather felt than seen ;
Around me rings the clamour and the strife
Of fierce desire, and of ambition keen.

Within, ah ! most of all, within my soul,
An aching load of disappointment lies :
So long I struggle to attain the goal,
So long thy Providence success denies

So long I labour, as it seems, in vain !
So uselessly I wear my life away,
Till, weary of its unavailing pain,
I greet more hopelessly each dawning day.

I shrink back from the vista of the years
That yet may be between me and my rest !
Still, Thou, the outflow of my heart-sick fears,
Lead me by inches, in thy guidance blest !

Keep Thou mine eyes upon the present hours,
Nor idly to the future let them roam ;
Strengthen my soul in all its failing powers,
To meet the minutes singly as they come.

A dawn draws near, though it be long delayed,
Which I shall welcome as my day of days,
On which the sunlight of Christ's smile displayed,
Shall change my mourning into songs of praise !

THE LIFE OF A SAINT.

MOST of us feel that it requires more or less of courage to read the life of a saint. It is a thing that we set ourselves to do for half an hour or so at a time, and then we lay aside the book with some complacency, feeling that we have accomplished our "pious reading" for the day, and are, therefore, at liberty to pursue lighter and more congenial occupations. And yet we devour eagerly, not merely the ordinary run of novels and poetry, but also the lives (many

of them very ignoble ones) of authors and actors, and famous men generally, and never think of begrudging the time we bestow on them.

Why should this be, I wonder? Why should we find so wearisome the contemplation of the perfections of God's servants, while perhaps we fall into raptures over a fancy sketch of imaginary goodness, or a little bit of sentiment, in which, if we only took the trouble to look more closely, we should detect so easily the hollow ring? Sometimes I think our own vanity and self-consciousness have something to do with it. We find it difficult to realise that the saints who seemed to give up so easily all we hold most precious, who accepted the most terrible sufferings not only with patience but with joy for God's sake, had the same nature as ourselves, were made of the same treacherous flesh and blood, had the same weaknesses to combat, and the same enemies to guard against.

We who find it so hard to fight against the cravings of our earthly nature, whose passions are so strong, and whose will is so pitifully weak; we who cry out with all our strength against pain or suffering of any kind; we find it easier to tell ourselves that the saints were made of different stuff to us, received special graces, and were blessed with calmer, colder hearts than ours. Their lives are sublime in their devotion and unselfishness, yet we contemplate them more or less unconcernedly as if, being so unutterably above us, we were not called upon to imitate them. "They had no earthly affections," we say to ourselves; "how unlike they must have been to us, in whom the power of loving is so strongly developed! They set no store on aught but heavenly things; how much easier, therefore, must it not have been for them to give up the goods of this world than it would be for us! Surely we, whose nature is so much grosser, we who have been strengthened by no such special graces, are not called upon to do the like!"

I do not venture to say that reflections such as these pass through every mind; on the contrary there are many, who, by reason of their careful, well-regulated education, or their simple unreasoning faith, would laugh to scorn such a suggestion. But is it not true that many of us find it difficult to meditate for long on these holy lives because it seems to us as though there were a sort of unreality about them, as if, in fact, we were reading of things with which we have no concern?

And yet, if we only took the trouble to inquire a little more closely into the matter, we could no longer doubt that the blessed saints were made in very truth like unto us, with the same natures, the same feelings, the same weaknesses even, with this difference, that in them nature was ennobled and elevated by the constant contemplation of heavenly things, while the feelings were strengthened and purified, and the weaknesses were—*combated and overcome*. The saints were human like ourselves, but holier and more perfect. That is what we

do not seem to realise, partly, as I say, because we do not take the trouble to *think* sufficiently, and partly because very often such of the 'Lives of the Saints' as come in our way, are written in a condensed, cut-and-dried sort of fashion, and do not attract our imagination or excite our interest.

And this brings me back to my starting-point. I want to speak of one "Life of a Saint" in particular, the "History of St. Elizabeth of Hungary," by Montalembert, a work that is not merely the record of one of the most perfect beings that ever existed, but which is also a gem in itself, a masterpiece of writing. I know that many, whose voices are more worthy to be heard than mine, have raised them in its praise, but no one, I venture to say, could feel more deeply the charm of this little book, and calling to mind that on the 19th of November we celebrated the feast of this most lovable of saints, I take courage to write a few words in praise of this record of her life, in hopes of inducing any who are not already acquainted with it, to peruse it without delay. It presents a most perfect picture of the times in which St. Elizabeth lived—that century of chivalry and romance, when men were not ashamed to confess their faith, and love was love indeed.

No one who has once read this work could continue to delude himself with the false, but unfortunately, too common reasoning I have before spoken of. St. Elizabeth is so essentially a *woman*, one of ourselves, who rejoiced even as we rejoice, and sorrowed as we sorrow, nay, whose heart beat quick with the throbs of human love. Montalembert has presented her to us in her most charming aspect, not only as a great saint, but also as a most perfect wife and mother. Nothing could be more touching or edifying than the picture he has drawn for us of her love for her husband.

Love is a need of our nature, without which we cannot, most of us, believe it possible to exist, yet there is a too common idea, that love, the love between man and woman, is a thing that is looked on coldly and with disfavour by holy people, and that in a saint such a feeling would be impossible. Consequently, many of us are inclined to be disheartened at the idea of the sacrifices that are expected of us, and to think it useless to attempt "to be good," as by so doing we must make up our minds to give up all that is sweet in life.

What an absurd idea this is! Surely Providence, who made all things good, would not have placed so strong, so absorbing, a feeling in our breasts if He did not mean it to be a great and noble thing. For it is not as though it were a weak and sinful passion that sprang into existence only when our nature fell and became degenerate; on the contrary, were not our first parents still pure and innocent when Adam spoke the first love-tale to his bride in the garden of Eden: "Thou art the flesh of my flesh, and the bone of my bone!" It was not until sin, and death, and evil of all kinds had entered into the world that the first shadow of disunion fell between these early lovers.

However, there is no doubt that love as it should be, pure, disinterested, and unselfish, is a thing rarely to be met with; but in the union of St. Elizabeth and her young husband we have a most perfect picture of all that a perfect love should be.

What could be more graceful or more touching than the record of her early life, from the first moment when delivered over, a baby-bride in her silver cradle, to the safe keeping of her future husband. She grew up side by side with him, their mutual affection increasing in strength and earnestness day by day. How touching to read of the little crosses and troubles that came to try that love, which, however, rose triumphantly above them all.

Then later on, when the feelings of a child developed into those of woman, wife, and mother, is not the record of the confidence, the devotion, the implicit faith of husband and wife in each other a poem in itself?

To me there is a charm about the history of this period of St. Elizabeth's life of which I can never tire. To illustrate it, one has but to mention a single incident, one of the many gracefully told anecdotes with which Montalembert's "History" abounds. It is an account of perhaps the solitary imperfection with which the blessed saint had ever to reproach herself, an imperfection which, however, serves to show only more plainly the simplicity of her character.

On one occasion, when she, in company with Duke Louis, assisted at a solemn Mass of thanksgiving, the historian tells us that Elizabeth, forgetting for a moment the sanctity of the sacrifice, allowed her eyes to wander to the dearly-loved face of her husband, who was kneeling at her side, and her thoughts to dwell with infinite affection on his goodness, and the many lovable qualities which endeared him to all who knew him. At the moment of the consecration, however, our Divine Lord deigned by a miracle to recall her thoughts to Himself: for, as the priest raised the Sacred Host on high, she beheld in his hands the semblance of our Redeemer crucified, with blood fast dropping from his wounds.

We are told in most graphic and pathetic language how bitterly our saint bewailed her momentary forgetfulness, how, remaining on her knees after the duke and his retinue had left the church, she continued to mourn her fault with many tears. How as time went on, and the repast prepared for the invited guests was ready, and Elizabeth did not appear, Louis himself went to call her, saying with great gentleness: "Dear sister, why comest thou not to table, and why dost thou make us wait so long a time?" Then seeing, as she raised her head, the evidence of her sorrow he knelt by her side, and having heard the cause of her trouble, he also began to weep and pray with her! O Heavens! the faith and simplicity of heart of these middle ages! Far from being elated at the thought that the contemplation

of his perfections could cause even so great a saint to sin, he was filled with consternation at her wrong-doing, slight even though it was.

Listen to his parting words, as he rises to return to his expectant guests: "Let us put our trust in God. I will aid thee to do penance and to become better than thou art!"

Do not these words describe most perfectly what Christian wedded life should be. "*I will aid thee to become better than thou art!*" She was infinitely dear to him, but the honour of his God was dearer still, and he, in his singleness of heart, would fain do what in him lay to help her to advance even more and more towards that pinnacle of perfection, which these faithful servants of God did not despair of attaining. Oh, blessed type of perfect union! To love one another in God, less only than God, giving to Him, as befitting, the *first* place in heart and thought.

I have dwelt much on this particular phase of St. Elizabeth's character, because it seems to me, it is so consoling. Woman's natural place is home; her ordinary occupations the daily performance of household duties; though, of course, many are called to serve God in other ways; and it is, as I say, consoling and encouraging to have before us a model of a perfect wife and mother, a type so sweet of what we ought to be.

The "*History of St. Elizabeth*," however, treats of many marvels of God's goodness, and of her sanctity, which many people will find even more interesting than the story of her everyday life; and in conclusion, I have only to beg of those who may never have come across this most charming little book to make themselves acquainted with it without delay. They will find its contents repay their trouble well, and will think with me that no words could be too strong in its praise.

M. B.

T W I L I G H T .

ALAS! the weary day is done,
 And on my startled ear
 A stealthy footstep falls like lead,
 And numbs my heart with fear:

'Tis the wan Twilight, messenger of night,
 Who comes to toll her curfew-bell, and mourn the dying light.

In the sweet distant days of old,
 In Infancy's bright May,
 I loved her for the gift she bore,
 "The Children's hour" of play;
 Then, when she smiled with my reflected glee,
 I hailed her as a playmate dear, from mortal troubles free.

In days of youth when opening life
 Shone beautiful and fair,
 I gladly heard her peaceful tones,
 For Love was also there :
 Their whispers blended in my dreaming ear,
 And made the Present far and dim, the Future bright and near.

The Future came with mingled gifts,
 Sorrow, and joy, and fears,
 The mother's awful happiness,
 The mother's scalding tears,
 When my child's laughter made my heart rejoice,
 Dim Twilight turned to radiant day, to merriment her voice.

But now the dream of blessedness
 Is fled for evermore,
 My children one by one are gone
 To seek the far-off shore :
 Yet Twilight stays with bitter moan and sigh,
 To wake a longing unfulfilled, a pain that will not die.

But if at eve her veiled form
 A dreaded spectre seems,
 What is it when mine eyes are dark
 With shadows from my dreams !
 When in the dawn she pauses at the door,
 I shrink and shudder at her touch, and long to wake no more.

Ah ! say, what art thou, Being dim,
 What is thy mission here ?
 Art thou the shadow of my grief,
 The echo of my fear ?
 Or art thou pining with the exile's doom
 To see earth filling heaven, while yet for thee there is no room ?
 G. B.

EVERYDAY THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. FRANK PENTRILL.

III.—ON CLEVER WOMEN.

“ THEY are parallel isosceles triangles,” says the girlish voice of Ida, as she sits beneath the summer trees, where the birds are singing, and the sunshine is dancing around her.

“ Parallel isosceles triangles !” Doubtless pretty Ida knows exactly what it means, and so, I suppose, does the young man in spectacles, who is listening to her—though he strikes me as having a rather puzzled and frightened air—but I frankly confess, that for me these learned words bear only the vaguest meaning, and give me something of the uncomfortable sensation which used to fill my young mind when in early days, I was taken for its improvement to the British Museum.

Yet the scene of to-day is very different from that dismal home of science; for we are guests at a garden party: the hum of bees and splash of water mingle with the dreamy notes of the “ *Brise des nuits*,” which the band is playing far away among the shrubs; people pass to and fro in bright attire, scraps of talk, ripples of laughter reach me where I sit, but I scarcely heed them, for Ida’s words have set me thinking.

Thinking and wondering whether all this modern cramming of young brains, this high-pressure education, turns out better and happier women than were our mothers, whose highest ambition was the successful termination of a “ Poonah painting,” or the faultless playing of the “ Battle of Prague.” Yet our mothers were good women, who ruled their lives by a simple, straight-forward faith, made their homes happy, and brought up their children to fear God and act aright.

I suppose we are all weary of hearing of Madame de Staël’s famous saying, and yet I cannot help recalling how she declared that she would give up all her genius and all her fame to [be beloved, were it only for one day! And then, was there not poor Sappho on her rock? She, alas! found but scant consolation in knowing that no Greek girl had ever written, would ever write, such verses as hers. Her name might become a household word in the homes of her country, might be handed down through all ages as that of the one perfect woman-poet; but the consciousness of genius could not allay her grief; and the poor heathen woman knew of no other balm for her sorrow than to hush her magic voice for ever beneath the murmur of the Ionian

Even Margaret Von Eyck, whose fame was of a nobler kind—she who was found worthy to work with her glorious brother at the wonderful painting of “The Triumph of the Lamb”—are we not told of her, that in old age, she bitterly lamented having given up her whole life to art, and neglected homely work and homely affections? All Bruges was proud of her genius, and its citizens pointed her out as one of the glories of their town; but, in her lonely walks she envied the humble old women whose grandchildren upheld their tottering steps, and soothed their way to the grave.

Can we not also picture to ourselves George Eliot, while she still dwelt in that ‘provincial society which she has so faithfully photographed for us? She must have known herself immeasurably superior to the men and women who surrounded her, and yet her warm woman’s heart must have seen with envy pretty, brainless girls winning the love her great talent could not command.

It is ever so: the sons and daughters of genius stand on the hill-tops, in the full light of day, and like eagles they can look at the sun; while, from the mountain sides, their worshippers stretch their hands towards them, vainly trying to reach the heights where they dwell alone. But are they happier, think you, than we, who walk in the shady lanes, where primroses and violets grow, where rivulets murmur and little birds sing? I think not, for it has always seemed to me one of God’s greatest and most fatherly mercies, that true, abiding content is not the privilege of a few, but is within the reach of us all. I am not speaking now of that supreme joy, compared to which all others are but as the pleasures of children, but of earthly happiness that can be obtained by everyone; for none of us are so stupid or so plain, so poor, or so lowly born, that we cannot brighten the lives of others; and *there* lies the magic key, which will open to us the gates of an earthly paradise.

We do not hear, it is true, that St. Teresa or St. Catherine of Sienna ever lamented the loss of sweet home joys and mere human happiness;—but was not that because something greater than genius filled their hearts, and satisfied the cravings of their loving natures? Their great intellect was but the humble handmaiden of their holiness, the instrument wherewith they won souls to God, and, in lives so full of universal love there was no room for mere personal regrets.

Some years ago, we were spending the winter at Torquay, and among our friends was a Miss Dashington—one of those people of whom everyone says: “Such a charming woman! I wonder she did not marry long ago,” for Miss Dashington was handsome, clever, accomplished and—forty; yet she still wore, and wore unwillingly, the crown of maidenhood. What could be the reason? Was it that she was too well trained, too perfect a specimen of nineteenth-century civilisation? or that she lacked that child-like simplicity which finds

its way to the inner recesses of most people's hearts? One thing was certain: no ball or dinner-party was considered complete without Miss Dashington's presence; and the day after one of these social gatherings she good-naturedly came to amuse our solitude with an account of its details.

We have said that Miss Dashington was a general favourite, and among her especial friends was a certain Mr. Stewart, a clever worldly man, who found great pleasure in her sparkling talk, and spent many half-hours in listening to it.

"And was Mr. Stewart there?" asked we, "and was he as charming as usual?"

"Oh," answered Miss Dashington, with a shade of irritation, "Mr. Stewart is like all other men; he prefers the bright eyes and dewy lips of the silliest child to all the good sense and cleverness in the world." Then going suddenly to the sofa, where our invalid lay, she kissed her gently, and said, "Other people may be pretty or clever but you will always be beloved." After this, Miss Dashington returned to the tea-table, as if rather ashamed of her unusual revelation of feeling; and, while she rattled on, I looked at the two women, and thought how truly she had spoken.

There lay "our invalid" on the sofa, which had been her chief resting-place for years. She had never been remarkable for cleverness, and bright eyes and dewy lips were things long past for her; yet, as Miss Dashington said, she was beloved, and exercised a power which many an ambitious woman might have envied. She never lectured, she seldom advised, and still the good she did was incalculable. I have seen giddy girls give up a pleasant ride or a match at lawn-tennis to spend an hour by her couch; and when they left, it was always with higher views of life, and with, at least, some longing for goodness and usefulness. I have seen hard cynical men grow softer and kinder beneath her influence; and, greatest wonder of all, I have seen envious women check in her presence the bitterness of their tongues. Were these worldly hearts touched by the sight of so much suffering so patiently borne? Doubtless they were, but I think the great secret of our invalid's power lay in this, that she had learned from her Divine Master something of that human sympathy with sorrow, of that divine tolerance for weakness, of which He was the type and model. Sympathy! Tolerance! what magic things are they! What power they wield, what love they win! How easy they seem, and yet what perfection lies in the practice of them.

But, ah, me! how my mind has been wandering back to "The Long Ago." I thought I stood again on the shores of beautiful Devonshire, while, all the time, I am within sight of the Dublin spires, within sound of the Dublin bells;—and here, too, comes Ida, with her spectaclad cavalier. It is pleasant to know that, notwith-

standing all her learning, Ida is not insensible to the healthy attractions of sandwiches and claret-cup, for they are returning from the tents. In her hand Ida carries a rose—which, no doubt, she classifies under some learned botanical term—but in which, for all that, she seems to take a natural and simple pleasure, as she looks at it and smooths its leaves, with gentle, dainty fingers. And now a little child runs across her path and, stumbling, falls with a cry of pain. In an instant the rose is flung aside, and Ida has taken the poor, little thing in her arms. She is talking to it—not learned talk, but soft baby nonsense—and the child, looking into Ida's face, smiles and winds its arm around her neck.

Ah, sweet Ida! it is well with thee! The fashion of the day may have overloaded thy young mind with undigested theories; may have given thee those little pedantic airs of thine; but it has not been able to crush thy warm heart, or to kill those sweet womanly instincts which thou didst inherit from thy mother Eve, and which, *Deo volente*, will descend through many generations, even to those last women who at the Day of Doom will still be found consoling and strengthening those more helpless than themselves.

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

COMING home one day from visiting a charitable institution for great sufferers, I found myself reflecting on the strange fact that the one complaint I had heard during my visit had come from the only healthy and well-to-do person I had seen in the house. That life is full of this sort of thing nobody needs to be told. Rich people assure you pathetically they do not know where to look for money, while the really straitened listen with closed lips. Constant sufferers will give you a cheerful smile, while the individual with an unusual cold or sprain is impatiently lamenting his condition. The most wonderful and beautiful things are oftenest done in the world by people who had no opportunities, while those whose hands were full of the means never arrive at any end. Creatures whom you might call born to failure are seen to achieve the most signal triumphs; though sometimes they are never aware of the fact on this side of eternity, going to their graves in all the humility of their ignorance. Eugénie and Maurice de Guérin, pining to do some noble work in the world, died

early, having meekly resigned their holy ambition, and believing themselves held unworthy to perform any lasting service to their fellow-creatures. Yet in the record they have unwittingly left behind them, in the simple correspondence which naturally passed between them as brother and sister, showing their aspirations, struggles, and hopes, they have actually accomplished a work such as their souls had desired.

The giant, St. Christopher, who could neither fast nor pray, and yet attained to sanctity by merely using his rude physical strength in the service of his fellow-creatures, and for the love of God; and the gentle St. Barbara, shut up with her complete ignorance in a high tower alone, and making her way to the knowledge of religion by means of the moon and stars, the winds and sunshine, as the only companions of her solitude, are striking instances of resolute souls working towards their goal in spite of seemingly insurmountable obstacles. The annals of the saints are, of course, full of such examples; so are the lives of men eminent for their genius, whose names are linked with science, with history, and with art in all its forms. Milton, describing the beauties of nature, which he could no longer see, glorifying the earth for others yet unborn with "a light that never was on sea or shore," kindled in darkness at the very flame of his burning affliction; and Beethoven, writing music which he could never hear, except as he heard it while he wrote in the inner choirs of his own wondrous brain, can never be forgotten as heroes who wrought on to the end under a burden of disheartening difficulty. If either had turned his face to the wall, crying, "I am stricken, I can do no more," there would have been lost to the world poetry and music of the loftiest order, such as bears witness on earth to the creative power implanted in the soul of man by the Creator Himself, as an image of his own illimitable might.

But turning our eyes from these great ones, with whom we would appear to have little in common as we trudge along the beaten path of our daily lives (often so narrow and hemmed round with barriers as to deny us even a distant view of the beautiful, the ideal, or the useful), we can yet find, on a level with our own feet, and lower still, wayfarers who have made the roadside blossom with flowers for others, and for themselves, and have found means to cut in the flinty stone that walled them round, holes through which heaven and all its glories can be descried. Creatures of this fibre are every day working unnoticed wonders, and rendering beautiful service all over the earth. Such a one was blind Ellen, a poor, desolate old woman, who, a few years ago, was a well-known character in a village in the south of Ireland. While young and comparatively strong she contrived to be useful to the neighbours, knitting their socks and nursing their babies, but in her latter days, and for years before her death, the utmost she could do was to pray for her fellow-creatures. That she did this with

all her heart and soul the people who remember her can tell. Having no home of her own she literally took up her abode in the church, and lived at the foot of the altar, arriving there early every morning, and staying till late in the evening when the chapel gates had to be closed and someone would come, often a little child, to lead her to whatever dwelling was to shelter her that night. She could sleep in a friend's barn, or at a kitchen-fire, as well as in a bed when one could be offered her. In the middle of the day someone was likely to remember blind Ellen, and to send her a morsel of food, which she ate in the porch of the church. If all happened to forget her she knew how to fast. Day after day, as time went on, she was to be found kneeling on a step of the altar, praying unceasingly for her friends, living and dead, and offering her humble and never-failing homage to God. Was anyone ill or troubled, threatened with misfortune or fallen into sin, a messenger was despatched to Ellen in the church, to claim her prayers for the sufferers. Was anyone dying Ellen was called on to redouble her fervour, and to send up her most ardent supplications for the peace of the passing soul. She had great opportunities on days when confessions were heard in the church, for many of those, both young and old, who came out of the confessional could not read a prayer-book, and found themselves at a loss when the penance, perhaps a long one which they did not know by heart, had to be said. Blind Ellen knew all the prayers (it was believed) that ever were composed in or out of a book, and had them all on the tip of her tongue, and she was always at hand to give help. Was the Way of the Cross to be followed, round and round the church she would go on her knees with the penitent, reciting the prayers with intense earnestness, while her words were echoed by the youth or the girl, or maybe by the aged man or woman at her side. If the rosary or the penitential psalms or a litany had to be said she would put herself in front of the altar, with the penitent close to her, and there give out the pleading words right under the tabernacle. Ellen, groping her way round the old church, led by the strong young man or pretty maid who needed her precious help was a familiar sight to all who came and went within the walls. Praying there alone on the altar-steps with her darkened eyes fixed on the tabernacle, she seemed so completely a part of the sacredness of the place that when she died and disappeared the very sanctuary seemed lonely without her. In the end she was found dead with her head leaning against the altar rails, having passed away quietly giving no trouble, nobody having suspected that she was more than ordinarily weak or ill. The people who had been accustomed to rely on her help, and to feel themselves sustained by the prayers which they had not time or words to present to God for themselves and which she so freely offered for them, missed her sorrowfully out of their lives; and thus a poor creature had gained the rank of an apostle,

who, only for her fervent spirit, could have been for years but an atom of useless humanity burdening the rates in a poorhouse.

Even in a poorhouse, however, the same apostolic spirit will sometimes appear, and in the most unlikely subjects. In a certain house of the kind, I know one blind Mary Ann, upon whom the mantle of Ellen would seem to have descended. This poor soul, attended by a fresh, pleasant-faced girl, who is harmlessly silly (or, to put it as the French so tenderly express it, "an innocent"), spends her days going from one ward to another reciting the rosary in a loud voice, that all may join who will. Sometimes she recites the entire rosary as often as nine times in the course of the day. The "innocent" knows how to answer the prayers, which have a fascination for her, and all sweetness in life to her is found in following Mary Ann about, and making hearty responses to her petitions to heaven. The coming of these two afflicted and helpless souls is looked for by numbers of their fellow-creatures, like the advent of angels; and when anyone is sick unto death, Mary Ann and her simple acolyte are sent for with all speed. Death seems to lose half its terrors when Mary Ann is there to pray. Into another of those terrible hotels for paupers, which are to so sad an extent the nurseries of crime in the land, an elderly woman called Martha Green found herself driven by a storm of misfortune, after long years of industry and helpfulness in an humble walk of life, "Now, at last," she thought, "my days of usefulness are over. If I were even able to move about through the wards I might be of some use in counselling those who have had fewer advantages in the way of instruction than myself." But, alas! she was tied to a bed in the hospital, in a far corner, where even her voice could scarcely be heard by those in the other beds around her. Nevertheless during the years she lingered in that spot, Martha became a powerful agent for good, and a large share of the work that ought to be done among us for God, in the course of each twenty-four hours, was entrusted to her daily by the angels. First, her patient prayers in the night, spoken aloud when she thought everyone else was asleep, were caught by one wakeful sufferer after another, till at last her fellow-patients used to lie awake to hear Martha praying. Then they began to ask her to speak to them during the day, and to tell them how it was that she contrived to be so happy and resigned. After some time it became the earnest desire of all the inmates of the hospital to get a bed beside Martha, and gradually she gathered near her all that were good and holy, and anxious to be good and holy, in the place. She had a little mission of her own in her corner of a poorhouse hospital, and sent many a soul on before her to watch for her coming in heaven.

Another still more touching case I know of is that of three poor women, who have their home in a mountain cabin in the north of Ireland. One is an aged creature, who has no relations, and cannot

leave her bed, and but for the help of her companions must have been taken to the poorhouse long ago. The other two are young: one is blind, and the other is deaf and dumb. The three are bound by no ties of blood, and how they came together at first I do not know; but with the help of each to each they manage to live, and are more happy and independent than many of their neighbours. The bedridden woman owns the cabin and shelters the other two, the blind girl knits, and the dumb girl works at other occupations, with the help and under the direction of her sister in misfortune. The two latter always go about together; the dumb maiden is eyes to the blind maiden and she who is sightless is voice and intelligence to the mute. Blind Mary has taught silent Kate to understand what she says to her by watching the movement of her lips, and, incredible as it seems, the understanding between them is so perfect that on Sunday when the priest speaks from the altar Kate has only to turn to Mary and fix her keen eyes on the other's lips to learn from them at once what has been said. The blind and dumb girls, each according to her ability, tend and comfort the old woman in the bed, who gives them shelter; and thus these three patient creatures form together a little co-operative society of their own, which has certainly been established under difficulties.

Such resolutely helpful souls, deterred by no disadvantage from working in charity towards a noble end, are hardly more great than the dauntless Poulain, a prisoner at Gisors, who shut into darkness in his dungeon made use of the one ray of light which for an hour each day crept across a part of the wall and rested there. He watched persistently for the coming gleam, and with a rusty nail as chisel carved exquisite figures of saints and angels out of the stones in its trail for the greater glory of God and the consolation of his own mind, sorely tempted to despair. He is long dead and at rest, but the work of his faithful hand remains on the dungeon wall as a message and a lesson that all who run may read.

On this text, Poulain and his rusty nail, a very sweet poetess of this day, Augusta Webster, writes:

“ ‘O loneliness! O darkness!’ so we wail,
Crying to life to give we know not what,
The hope not come, the ecstasy forgot,
The things we should have had, and, needing, fail,
Nor know what thing it was for which we ail,
And like tired travellers to an unknown spot,
Pass listless, noting only ‘Yet ’tis not,’
And count the ended day an empty tale.

“ Ah, me! to linger on in dim repose,
And feel the numbness over hand and thought,
And feel the silence in the heart, that grows.
Ah, me! to have forgot the hope we sought.
*One ray of light, and a soul lived and wrought,
And on the prison walls a message rose.”*

In Antwerp there is an artist who, born without arms, paints excellent pictures with a brush held between his toes; and I have known a person obliged to pass a lifetime in a chair in one room, who yet knew more of the beauties and wonders of foreign lands than many who are always travelling about. The poor woman, with a large family, who sent a tiny child to a convent door with two eggs as her contribution to the fund collected for the Pope some years ago, was, I think, a true member of the band who know how to surmount their difficulties. One cannot but think it a pity the Pope could not have had those fresh eggs for his breakfast, but, doubtless, the sum of twopence which they fetched is marked down somewhere in the records kept above, side by side with that older entry of the Scriptural widow's mite. Such another mother as the heroine of the two eggs was she who sent out the little girl I met one morning, in a lonely country place, carrying a tin of milk to a sick neighbour. Knowing that the little maid with the pinched, half-starved face carrying the tin was one of nine children including a baby and that the only cow of the family was nearly dry, I asked her how the household could part with all the milk they possessed. "Sure, she's sick, an' the thirst is on her!" was all the answer I could get. The need of the suffering neighbour was held of more importance than the hardly less urgent want at home. The old lady of slender purse who would have flowers in her bonnet and made them out of blue tea paper, and the goodwife who was determined to have white roses out of season on her cottage walls, and planted clean egg-shells well among the green to make an effect from the distant road, do not make a very distinguished figure in our list of instances, yet, perhaps, these persons had in them the germs of the true spirit of making the best of things, if they had only known how to develop it thoroughly. There is no doubt that life is full of compensations, and that happiness, and the means of conferring it on others, power, and all it may achieve of usefulness to oneself and to humanity, lie nearer to every hand, even the most maimed and bruised, than is commonly dreamed of in our work-a-day philosophy. Half the world does not know how the other half strives and attains its ends. Wheat-ears and whin-chats live through the winter on wild heaths and in warrens; and who knows what supports them? The hard helpful soul finds a way not only to exist, but to work in a world of denial, and in an atmosphere that kills what is less enduring than itself. And of all creatures who struggle in various ways to attain to *something* under difficulties, the one who out of the depths of his own affliction gives glory to God and help to his neighbour is the one of all others to be crowned.

In some of the smaller West Indian islands, where neither streams nor rivers flow to fertilise the land or to slake the thirst of the creatures whose lot is cast in so strange a region, certain tall trees are

found standing lonely in the bosom of a mountain, their heads ~~wing~~ in mists and clouds. In their high, barren place they absorb a moisture from above, which drips and runs from their branches, streaming thence into the plains and rendering them habitable for man. To them on their forlorn rock are due the flowers that delight the children in the valleys and decorate the labourer's home. Exceptional sufferers, who are helpful and hope-giving to others in their own painful isolation always remind me of these beneficent and solitary trees.

THE MONK'S PROPHECY.

A TALE.

BY ATTIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

COMPLICATIONS.

THE days passed away. They all fell back into the old routine. Frank worked hard at his pictures, Jim keeping his studio at Mrs. Barry's, in perfect order. Ida left every morning to attend her pupils, and oftener than ever went to the Almshouse church and played the organ, occasionally improvising airs sorrowful and despairing enough to be the outcome of one of the foolish virgins' spiritual desolation.

Sometimes Sydney sat beneath, praying and listening to her singing, until her eyes were filled with tears. "Your voice makes me feel heartbroken, Ida," she said to her one day, "you always think of our Lord as suffering, while I think of Him as rejoicing, and yet you are gayer than I am. I wonder why we think of Him differently."

"I always think of Him as wounded and despised," answered Ida: "sufferings seem to bring Him within my reach. When I picture Him in eternal glory, though I rejoice in it, oh! He seems so far away from me, so far away."

Miss White had certain misgivings about Ida, which, however, she kept, as she had kept many an unbreathed sigh, within her heart. She suspected that there had been something between her and Eustace McMahon;—at least that he admired her. Their unrestrained intercourse had given her some uneasiness, but what could she do? She

was with her brother, and it would be absurd to warn a girl against a man simply because he was attractive. Then she was not a girl to lose her head because an agreeable man was attentive to her; and if he did care for her, and win her to be his wife—well, that, indeed, would be happiness. He was such a fine fellow. Father Moran, who knew him since he was a boy, praised him warmly. Ida's life of repression and toil would be over, and she would be lifted again into her own class which she was so calculated to adorn. The little lady had too much delicacy and good sense to speak to the girl on the subject, and sometimes even she was doubtful if she had any cause for being troubled about her, she seemed to be in such good spirits. But as the days rolled on after their return, she noticed a change in her, unapparent to less lovingly observant eyes. There was a little look of pain about her lips, except when they were laughing, and the laugh often died suddenly away. She occasionally fell into deep thought, from which she would rouse herself abruptly, and stand up to busy herself with some occupation.

So the time slipped by, until the shadowy days of soft September stole upon the land, giving it a graver beauty, as though the consciousness of decay and death had subdued its summer smiles, and added sadness to their expression. The Italian Opera Company came to Dublin, and the second night Frank proposed to the girls that they should go see "the great and tender Faust," which was to the representation. They joyfully assented, and when the hour arrived, they were seated in their places, looking down upon stalls and boxes, as they gradually filled with a variegated multitude.

"O Ida, look!" exclaimed Sydney, "there is Eustace and Mrs. Hassett. I wish he would look up; shan't I scold him for not coming to see us."

Ida looked beneath and saw him sitting between his sister and a very handsome girl, splendidly dressed, who had gems flashing in her soft brown hair, on her breast and white arms, and who was laughing and talking to him with evident pleasure.

"That must be Miss Burton, the heiress," said Sydney. "Isn't she lovely? And there is Minnie Hassett, quite a young lady."

"That's a fine-looking fellow talking to her," remarked Frank; he is a captain in the Lancers. What an air Mrs. Hassett has! as if she were conscious forty centuries were looking down on her."

Ida withdrew her gaze and fixed her eyes upon the stage; but when the curtain was raised, those resolute eyes were so dim that she could not discern the aged form of the dissatisfied Faust, or the tempting vision of love and youth created by Mephistopheles to lure him to perdition. She did not look beneath again, but followed the woes of the gentle Marguerite, listening with shrinking ears to the demon's hollow laughter, as he mocked at the emotion that to her was true and

sacred; until the ruined maiden lay on the prison-bed, like a soiled and broken lily, so wofully different from the fair, pure girl who had emerged from the church with the divine benediction resting on her golden head. Pitiab! change! wrought by sin, under the name of love—sin that came to her in the guise of an angel of light, and left her stained and unspeakably dishonoured—so sad a sight that angels well might weep. Could she dream those lips that swore undying love could be as false as those [which prompted him? Could those eyes, which to her reflected heaven, lure her unconscious steps from God to deepest shame? He, who absorbed all the tenderness of her womanly nature, as the sun absorbs the dew from flower-hearts; in whom she trusted with a perfect trust, and whose strong right arm she looked on as her shield and buckler against all sin and sorrow. O Love, what has not been done in thy name by false man and woman, who know not what it is to love.

When they emerged from the crowd that poured out of the theatre, they saw Mrs. Hassett's carriage drive away, and Eustace standing on the pathway, looking eagerly about him. In a few moments he perceived them.

"O Eustace, you ill-natured fellow, why did you not come to see us?" exclaimed Sydney; "I suppose you are becoming grand, like Mrs. Hassett."

"No, you virago," he replied, as he shook hands with them. "Don't fire at an innocent man. I only returned from England last evening. I had to go over on business for Wyndill, the very day after we parted. I intended hunting you up this morning, but the truth is, a good part of the day was gone when I got out of bed."

"Well, you are not so bad; be sure to come to-morrow, though."

"Will you call round to me at Mrs. Barry's?" said the artist. "You'll find me there any time up to five o'clock."

"We were admiring your heiress, Eustace," Sydney said, as they walked on, "she is very pretty."

"She is," he replied; "one of the handsomest girls I ever met, and seems to be a nice girl, too."

"Go in and win, my boy," said Frank; "fortune seems to make a favourite of you. You can give me a decent order by-and-by, and I'll paint the young woman so that you'll prefer the picture to the original."

"Shall I see you to-morrow?" said Eustace, in a low tone, to Ida.

"Not at all likely," was the answer, "except you choose to call at the houses where I goad little children through musical ways."

"What hour are you done with them?"

"I dislike being asked questions about what concerns myself alone," she answered, coldly.

"Your concerns are mine," he said. "Don't think you can shake me off, as though I were a butterfly."

He took her hand and drew it within his arm.

"Are you not afraid you will be seen?" she asked, with a mocking laugh.

He flung away her hand again, with a passionate exclamation: "Ida," he said, after a few moments, "neither of us is very even-tempered, I believe; since I began to love you, we have done nothing but fight and wound each other. Don't make a wreck of our lives."

"I should be very sorry to make a wreck of my life," she replied; "my instincts are not quite so pagan; and I certainly do not intend to make a wreck of yours."

"You will do so if you reject my love. Ida," he pleaded, drawing her hand again within his arm, "you will listen to me yet; you cannot have so cold a heart that my deep affection cannot touch it. Listen to me."

"There is no use my listening," she answered, in a voice that trembled slightly, and she withdrew her hand. "It is much better for you to take my decision as final. Going on in this way can only cause pain and humiliation to us both."

"You have come too far, McMahon," said the artist, as they stopped at the corner of the street that led on to the Almshouse.

"Be sure to come to see us to-morrow, Eustace," Sydney said.

The party separated. Eustace lighted a cigar and walked slowly home to Mrs. Hassett's, who asked, with some irritation, what kept him out so long. Captain Butler was sitting beside the heiress, and just rose to take his leave as he entered.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. HASSETT'S SUSPICIONS.

Mrs. HASSETT who had some, and who flattered herself that she had great, powers of observation, was beginning to give a considerable amount of thought to the affairs and behaviour of her younger brother. It gave her intense annoyance that he would not pay his addresses to her husband's ward, Miss Burton, who was heiress to broad lands, was worth her weight in gold, and was besides of undoubted rank and position.

Eustace and she seemed to be on very excellent terms, but their relations were too frank and unsentimental to be at all pleasing to Mrs. Hassett, or to indicate any movement that might reward her sisterly interest; and he was evidently not in the best spirits lately; he was absent, and sometimes rather irritable in his temper, which

was certainly a new phase in his conduct; and he used to wander off in an unaccountable manner, and give no information as to how or where he spent his time. She came to the conclusion that Sydney Ormsby was at the bottom of the mystery. Eustace and she had had warm words about her, when he was looking for her on his return from the West Indies. He had afterwards told her of the girl's engagement, which gave her extreme satisfaction, for she concluded that it would be the means of lifting her off the family's hands, and save Eustace from an entanglement which she always looked on as just the disagreeable event most certain to occur; but now, here he was, in a kind of melancholy madness, after returning from the country where he met her. Well, she would find out about it, if she could, and without any delay. Mrs. Hassett was a woman of action, and accordingly on this particular day, in the end of September, she got into a cab and ordered the driver to proceed to the River Almshouse. Gathering up her trailing skirts, she entered the grounds. She paused irresolute for a moment, then went on, and knocked at the door of the first house. She was directed to Miss Ormsby's abode, and having applied for admittance there, found herself face to face with the disturber of her thoughts.

"Miss Ormsby," she said, coldly extending her hand, which was as coldly taken by the surprised girl; "it is some time since I have seen you."

Such an undeniable fact required neither contradiction nor confirmation, so Sydney merely bowed.

"I was surprised you did not call after your mother's death," said Mrs. Hassett;—"I did not know where to inquire after you."

"It would have been more surprising if I did," replied Sydney quietly.

"I have had a letter from Mrs. Wyndill, about which I wished to speak to you," said Mrs. Hassett.

They were standing in the hall. Mrs. Hassett's plan of operations was to pretend ignorance of the engagement, and watch any effect the name of Eustace might produce.

"Miss White," said Sydney, opening the sitting-room door, "may I bring in Mrs. Hassett?—she wishes to speak to me."

"Certainly, dear," replied the little lady, rising to leave the room.

"Please do not go," Mrs. Hassett said, in her most gracious manner. "What I have to say can be said before Miss Ormsby's chosen friend."

"She has, indeed, been a friend to me," answered Sydney.

Miss White placed a chair for the visitor near the fire, and resumed her own.

"When Miss Ormsby left her lodgings, without sending me her address," began Mrs. Hassett, in an explanatory voice, "I could not

learn what became of her till I heard she was at the the Hut, some time ago."

"She remained for several weeks in the lodgings, after her sad affliction," replied Miss White; "but they became very unfit for a young girl. When I became acquainted with the circumstances I took her under my own protection."

"Very kind of you, indeed. Had she made me aware of her position, of course, I should have seen after her. I have had a letter from Mrs. Wyndill; she speaks of being able to take her under her charge soon. Would it not be better if she were placed in a convent in the meantime?"

"Oh, no," said Sydney, turning scarlet.

"You would not like to go to school? That is strange: the world cannot have so many attractions for you, and you are quite young yet. Mrs. Wyndill would like to have you well-educated, as you will be a companion for her children."

"Sydney is very well educated," said Miss White, "and very comfortable; at least she seems to be perfectly satisfied where she is."

"Yes, I have no doubt; I am sure you are very kind. Yet I cannot but think my sister would prefer another arrangement."

"I have written to Mrs. Wyndill to explain everything," said Sydney, nervously. "I won't leave Miss White."

"In fact, Mrs. Hassett," Miss White said gravely, "Sydney prefers to cast her lot with those who were happily able to protect her in her need. Her mother's friends in Dublin did not seem to be interested in her."

"I was not aware she was in any need. She should have applied to me."

"But you seemed to have forgotten us," answered Sydney, quickly; "and Mrs. Barry told you mother was dying. I was desolate until they took care of me." Her eyes filled with tears, and she leaned her head against Miss White's shoulder.

"They!" said Mrs. Hassett. "Who are your other friends?"

"It is as well you should know about Sydney's prospects," replied Miss White, "she has accepted the proposal of one in every way worthy of her, and is engaged to him."

"Indeed!—and who is the gentleman, may I ask?"

"Mr. L'Estrange, an artist."

"With all due deference to you, Miss White, may not this have been a little premature? Of course, it will deprive her of the protection of her other friends."

"I had no friends when I was alone in the world but Miss White, Ida, and Mrs. Barry," said Sydney.

"Ida!—and who is Ida?"

"Miss L'Estrange, the sister of—of ——"

"Yes, I understand."—Mrs. Hassett felt as if the mystery was beginning to unravel.—"Well, I have only to offer my congratulations, and wish you a happy termination to your engagement, though I must say, I think engagements a great mistake, men and women are so little to be depended on."

"I am happy to say that I believe Sydney and her betrothed can trust each other," said Miss White.

"They must have very unusual natures, then," answered Mrs. Hassett; "I always see people getting tired of protracted romances. Eustace told me you were at the Hut this summer. You found it dull, did you not?—If you two were alone there."

"We enjoyed it very much," said Sydney. "Miss L'Estrange was with us."

"And Mr. L'Estrange, of course; it must have been delightful. Do you often see Eustace?"

"Yes, very often. Eustace is always the same," answered Sydney.

"Oh, he has nothing to do but pay visits, and moon about," said Mrs. Hassett. While she was speaking, the door opened and *Ida* entered. Mrs. Hassett glanced at her, and said to herself, "Here is the snare set for Eustace."

The girl stood irresolute, with her hand on the handle of the door.

"Come in, dear," said Miss White.

"This is ——" Mrs. Hassett paused, and looked at Sydney, interrogatively.

"Mrs. Hassett, Miss L'Estrange," said Sydney.

Ida bowed and Mrs. Hassett gave a patronising nod. The girl's first impulse was to retreat, but the moment she saw the visitor it flashed across her mind that it was something connected with herself and Eustace that occasioned the call, and she determined to face the enemy.

"As I was saying, Eustace has nothing to do but to pay visits," continued Mrs. Hassett; "idle young men are a nuisance. I only hope he won't get into any mischief, as they usually do."

"Mr. McMahon does not seem to be a young man likely to get into any unworthy ways," said Miss White.

"Oh, I daresay not consciously, but he is extremely thoughtless; and young men will be young men until the end of time."

Mrs. Hassett took her leave, feeling angry and disturbed, and as if she were somehow at a disadvantage; but her most definite emotion was a sensation of antagonism towards the tall proud girl, who had returned her chilling bow with a salutation as haughty as her own.

CHAPTER XXV.

A SUDDEN SUMMONS.

THE artist worked unremittingly at his labour. He knew that he had got a wonderful chance, and that if he succeeded in pleasing Lord Rathmoylan his fortune was secured. He had all the sketches considerably advanced, and had finished one, which he wished to forward to his patron. He wrote to the nobleman, and, after a few days, received an answer from his secretary, desiring him to forward the picture to England; he did so, and waited anxiously for some token of approval following up the acknowledgment of its safe arrival. He was becoming anxious at the delay, when, one morning, he was shocked and astounded at reading the following paragraph:—"On the 4th of October, at Clenham Castle, in the fiftieth year of his age, St. John Butler, Earl of Rathmoylan, Rathmoylan Forest, Co. Clare, Ireland. The deceased nobleman was a kind landlord, a great patron of the arts, a good man in every relation of life. He had large possessions in England, Wales, and Ireland, which latter place he visited some months ago. He married, in 1854, Margaret, daughter of Lord Osbourne, and died without issue. The title is in abeyance. It is supposed there will be at least four claimants for the earldom, one of whom claims descent from the daughter of the third earl."

So here were his hopes blasted. His first thought was one of regret for the man who had been so kind to him; the next was one prompted by self-interest. It was a disappointment:—a door that seemed to open into peace and plenty was shut in his face again. However, he was better off than before, and he had only to work away and do the best he could; but a little look of care deepened a few lines upon his forehead, which Sydney, with love's clear vision, quickly perceived. She drew her finger along them with a half smile.

"Ah, Frank," she said, "don't give yourself such a venerable brow."

"Well, my meeting with him had one good effect on my life, at all events," answered the artist. "Only for it I would not have had the courage to bind you to me, and perhaps you would be gone from me by this."

Sydney shook her head with a doubtful smile, and gave no great thought to the future, as long as she was with Frank in the present.

There was a golden harvest to be gleaned by the lawyers; for the heir to the earldom, with the enormous wealth of the Rathmoylans was to be looked for; muniment-rooms had to be searched, and dusty records of the long past brought again to the light of day.

Mr. Hassett, the barrister, and Mr. Gale, the attorney, stood in the haunted room of Rathmoylan Castle. The former was looking out of

the window, smoking a cigar; the latter was looking over the contents of the ebony cabinet.

"I wonder what mania have people for collecting useless papers," said the attorney, testily; "there seems to be nothing here but moth-eaten rubbish."

"Things are looking well for Captain Butler," answered Mr. Hassett. "By Jove, what a chance."

"Did you ever hear of the old prophecy," said Mr. Gale, "about Earl George's younger son?"

"Yes, Mrs. Gale told me all [about it]; we don't look for the fulfilment of prophecies in those matter-of-fact days. Well, I suppose we can make an affidavit that there is no document to be found here that can throw any light on the succession."

Mr. Hassett threw away his cigar and stretched himself.

"There seems to be a cavity here," said Mr. Gale, pulling at a tiny handle. He gave another vigorous pull, and a little drawer came away in his hands. He took up a slight roll of crumbled paper and opened it. "Faith, here's the prophecy itself," he said; "what a time it turns up." He opened another bit of paper; an eager look came into his face; he caught up another morsel, placed them together, smoothed them on the table, and glanced rapidly over them. He struck them with his hand, exclaiming: "By heaven, there was truth in the prophecy: here is the marriage certificate of Charles Butler and Maud Morley."

"You don't say so!" said Mr. Hassett, joining him at the table.

"Not a doubt of it. Read for yourself. There is a fortune for some one in that torn paper."

"By Jove," said Mr. Hassett, examining it curiously, "torn across, and looks as if it had been stained with blood or wine."

"And listen to this," interrupted Mr. Gale, who had been trying to decipher another paper, "here is the explanation for you: 'My son Charles died this morning from the bursting of a blood vessel. He showed me the certificate of his marriage with my wife's servant. His blood fell on it, so I cannot destroy it; but I will never acknowledge it, nor any child of his.—(Signed) RATHMOYLAN.'"

"And here is the prophecy as if it had been wafered to something and torn off," said Mr. Hassett.

"When right sees light, Maud Morley's blood
Shall run in the heirs of Rathmoylan Wood;
The fruit will live, though the flowers decay,
And right sees light in a coming day."

"This will keep the property in law for years," said Mr. Gale.

"Perhaps there was no issue by that marriage," answered Mr. Hassett, hopefully.

"Ah, but there was, though. Mother," he continued, as the house-keeper entered the room, "don't you remember hearing often that Charles Butler had a son—the boy the old story was about?"

"There was no doubt of it, I believe."

"And no one ever heard what became of him?"

"Never; he disappeared when he was about sixteen years old. Why do you ask?"

"Because his descendants have to be looked for. If he have left one, he or she is the heir we are seeking. There is Charles Butler's marriage certificate."

"No one ever doubted that Father Ambrose married them," said Mrs. Gale.

"Ah, Father Ambrose's marriage would be of little use; but this is the certificate of another marriage in the Protestant Church."

"Ah, dear, so the old friar was right; they were legally married?" said Mrs. Gale.

"Captain Butler has no chance of getting possession, in the face of this document," said Mr. Hassett, "at least for a long time. Mrs. Gale, you must learn every old woman's story in the country about that boy. What name was he known by?"

"Charles Moylan, I heard."

"Well, his movements must be traced. We must advertise and make searches. Perhaps there may be letters in Clenham Castle throwing light on the business;—though it is not likely his grandfather would preserve them. But we must only do our best."

The barrister rubbed his hands, not ill-pleased at the turn things had taken, for they were assuming a profitable aspect; though he remembered certain speculations confided to him by the wife of his bosom, who was most attentive to Captain Butler, hoping that contact with her pretty daughter, Winifred, might wake in him "the strong necessity of loving."

The unavoidable delay might prove a profitable one; it would certainly put money in the lawyer's purse, and the lengthened intercourse between the officer and the girl might have the desired effect. It was more than probable that Captain Butler would eventually come in for the property. It was but a mere chance that the stream of the direct line which had shallowed and disappeared into the bowels of the earth, so to speak, would be found again on the surface, and traced to its source. The two gentlemen agreed as to the best thing to be done. They would examine all the papers in the residences appertaining to the family, advertise for the children or grandchildren of Charles Butler, commonly called Charles Moylan, and proceed to elucidate the mystery of succession at their leisure, with their fellow-labourers.

THE CULTURE OF THE WILL.

THE cultivation of the intellect has many patrons and advocates in our day. The materials of human knowledge in many departments of thought are accumulating. The lapse of time by the nature of the case is adding to the stores of history. Physical science is every day opening up new regions for investigation; mathematicians are making new deductions from principles long established; philosophy endeavours to unravel the unsolved problems of earlier ages. Theology, too, at least within the precincts of the Catholic Church, is engaged in elucidating the truths of faith, and deducing practical consequences in the sphere of morals. Amidst this general activity of intellect, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to consider some of the advantages that are attendant upon the culture of the will.

The perfection and excellence of man in this life are dependent upon the state and condition of his will. The great philosopher of antiquity tells us that the unqualified title of "good" applies only to those whose wills are in a high state of culture. A man is said to be a good sculptor when, by his skill and knowledge of art, he is able to impart to lifeless stone the features and characteristics of a living organism. A man is said to be a good orator when he is able to bring human language to bear upon the emotions, the intelligence, and the actions of his fellow-men. The painter is said to be good when, by the judicious adjustment of lines and colouring, he accurately portrays the face of nature, or the scenes of daily life. But we do not pronounce these artists to be good men until we have formed an estimate of their moral qualities, or, in other words, of those dispositions and habits that reside in the will. Thus we find that the common language of mankind, in this as in many other instances, opens up to us the salutary fountains of truth, and directs our attention to the necessity of acquiring those hidden and unseen riches which elevate us in the scale of being.

All men are desirous of their own individual excellence and perfection. It is true that this impulse towards self-exaltation is the source of many errors and follies; but these accidental drawbacks do not succeed in proving that the instinct itself is reprehensible. We do not blame the mother for appealing to the self-love of the child, when she is trying to correct its faults. Reproach is one great instrument of human improvement; and its efficacy is derived from the appeal which it makes to the love of excellence inherent in the heart of man. "No man," says a great saint and philosopher, "will become what he desires to be unless he dislikes himself as he is;" and the parent or guardian unconsciously applies this principle when urging the young

to throw more energy into their studies, and to profit more assiduously of the various opportunities which Providence and circumstances have thrown in their way. The faults of the young are laid before them in reproachful and striking terms, in order that, convinced of their deficiencies, they may endeavour to supply them by industry and labour.

The study, then, of our own hearts and our own habitual line of action towards our fellow-men combine to show that we are, all of us, animated by a great desire of our own personal excellence. It is not wise, even if it were possible, to repress this tendency; but it is of the highest importance for the conduct of life that we should direct it into the proper channels; and this we do when we subordinate all our pursuits and energies to the cultivation of our wills. In this sphere of labour we can never err by excess. If we set our hearts upon material wealth, the pursuit of it may involve us in many evils; it may lead us to be hard-hearted towards others; it may close our hands in regard of those who have claims on our generosity; it may lead us to be penurious towards ourselves in the supply of our own physical wants; it may lead us to disregard the education and training of those whom Providence has confided to our care. We may, in our unlimited desire of riches, be led into acts of dishonesty towards those whose temporal concerns have been entrusted to us, and in our hasty and headlong endeavours to become rich, we may be precipitated into a collision with the laws of civil society.

These examples may serve to show the necessity of giving a proper direction to our love of pre-eminence. If, instead of striving to surpass others in wealth, our efforts had been directed to the acquirement of those qualities which constitute the very substance of human excellence, our efforts would have been attended with success, and we should be masters of possessions altogether independent of fortuitous events.

It may, perhaps, occur as an objection to some minds that the humility so much advocated by Christian teachers seems to be inconsistent with the pursuit of that true excellence at which every man should aim. A very brief consideration will be sufficient to dispose of this objection. Christian doctrine has never condemned the impulse implanted by nature which leads to the pursuit of our own self-improvement. On the contrary, the aim of Christian teaching has been to elevate man, and to turn the desire of his own excellence into fruitful and profitable channels. The very virtue of humility, which lies at the root of Christian practice, is a moral excellence of an exceedingly high order, and the more we advance in it, the more we are exalted in the perfection which is appropriate to man. Thus reason and revelation combine to show that we are always safe when we are directing our energies to our own moral improvement; and that, while in the pursuit of material or even intellectual advantages

we are liable to incur many dangers, we cannot fail to reap fruit when we apply steady and persevering effort to the culture of the will.

W. H.

ANNA ALOISI.

LET us tell briefly the story of an Italian maiden, a sketch of whose life, written in her own sonorous Tuscan, has chanced to fall into our hands. Indeed it is more than a chance which has won for this signorina the distinction, such as it is, of being thus introduced to the notice of certain inhabitants of what must have seemed to her (if she ever thought of Ireland at all) a remote island in the northern seas. Except for a personal reason, of which a hint may be given before the end, she would hardly have been the theme of a paper, however slight, in a journal like ours. For her career was marked by no startling incidents, and she had no pretensions to even the promise of literary fame, such as might be claimed for one of her countrywomen, *Rosa Ferrucci*,* whose mother, at least, imagined she had brought into the world an Italian Eugénie de Guérin.

She was born at Pontecorvo, on the 25th day of March, 1850. As that was the feast of the Annunciation, the child was baptised under the full-sounding names of Anna Maria Annunziata Grazia, or Anne Mary Grace, of the Annunciation. Out of this formidable array of names, we have selected the first as the child's Christian-name and the second-last, not the last, as the surname—not because "*Aloisi*" reminds one of St. Aloysius, and has a sweet sound of its own, as well as sweet associations, but because the last of a set of foreign surnames is not the chief one. Thus the historian of the Society of Jesus, *M. Crétineau-Joly*, is called familiarly, not Joly, but Crétineau; and the head of the Mastai-Ferretti family of Pio Nono, is Count Mastai, not Count Ferretti.

Anna belonged to a patrician family, we are told, which, however, was as populous as if it were a mere plebeian household; for, besides two baby brothers who died in tender years, an elder brother and sister survive the subject of this sketch, and also two brothers and two sisters younger than she. Nay, the family stock was like one of those trees on which you see the young leaves coming out before the foliage of the previous season has wholly withered; for, besides Anna's father and mother, her grandfather and

* See IRISH MONTHLY, vol. viii., p. 340.

her grandmother flourished on in hale old age; and there was also a grand-aunt, older still, revered more than all for her years and her sanctity. This venerable lady, nearly ninety years of age, was Anne's chief teacher; as the child was not allowed, on account of her delicacy, to live in the boarding-school of the Sisters of Calvary, but only to frequent their day-school, except during the time of her preparation for First Communion. From her *prozia* the little girl learned that love for the poor and sick which was one of her characteristics ever after.

It was Anna's own fault that her story does not share in the pathetic interest inspired by another Italian maiden, whose name we have already linked with hers. The betrothal of Rosa Ferrucci makes the account of her early death read like a little tragedy of a very gentle and Christian kind. As early as her fifteenth year, and later on, during her residence in Rome, there was more than one eager aspirant for the hand of the Signorina Aloisi Masella; but she looked on herself as the *promessa sposa* of the Heavenly Bridegroom, and she sweetly but very firmly put aside all such overtures.

The brother of Anna's father had embraced the ecclesiastical state, and, in 1865, was Auditor to the Papal Nuncio at Paris, when a visit to his aged parents first gave him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the noble qualities of his niece. In one of his letters to her, which, after her death, were found carefully preserved, he wrote in December, 1865:—"You have all the dispositions for becoming holy; ask, then, of our Lord the grace to become so, and devote yourself earnestly to this object."

In 1866, her grand-aunt Theresa died a joyful death on the day which she had foretold—the feast of the glorious patriarch St. Joseph, patron of happy deaths. This was the first time that death came near our young friend; and he came in so amiable a guise that, whereas she had previously shrunk from the thought of death, she now fell in love with Death. "Love death," she wrote at the head of some of her copybooks. She had never read Coleridge's little poem, where the "three fast friends" of the good and great man are said to be "himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."

It is hard to understand the fury of impious men against modest and holy convents, like that of the Sisters of Calvary at Pontecorvo. Yet, in the troubled times in Italy, the poor nuns were driven from their home; and, amongst their pupils, our Anna Aloisi with her younger sisters, Agatha and Emily, found a refuge with the Camaldolese nuns, on the Esquiline, in Rome, till this convent in its turn was suppressed in the name of Liberty and Progress. Though more mature than her companions, Anna was the humblest and most docile of all. Later on, her spiritual director in Bavaria, in a letter written after her death, marked out as her prominent virtues, faith, simplicity, and docility.

Her delicate health obliged her, after a year, to return to her mother's fond care, and to defer the fulfilment of her desire for a cloistered life; for such seemed her vocation at this period, though afterwards her heart turned rather to the Orders that devote themselves to the care of little children and of the sick. By way of compensation for her disappointment, the earnest young soul, no doubt after due deliberation, and under proper authority, made a private consecration of herself to God. Hidden behind a picture of the Sacred Heart in her room, before which she was wont to pour out her heart in fervent prayer, a little note was discovered after her death, addressed in all simplicity "*To the Sacred Heart of Jesus.*" On being opened by the confessor of the departed saint, it was found to begin with these words: "My Love! I love Thee more than myself. From the month of October, 1867, I consecrated to Thee my virginity." Her life at this time is thus described by her biographer—if such a title may be given to the author of an unpretentious sketch, which bears no publisher's name, and seems never to have been given to the public:—"Pious, docile, simple, obedient; she pleased God and men; and the esteem and affection of these did not hinder or retard her progress in the love of Him." Her devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was extraordinary; and she had the tenderest affection for the Blessed Virgin, whom she called "*mamma mia, la mia bella mamma,*" and towards whom she practised all the year round those special practices of piety which even pious Christians confine to the month of May. She had a great devotion to her namesake, the Blessed Virgin's mother; and, in honour of her whom her faithful Bretons call with affectionate familiarity, "*la bonne vieille,*" she got leave to invite to dinner on the feast of St. Anne some poor old women, who did not go home empty-handed. In fact she had a taste for old people; and, when in her own despite, she attended social entertainments, she was noticed for separating from what might seem more fitting company, and devoting herself to the society of some lady of advanced years, especially if she seemed forgotten and neglected.

In May, 1877, Anna's kinsman, Monsignor Aloisi, was made Archbishop of Neocaesarea, in *partibus Infidelium*, and Nuncio-Apostolic at Munich. After many changes of plan it was finally decided that Anna should accompany her uncle to Bavaria: for it was fated that she might say in the end, like Gregory VII. and Father Gury, "*Morior in exilio.*"

We cannot give, in even the most summary way, the minute traits of her prudence and her piety and all the testimonies to the singular sweetness and nobility of her character which have been gathered by the pious zeal of the writer of the little memoir which has come to us from Lisbon. To Portugal the Archbishop of Neocaesarea was soon removed; but his holy niece was not to accompany him thither.

As the head of her reverend uncle's household, she had abundant opportunities of displaying her prudence and many solid virtues. There are few better tests of a true Christian lady than her relations with her servants. Young as she was, Anna Aloisi possessed the art of securing the faithful and diligent service of her domestics, while discharging towards them all the duties of a kind and considerate mistress.

She had many times renewed her efforts to be admitted as a Sister of Charity, or among the Little Sisters of the Poor; but her health was still an obstacle; and, as the Abbess of Sant Antonio at Rome, had predicted, she was never to be more than a "*monaca di desiderio*," a religious only in desire. In her case God took the will for the deed. But if she was not allowed to abide in the holy sisterhood in life, after death she was received as a member of a religious community. She had visited, a few weeks before, the convent of the Sisters of Poor Schools, and, when shown their graveyard, she said, "I should like to be buried here." Her wish, not remembered till all the arrangements had been completed, was carried out exactly. Over her tomb are simply engraved the two dates of her earthly career, its beginning and its ending: "*Nata Pontecorvo die 25 Martii 1850; defuncta Monachii, die 13 Julii, 1879.*"

The Sovereign Pontiff has just raised to the Cardinalate the Papal Nuncio at Paris. The Nuncio at Lisbon may, in his turn, receive the same honour; and then if the last "*And then ?*" of St. Philip Neri's cross-examination of the ambitious youth should be realised in the career of our heroine's kinsman—if His Excellency should become His Eminence and then His Holiness, and if the present writer should chance to have any favour to ask of the Holy See during the reign of that possibly future Leo XIV. or Pius XI., he might take means to let the Holy Father know that his petitioner was the first, by means of these pages, to secure the sympathy and envy of many a pious maiden in far-off Erin for His Holiness' niece of amiable and saintly memory, Anna Maria Annunziata Grazia Aloisi-Masella, whose mourning kinsfolk might address her in the words of a certain child's epitaph, the fond diminutive being justified by the yearning wistfulness of their affection if not by the tender years of the departed: "*Animula innocentissima, solatium nuper nostrum, nunc desiderium, ave et vale !*"

M.R.

AN ANSWER.

BY HELEN D. TAINTER.

"IS there any life worth living?"
How I laughed when I heard that thought!
My heart leaped like a happy bird,
As he warbles his song untaught;
The air was full of sunshine,
Falling like golden mist,
And the glad earth smiled and blossomed,
As the sun its green fields kissed.

"The bees hummed in the clover,
And the birds sang blithe and gay;
The air was full of the fragrance
That rose from the new-mown hay;
And I, too, was in harmony
With Nature's joyous sound,
For a glad thought lingered in my heart,
Like seed in the fertile ground.

"Is there any life worth living?"
See! I read the riddle clear—
Come closer, here beside me,
Till I whisper in your ear;
Let your influence fall gently,
Like the dear Lord's golden sun
That rests on the just as well as unjust,
As though they both were one.

"Then tears shall dry when you pass,
And the sounds of sorrow cease,
And weary ones feel the holy calm
That springs from a soul at peace.
And living thus, you can comprehend
And interpret life's meaning dim,
And all its discords then shall blend
Into one grand holy hymn."

THE O'CONNELL PAPERS

PART VIII.

THE last portion of O'Connell's private correspondence which we have had the privilege of putting for the first time into print related to the high legal dignity proposed for his acceptance by the Melbourne Administration soon after the passing of the Emancipation Act. Forty-five years later, Lord John Russell—for only by that name will Earl Russell be known, if at all, to history—this cast-off statesman, at the time of the O'Connell Centenary, thought fit to emerge from the privacy to which his notorious Durham Letter had condemned him. He might have given a better sign of life than a letter to the *Times*, written for the purpose of belittling the tribute paid by O'Connell's enemies to the greatness of his position. The *Times* had denied that any judgeship had been offered to O'Connell; Earl Russell said it was only the Mastership of the Rolls. But in an admirable letter, published immediately after in the *Freeman's Journal*, of August 18th, 1875, Mr. George N. Plunkett gave a convincing reply, quoting the statement made in Parliament by Mr. Liddell in 1840, and also this fine passage from O'Connell's famous letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury:—

“ If I had abandoned politics, even the honours of my profession and its highest stations lay fairly before me. But I dreamed a day-dream—was it a dream?—that Ireland still wanted me; that although the Catholic aristocracy and gentry of Ireland had obtained most valuable advantages from Emancipation, yet the benefits of good government had not reached the great mass of the Irish people, and could not reach them unless the Union should be either made a reality, or unless that hideous measure should be abrogated.

“ I did not hesitate as to my course. My former success gave me personal advantages which no other man could easily procure. I flung away the profession. I gave its emoluments to the winds. I closed the vista of its honours and dignities. I embraced the cause of my country, and, come weal or come woe, I have made a choice at which I have never repined, nor ever shall repent.

“ An event occurred which I could not have foreseen. Once more high professional promotion was placed within my reach. The office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer became vacant. I was offered it; or had I preferred the office of Master of the Rolls, the alternative was proposed to me. It was a tempting offer. Its value was enhanced by the manner in which it was made, and pre-eminently so by the person through whom it was made—the best Englishman that Ireland ever saw—the Marquis of Normanby.

“ But I dreamed again a day-dream—was it a dream?—and I refused the offer. And here I am now taunted, even by you, with mean and sordid motives!

"I do not think I am guilty of the least vanity when I assert that no man ever made greater sacrifices to what he deemed the cause of his country than I have done. I care not how I may be ridiculed or maligned. I feel the proud consciousness that no public man has made more, or greater, or more ready sacrifices."

As another specimen of the mighty speaker's written style, we are tempted to give a rather long extract from a letter addressed by O'Connell to Walter Savage Landor, in October, 1838, in which he describes his beloved Darrynane. We were at first puzzled to determine why the very masculine writer had recourse to the very feminine device of italicising the epithet "imaginary;" but no doubt it is a playful allusion to "Imaginary Conversations," the most famous work of his correspondent:—

"I could show you at noontide, when the stern south-wester had blown long and rudely, the mountain waves coming in from the illimitable ocean, in majestic succession, expending their gigantic force, and throwing up stupendous masses of foam, against the more gigantic and more stupendous mountain cliffs, that fence not only this my native spot, but form that eternal barrier which prevents the wild Atlantic from submerging the cultivated plains and high-steeped villages of proud Britain herself. Or, were you with me amidst the Alpine scenery that surrounds my humble abode, listening to the eternal roar of the mountain torrent, as it bounds through the rocky defiles of my native glens, I would venture to tell you how I was born within the sound of the everlasting wave, and how my dreamy boyhood dwelt upon imaginary intercourse with those who are dead of yore, and fed its fond fancies upon the ancient and long faded glories of that land which preserved literature and Christianity, when the rest of the now civilised Europe was shrouded in the darkness of godless ignorance. Yes; my expanding spirit delighted in these dreams, till catching from them an enthusiasm which no disappointment can embitter, nor accumulating years diminish, I formed the high resolve to leave my native land better after my death than I found her at my birth, and, if possible, to make her what she ought to be—

"Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

"Perhaps, if I could show you the calm and exquisite beauty of these capacious bays and mountain promontories, softened in the pale moonlight which shines this lovely evening, till all, which during the day was grand and terrific, has become calm and serene in the silent tranquillity of the clear night, perhaps you would readily admit that the man who has been so often called a ferocious demagogue, is, in truth, a gentle lover of Nature, an enthusiast for all her beauties—

"Fond of each gentle and each dreary scene,"

and, catching from the loveliness as well as the dreariness of the ocean, and Alpine scenes with which it is surrounded, a greater ardour to promote the good of man, in his overwhelming admiration of the mighty works of God."

O'Connell did not come into possession of the Darrynane estate till the death of his Uncle Maurice, a short time before the date of the foregoing letter. The epitaph of this venerable patriarch, which his heir lost no time in placing over his grave, cannot be separated from those of the Liberator's grandfather and grandmother. They have been copied for us by the present "D. O'Connell of Darrynane," as

he signs himself, with commendable pride, in a name of nobler significance than such hereditary titles as Ross of Bladensburg, or Wolseley of Cairo.

D. O. M.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF

DANIEL O'CONNELL,

FORMERLY OF DARRINANE, Esq.,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE IN THE MONTH
OF SEPTEMBER, 1770,

FULL OF YEARS AND OF VIRTUES;

AND OF

MARY, HIS WIFE;

SHE ALSO WAS OF AN ANCIENT RACE

OF THE HOUSE OF O'DONOGHUE.

SHE SURVIVED HER HUSBAND 22 YEARS,

AND WAS A MODEL FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS
TO ADMIRE AND IMITATE.

Requiescant in pace.

HERE ALSO ARE DEPOSITED THE MORTAL REMAINS
OF

MAURICE O'CONNELL, Esq.,

THEIR SON, WHO ERECTED THIS MONUMENT.

THE CHIEF AMBITION OF HIS LONG AND PROSPEROUS LIFE
WAS TO ELEVATE AN ANCIENT FAMILY FROM UNMERITED
AND UNJUST OPPRESSION.

HIS ALLEGIANCE WAS PURE AND DISINTERESTED,
HIS LOVE OF HIS NATIVE LAND SINCERE AND AVOWED,
AND HIS ATTACHMENT TO THE ANCIENT FAITH OF HIS FATHERS,
TO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST,

WAS HIS FIRST PRIDE AND CHIEFEST CONSOLATION.

HE DIED OF THE 10TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1825,
IN THE 97TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

THEY LOVED HIM MOST WHO KNEW HIM BEST.

MAY HIS SOUL REST IN ETERNAL PEACE.

We copy these inscriptions because they were composed by O'Connell. The only drawback to the delight he took in his ancestral home was the ill effect of the Darrynane air on his wife's health, though herself a native also of the kingdom of Kerry. There are many allusions to this in the letters which lie before us, but which we do not feel justified in quoting largely, though they all prove that O'Connell's heart was worthy of his head, and that Mary O'Connell was fit to be his partner and counsellor. Darrynane was theirs only for a couple of months when we find her writing from Dublin in

April, 1825.—“We are, God be thanked, in perfect health. How I wish Darrynane may agree with me! Beside the delight of being with you, I think I should be able to do a great deal of good for the poor people about Darrynane.” Her wish was not realised; for, in 1833, in a letter which begins, “My own Love,” we find O'Connell saying:—

“My scoundrel post did not come to me last night; he was afraid of the mountain. It certainly was a dark and dismal night. I was not in bed until after twelve late hour with me now; however, I found a letter from you when I came down, and that consoled me. Nothing cheers me but you. I am lone and melancholy when you are separated from me. It would do me no good to go to Katty's; I should want you still. I must, I see, make up my mind to be separated from my own heart's darling treasure longer than I could wish. It is, indeed, sweetest, a bitter misfortune to me that the place does not agree with you. It would be too exquisitely delightful if you were here and in good health. It agrees with me surprisingly.”

He goes on to communicate sundry domestic details, and among the rest “we have Mass every day, or almost every day.” This letter is dated “Darrynane Abbey,” which form of the name originated with Mrs. O'Connell, as her son informs us. The present owner of the Abbey, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, son of the Liberator's eldest son, Maurice, has been so kind as to furnish us with the following account of the holy ruins which suggested the name.

“The so-called Abbey of Darrynane, or more properly Aghamore, was a house of Augustinian Canons, and fell to the priory of Mollowna or Mollanassane, now known as Molana, in the parish of Temple-michael, county Waterford. This was granted by patent, dated March 3, 11th, James I., to Sir Richard Boyle, Knt.; and the cell or ‘territorie of Aghmoar’ [so in the copy I have] in the county of Kerry, is exonerated with other promises, &c., of said priory. As James I. ascended the throne on March 23rd, 1603, the above date would be March 3rd, 1614. The O'Connells must have taken Darrynane from the Boyles almost immediately, as they were settled there before 1640. They continued tenants to the Earls of Cork, the descendants of Sir Richard Boyle, until 1858, when the present Earl sold the head-rent to me.

“The remains of the monastery stand on a little peninsula joined to the mainland by a low sandy isthmus which is covered by high spring tides, whence it is known as Lana-monastir, or Abbey Island. Besides a small church, about 40 feet by 19, there are two domestic buildings, one at right angles and the other parallel to the church. They are apparently of different dates, with no architectural features that would give a clue to their age. The church is in a very plain early English style; and in England I should set it down as dating from the end of the twelfth century. It is really, I fancy, some fifty or a hundred years later.

“The soil of the Abbey Island is very good; and from the ruins

there is a charming view over the Bay of Darrynane with its white sandy beach broken here and there by black rocks, and with a fine background of mountains."

Near the place where the high altar stood in this ancient Abbey Church—of which altar, Mr. O'Connell tells us, "there exists an oblong pile of rubble about two feet distant from the east wall"—at the Gospel side of the altar is the monument of cut-stone covering the vault in which the Liberator's wife was buried. She died at Darrynane, on the 20th of October. Among the letters too sacred to be laid before even the sympathetic eyes that will read these pages, are many beautiful prayers and exhortations addressed to her children which prove her to have been a fervent and devoted Catholic mother even above the high average of Irish mothers. In this respect, she was but the worthy partner of the great man with whose joys and sorrows God had linked her lot. One of the Young Ireland orators, at the opening meeting of the Irish Confederation, made the Rotunda ring with applause thirty-five years ago by exclaiming: "Woman may well consider, even in the gilded saloons of fashion where her youth is flattered and her age neglected, whether it was not something to be the mother of a Gracchus, the wife of a Tell, the daughter of a Cato, the sister of a Sheares, or the betrothed of an Emmet—names enriched with the glory that has blazoned man's success or embalmed in the tears that have consecrated his failure." The wife of William Tell? Yes, but far better and more glorious to have been the not unworthy wife of Daniel O'Connell.

The Maurice O'Connell whose epitaph we have transcribed—called "Hunting-cap," from the headgear which he most affected—is said to have ridden sixty miles in one day when he was ninety years of age, in order to be in time to discharge his duties as Grand Juror at Tralee. His wife, a member of the Cantillon family of county Limerick, had no child and died many years before him. His nephew and heir inherited also his taste for the robust pastime to which his sobriquet was an allusion. Montalembert, O'Neill Daunt, and others have given us attractive descriptions of the Liberator at home at Darrynane. A letter of his own from Darrynane, in December, 1842, describes with great zest the recent performances of his hounds; and it ends with the statement: "I have now fourteen of my grandchildren about me, all lovely young people."

NEW BOOKS.

- I. *The D'Altons of Crag. A Story of '48 and '49.* By RICHARD BAPTIST O'BRIEN, D.D., Dean of Limerick, &c. &c., author of "Ailey Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," "The Church and the Country," &c., &c. (Dublin: James Duffy & Sons, 1882).

Monsignor O'Brien begins the preface of his last Irish novel by stating that it can hardly be called a work of the imagination, because every one of the main facts has had a real existence. He adds, with reference to the period in which his story is laid: "We have encountered many gloomy days since the times we have endeavoured to describe, but nothing comparable to the helplessness and hopelessness of '48 and '49."

Dean O'Brien—the old familiar name has probably held its own in Newcastle West against the title recently conferred by the Sovereign Pontiff—the venerable author gives in these pages, to use his own words, "many illustrations of the beautiful and devoted love that has ever bound, and, thank God, will ever bind together the people and the priests of Ireland." He tells us that his Father Aylmer and Father Power are not merely ideal Tipperary priests, but are drawn from the life, and sure to be recognised by many of his readers.

The story is told with great vigour, and is full of diversified incident of no humdrum or commonplace character.

- II. *The Flying Dutchman and Other Poems.* By E. M. CLERKE. (London: Satchel and Co. 1881).

The articles which, in the *Weekly Register* under its new editorship, have been directed (too rarely) to the subject of poetry, seem to us to be characterised by a just and sober judgment, and by a very special knowledge of the poetic art. For instance, the very brief notice of the present volume opens with the sentences:—"Narrative verse, and the kind of directness, simplicity, and spirit which should distinguish it, have become rare in our time. The narrative method (with or without those qualities) was, in the days which followed the times of Scott, the habitual method of new and tentative writers, as the meditative is now; the choice of the former in our time is indicative of some measure of individuality and of personal impulse, just as the selection of the latter was fifty years ago, and we are therefore prejudiced in favour of a first volume of verse in which a story is set in a quickly-moving ballad measure." This very just observation regards only the first two poems of the volume, which are, indeed, the longest. They display vigour and concentration of thought and language, and a very notable mastery of rhyme. No childish or womanly accumulation of epithets, and an evident determination to be

neither tawdry or commonplace. As far as a land-lubber can judge, Miss Clerke is an adept in nautical knowledge; and there are incidental traces, not a few, of accuracy in divers other sorts of scholarship. If we could venture on extracts, our chance would fall perhaps on "The Trial Trip," or (in quite another manner) "Night's Soliloquy." We have no doubt that, if we knew the Italian poet Giusti, we should find the translations at the end of the volume very clever; but there is one piece here which every one who dips into Italian literature knows off by heart. The version of Manzoni's "Cinque Maggio" seems to us excellent. This most popular lyric of Italy has tempted many a translator; but we know of none so good as Miss Clerke, except Mr. Gladstone—for the Grand Old Man is poet also. Here is the Premier's version of one of the stanzas:—

"How often, as the listless day
In silence died away,
He stood, with lightning-eye depressed
And arms across his breast,
And bygone years, in rushing train,
Smote on his soul amain.
The breezy tents he seemed to see,
And the battering cannon's course,
And the flashing of the infantry
And the torrent of the horse,
And, obeyed as soon as heard,
Th' ecstatic word."

In Miss Clerke's translation the same lines are presented as follows:—

"And oft, as to still twilight paled
Day's apathetic rest,
He stood, his meteor glances veiled,
Arms folded on his breast,
By crowding memories assailed
Of all that life held best:
Rehearsing how the tents rose fair
'Mid echoing vales and meads,
The gleam of arms in serried square,
The surge of charging steeds,
And swift commands, to which ne'er failed
Fulfilment of swift deeds."

On turning to the original we were disappointed at finding no better justification for Mr. Gladstone's "ecstatic word" than the difficult phrase, "*concitato imperio*."

"Oh! quante volte al tacito
Morir d'un giorno inerte,
Chinati i rai fulminei,
Le braccia al sen conserte,
Stette, e dei dì che furono
L'assalse il sovvenir."

"Ei ripensò le mobili
Tende, e i percossi valli,
E il lampo dei manipoli,
E l'onda dei cavalli,
E il concitato imperio,
E il celere obbedir."

The circumstances under which this celebrated ode on the death of Napoleon Bonaparte was written and published, are told in a remarkably able and interesting article on "Alessandro Manzoni and his Work," in the current number of the *Dublin Review*. This article is signed by the lady whose poems we are recommending to our readers, and who is known to be a contributor also to the great *Edinburgh Review*. The interest attaching to her very successful literary achievements will be increased for many when they are told that Miss Clerke is an Irishwoman, and a kinswoman, we believe, of Baron Deasy.

III. *Miscellaneous.*

"ST. BERNARD'S Hymn Book" (Canning, Birmingham) is not only a very complete and well-printed collection of hymns, but an excellent compendious Prayer Book. "Flowers from the Garden of St. Francis" (Burns & Oates), gives us a holy thought for every day of the year, culled from the saints, especially, of course, the seraphic saint himself. The same publishers have sent us, in a neat little brochure, "The Form of Reconciling a Convert," which happily is needed in London and elsewhere.

IV. *Christmas Books.*

PERHAPS the best Christmas books are those which are not published for Christmas. For instance, the new splendid quarto edition of "The Spirit of the Nation," would be an excellent gift, especially for one who could sing the spirited ballads here set to music. We wish, however, that Father Meehan had not effaced himself so completely as editor, but had prefixed a long introduction, telling us as much as possible about the various "Nation" poets.

Another good Christmas gift, for a young person, is the volume of "The Catholic Children's Magazine," which is just completed, full of bright pictures and stories, and many other good and pretty things besides. Those young people, or those caterers for young people, who order this magazine for the coming year, 1883, will find, before the twelve months are over, that they have got ample value for their one shilling and sixpence. The publishers of "The Catholic Children's Magazine" are James Duffy & Sons, Wellington-quay, Dublin.

Blackie & Son, the enterprising publishing firm, who have establishments in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, have enlisted

Irish talent in the service of their youthful clients this Christmas. One of their latest announcements is "Four Little Mischiefs," by Miss Rosa Mulholland, author of "Five Little Farmers," "The Little Flower Seekers," "Puck and Blossom," &c. Nothing could be better for its purpose than the paper, printing, and pictures of this charming book; and fortunately the story is worthy of all this—which is more than could be said of a great many prettily bound volumes. It is not a book about young people, suited rather to delight old people, like the famous "Alice in Wonderland," or Miss Mulholland's own "Little Flower Seekers;" it is aimed straight at the young hearts themselves, and we have no manner of doubt it will hit its mark. The four principal characters, Kitty, Jock, Rosie, and Bunko, are maintained all through with admirable consistency, and the subsidiary nurses and country folk, and even such minor characters as the mamma of the party, are touched off with consummate skill. The headings given to every page must be by no means passed over. They have some of the cleverness of the titles of the chapters in the "Vicar of Wakefield." The designer of the cover deserves a vote of thanks for catching *in flagrante* Jock and Bunko forming "a band." Far be it from the present reviewer to intrude an opinion on the probabilities of doll-life, but the chapter on the Hedge Dolls is rather startling.

A sister volume to the foregoing, has come to us from the same publishers:—

"Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualis debet esse sororum."

Miss Clara Mulholland has proved herself a most competent historian of the tricks and troubles of "Naughty Miss Bunny," whose experiences will, we are sure, be highly beneficial to many thousands of little English-speaking maidens. Even at her worst she is not too naughty, and we very soon learn to like her greatly. The authoress manifestly possesses a thorough knowledge of child-nature, which is revealed by many delicate touches in every page. There is no preaching, but many wise and useful lessons are inculcated very quietly and agreeably. We trust that a very wide circulation will reward the publishers for the pains they have taken in bringing out attractively this most pleasant and wholesome story.

Another book has been forwarded to us for review, which it would be very incongruous to name in the present context. We have even made up our minds not to name it in any context, though we have a high appreciation of the motives which urged the head of an Irish Protestant College to write it and to publish it. The author would himself, we are sure, approve of our determination not to bring the subject before the readers of a Magazine like ours; but we, moreover, hold that such counsels are likely to prove less useful and more harm-

ful to those of whom Cardinal Newman has said: "It is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste; and why is this but that it gives us Jesus as our food and Mary as our nursing mother?"

* * *

From Christmas books to Christmas wishes, the transition is easy especially on the last page of our tenth yearly volume. Our best and most fervent wishes and prayers are for those who, as contributors and subscribers, and in other characters also, have helped to enable us to wish, not unhopefully, to our Magazine and its friends, on the threshold of its eleventh year, many another Happy New Year.

THE THIRD DEGREE OF HUMILITY.

BY AZOZZI.

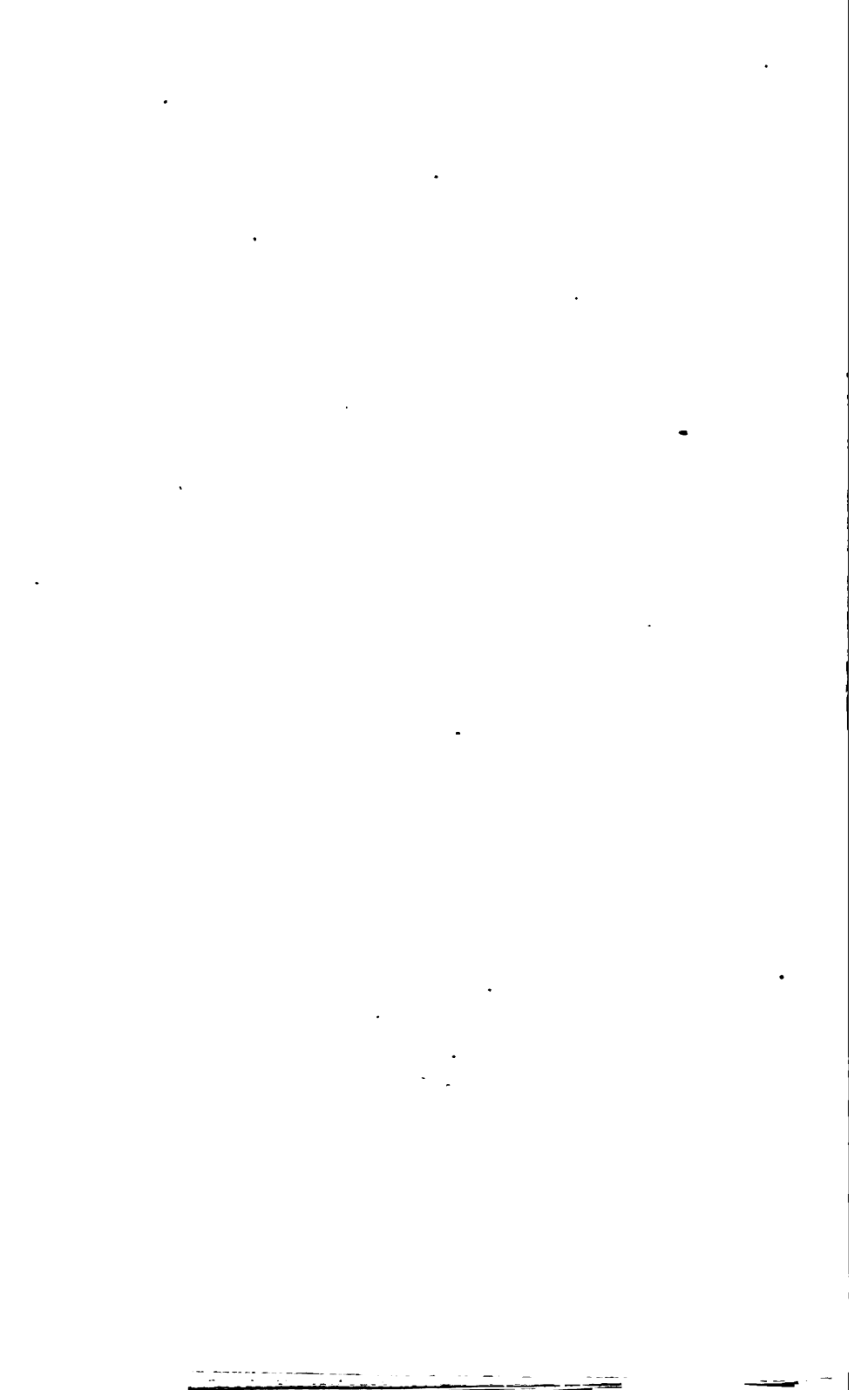
HOW lovely is the pain
Borne tranquilly for Thee, O Lord!
No hope of comfort or reward,
Or any selfish gain.

How sweetly lies the head,
Fast bound by anguish to thy Cross—
What sense of ill, what fear of loss,
What foolish human dread

Can fall upon me here,
Where, fixed in patient ecstasy,
Alone on Calvary with Thee,
I feel my Saviour near?

END OF VOL. X.





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